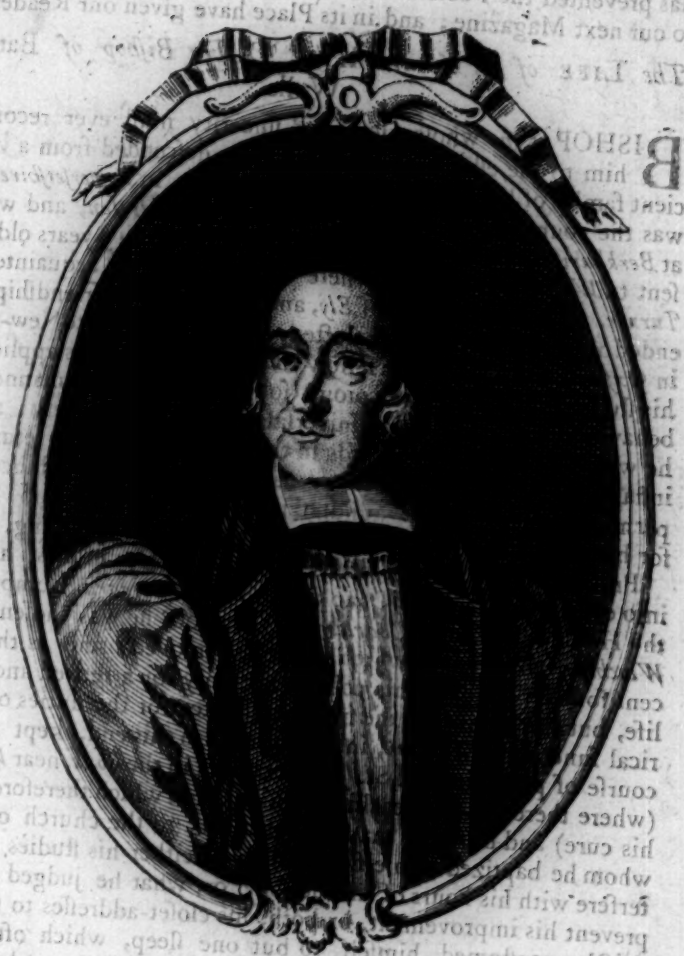


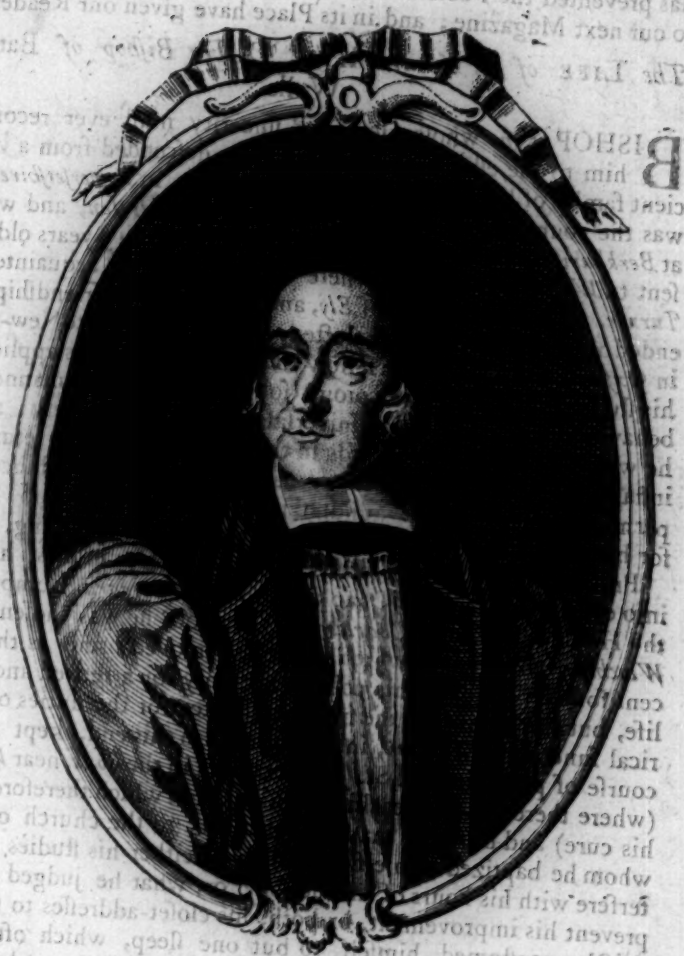
The Life of St. Austin, according to our Plan, was that which we had fixed upon for this Number: but an unavoidable Accident has prevented the Publication; we are therefore obliged to defer it to our next Magazine, and in its Place have given our Readers



THOMAS KEN, D.D.

...the recommendation of a very an-
cient friend, he was appointed
to the Rectory of St. Dunstons,
and was there for many years
until he was promoted to the
Bishopric of Bath and Wells.
He was a very learned and
pious man, and his life was
a constant example to his
fellow-clergy. He was a
great lover of the poor, and
often gave them money out of
his own pocket. He was also
a great lover of the Church,
and was always ready to
defend its rights and
privileges. He was a
great writer, and his works
are still highly valued.
He died on the 12th of
February, 1711, and was
buried in the Cathedral of
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to the See of Bath and Wells
in the year 1690. He was then
about 40 years of age, and was
very well qualified for the
office. He was a man of great
learning, and of a very amiable
disposition. He was very
popular among the people, and
his sermons were much
valued. He was also a great
writer, and his works are
much esteemed. He died in
the year 1700, and was
buried in the Cathedral of
Bath. His remains were
translated to the Cathedral of
Wells in the year 1710.

T H E
W O R K S
O F T H E

Right Reverend, Learned, and Pious,

Thomas Ken, D.D.

Late Lord Bishop of

BATH and WELLS;

Consisting of the following Pieces of
Divine Poetry, *VIZ,*

VOL. I. Containing,
Hymns Evangelical.
Hymns on the Festivals.
Christophil.

VOL. II.
Edmund.
Hymns on the Attributes.

VOL. III.
Hymnotheo.
Anodynes.

VOL. IV.
Preparations for Death.
Psyche and Sion.
Damonet, Thirsi', and Do-
rilla.

Published from Original Manuscripts,
By WILLIAM HAWKINS, *Esq;*

L O N D O N,

Printed for JOHN WYAT, at the Rose in
St. Paul's Church-yard. M. DCC XXI.



Walker fund
(4 vols)

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T O
The Right HONOURABLE
T H O M A S,
Lord Viscount *Weymouth*,
Baron of WARMINSTER.

My LORD,



UR Author having been esteem'd
so remarkably Elevate, not only
in his Writings already made pub-
lick, but also in his Daily Exercise
of Devotion, leaves me nothing
more truly Great to say of the following Com-
posures, than that they contain the full Beams
of *his God-enamour'd Soul*; and most of them
having been compos'd under the *Roof of Your*
own Family, Your LORDSHIP may claim a sort
of Right over them. Your LORDSHIP'S next
Title may be derived from Your Noble and
Immediate Predecessor; as they are the Produce

The Epistle Dedicatory.

of that Generosity with which he was so singularly endu'd, and the Retirement he afforded to the (till then) distressed Author, who in the Frontis-piece of His First Volume left behind Him the *ensuing Dedication*.

SINCE, My LORD, Suggestions have crept into the World, That these Works were never design'd for Publick View ; but only the Use of His own private Closet ; I humbly ask leave in this Place, and in Vindication of my self, to prove an Authority, at least, if not an absolute Command from His Writings themselves, by the Places refer'd to in the Margin * ; from which Your LORDSHIP will easily infer, That no Person wou'd inscribe Dedications, unless his Intent were they shou'd be Presented : And that there cou'd be no Occasion of an Address to the Common Reader, unless the Author had allow'd of a Publication.

HIS Intention seems so plain in some Places, as necessarily implies a Command to Publish. But if YOUR LORDSHIP please to cast Your Eye on the fourteen last Verses of the *Hymns Evangelical* † (and which I think I may term a Dedication to the Church, if not to the ALMIGHTY) you may not improbably determine, that had I suppress'd these *Papers*, I had made myself (as being his Executor) guilty of a Sort of Sacrilege, by preventing the End himself proposes, and therein denominates, *the Glory of JESUS*. I

* Vol. I. *Ded. to Lord Weymouth*. Vol. I. p. 1. *To the Reader*. Vol. I. p. 199 and 200. Vol. II. *Ded. to the Bishop of Bath and Wells, before Hymns on the Attributes*. † Vol. I. p. 188.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

I SHALL not after this, My LORD, insist on his own verbal Authority, which I sacredly promise your LORDSHIP, he gave me at *Leveston* for Publication hereof. Perhaps I have already said more than enough to your Satisfaction; and if I have, it brings me to lay before you another Title you have to these Volumes, and which arises from that Gratitude the Editor retains, as well for the Private, as Publick affectionate Treatment of a *Man of Affliction*, by his Good, and Noble Friend. And the Works themselves consisting of elevated Devotion; and a Train of Rules for the Conduct of a good Life, even from Youth to Age: I know not before whom to lay 'em so properly as Your LORDSHIP, from whom the World conceives such Hopes from Your Inherent Virtues, carefully cultivated by an able *Præceptor*, and Masterly enforc'd by the Example of that Illustrious Genius of the Age, whom shou'd I forbear to Name, the World wou'd conclude to be the Lord *Lansdowne*.

YOUR LORDSHIP will find the Verse not strain'd, but, generally, Easy and Familiar, as being design'd for Contemplation, and Devotion: And, when his Subject requires it, Lofty and Sublime.

HIS frequent joyning the Syllable Co- * to Words, beside the great Propriety thereby preserv'd, may be taken (tho' I dare not

A 4

averr

* As in Co-eval, Co-spire, Co-glorious, Co-Une, Co-Trine Co-harmonious, &c.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

averr it to be so intended) for a design'd Characteristic of his Genuine Performances, from such as are Spurious: He having met with ill Treatment of that Nature in his Life-Time. And for the farther Prevention of which (as far as in me lies) I beg leave to assure Your LORDSHIP, That nothing more of his Performances are ever to be Publish'd.

My LORD,

THAT the following Works may be Instrumental to the End propos'd; That You may bring forth the Fruit of them to the Glory of God, and the Advantage of Mankind; That all the Ejaculations therein offer'd, for the good Effect of these Pious Labours, may concenter in Your LORDSHIP, and shine from You through the World; is, and shall be, the daily and earnest Pray'r of,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP's most Devoted

Humble and Obedient Servant,

William Hawkins.



T O
The Right HONOURABLE
T H O M A S,
Lord Viscount *Weymouth*,
Baron of WARMINSTER.

BLESS'D Gregory, whose Patriarchal Hight,
Shed o're the Eastern Sphere Celestial Light,
Which factious Prelates strove in Cloud to
[drown,
And make the Grecian Sun at Noon go down;
To Nazianzum flew, dethron'd by Rage,
And spent in Songs Divine his drooping Age.

If

The Dedication.

*I, if the Least, may with the Greatest dare,
In Grief, not Gifts or Graces, will compare,
Forc'd from my Flock by uncanonick Heat,
In singing Hymns, thus solace my Retreat:
Retreat, in which, when by the World depriv'd,
'Twas chiefly you, my Lord, who me reviv'd.*

*The Saint, when by unworthy Priests depress'd,
Sought in his own Inheritance for Rest:
There all Conveniences of Life he found
Up to a mod'rate Competence, abound;
His Oratory was his chief abode,
Where daily he compos'd a sacred Ode;
His Will entire he to GOD's Will resign'd,
And what pleas'd GOD, pleas'd his devoted Mind.
Thrice happy Saint, remote from Haunts of Ill,
Employ'd in Hymn, and dispossest of Will.*

*When I, my LORD, crush'd by prevailing Might,
No Cottage had where to direct my Flight;
Kind Heav'n me with a Friend illustrious blest,
Who gives me Shelter, Affluence, and Rest.
In this alone, I Gregory out-do,
That I much happier Refuge have in you:
Where to my Closet I to Hymn retire,
On this side Heav'n have nothing to desire.*

*Bless'd Gregory, with Pain and Sickness griev'd,
His Spirit oft with Songs devout reliev'd,*

And

The Dedication.

*And while on Hymn his Meditation dwelt,
Devotion sweeten'd ev'ry Pang he felt.*

*'Tis now two annual Weeks, and more, since Pain
Within my tender Nerves began its reign;
Between my Couch and Chair, my Days I waste,
And of a Book have but evanid Taste;
As thirsty Deer at Nile's refreshing Brink,
E're he forsakes his Bed, by snatches drink,
Still rousing to and fro their tim'rous Eyes,
Lest the Leviathans shou'd them surprize.
Thus I at Authors sip, can make no stay,
Pain from Attention forces me away:
Pain haunting me, I court the sacred Muse,
Verse is the only Laudanum I use;
Verse in which Harmony and Picture's join'd,
My Dolours damp, and recreate my Mind.*

*When the Apostate Julian form'd Designs,
To root out Faith from the Imperial Lines,
He knowing Poetry's sweet Force, decreed,
No Christian shou'd a Heathen Poet read.
Cur'd Satan envy'd Hymn, and wou'd erase
Out of the Churches all Poetick Grace.
But lest Hell Pow'rs shou'd quench the sacred Flame,
And with blest'd Poetry, the Christian Name;
God Greg'ry rais'd, Assertor of his Cause,
Who made Verse triumph o're injurious Laws.*

The Dedication.

*I in this Age may make a just Complaint,
Of Poets too much Licence, not Restraint ;
Julian wou'd dry, these flowing keep the Stream,
With more Insinuation to blaspheme.*

*I, who corrupted Poetry lament,
'And lowly Songs to rescue it present ;
Wish GOD another Gregory wou'd create,
Who shou'd redeem it from its laps'd Estate.*

*Bless'd Gregory, from his Flock when forc'd away,
Resolv'd in Verse Truth heav'nly to display.
I, by a Stranger from my Fold exil'd,
While my Flock stray on the unburdled Wild,
Still for my Charge a tender Care retain,
Expos'd to Latitudinarian Bane ;
Like Greg'ry, of bless'd Paul I learn'd to teach,
And warn in Hymn all Souls within my reach.*

*Bless'd Greg'ry wont Contentions to lament,
His Zeal for Duty, more than Party spent,
While active to suppress the fatal Fire,
In Antioch kindled by Prelatick Ire ;
In the fierce Flames he mildly strove to quell,
He to Prelatick Rage a Martyr fell.
I, tho' revering what the Saints enjoin,
Wave human Rules, to rescue Truth divine,
Expect the opposite Attacks to feel
Of angry Faction, and well meaning Zeal.*

Bless'd

The Dedication.

Bless'd Greg'ry with proud, noisy Prelates tir'd,
Whose Antichristian Spite his Fall conspir'd,
Who had shook off their MASTER'S Badge of Love,
Who chose the Serpent, and despis'd the Dove,
Thus spake: Tho' I from raising Storms am free,
Yet if you think my Fate will calm the Sea,
I'll gladly be your Jonah, throw me o're,
And to the Church a Peacefull Calm restore.

But strange to think! when over he was cast,
The Storm from him to his Disturbers past;
A providential Wave brought him to Shore,
Where he might save the others Wrecks deplore,
Where on his Wounds in lowly, gratefull Calm,
Heav'n daily drop'd Divine, Poetick Balm.

I gladly wou'd be offer'd to the Wave,
So the Church might by my Ruin save;
'Twill waft me or to Heav'n, or quiet Shade,
In either, Hymn is the Employment made.

Bless'd Greg'ry hap'd the Storm might be seren'd,
When Prelates to allay it were conven'd;
But in a Council (Universal stil'd,)
He factions felt, tempestuous, rude and wild:
Ev'n mitred Traditors the Church expos'd,
And with the World Time-serving Prelates clos'd;
Led the broad Way to dire eternal Fate,
While they of GOD and Man provok'd the Hate.

Wish

The Dedication.

*With that, the Saint withdrew in just Despair,
He, who Prelatick Fury cou'd not bear,
Chose Poetry, by sweet harmonious Song,
To drown the Discords of the Mitred Throng.*

*I gladly Wars Ecclesiastick fly,
Where-e're contentious Spirits I descry;
Eas'd of my sacred Load, I live content,
In Hymn, not in Disputes my Passion vent.*

*Bless'd Gregory pray'd to JESUS to provide
For the dear Flock he left a worthy Guide;
He saw the Faith by Hereticks oppress'd,
He saw by giddy Spirits Souls possess'd,
Who, like Euripus, rousing to and fro,
Wou'd at each Blast of Interest ebb and flow;
He heard Deceivers faithful Souls revile,
And by defaming Truth, secure their Guile;
As the Fish Sapia escapes the Fisher's View,
Blackning the Water by his Inky Spew.
JESUS the Prelates to his Wish inclin'd,
And they Nectarius to his Chair design'd,
A Pilot learn'd, wise, pious, faithful, grave,
And fit for Steerage in a troubled Wave.*

*Forc'd from my Flock, I daily saw with Tears,
A Strangers Ravage two Sabbatick Years;
But I forbear to tell the dreadful Stroke,
Which freed my Sheep from their Erastian Yoke.*

While

The Dedication.

*While Heav'n was Superfluently Kind,
In sending them a Pastor to my Mind:
In whom my Spirit feels the like repose,
As old Valerius, when he Austin chose.*

*For Peace sake Greg'ry from his Throne withdrew,
And wish'd more Prelates wou'd his Aim pursue;
In Charity to Flocks, Thrones quitted here,
Purchas'd much brighter in the heav'nly Sphere.*

*I, crush'd by State Decree, and griev'd with Pain,
The Past'ral Toil unable to sustain,
More gladly off the hallow'd Burthen shake,
Than I at first the Weight cou'd undertake.
And shall rejoice when sinking to my Grave,
That my dear Sheep a worthier Shepherd have,
That living, I had buried Past'ral Care,
And for my Last was freer to prepare.*

*To his dear Flock when Greg'ry bad adieu,
He warn'd them Vow Baptismal to renew:
And rather dye glad Martyrs at the Stake,
Than the Depositum be left, forsake.*

*With like, tho' with Inferior sacred heat,
The same Request I to my Flock repeat:
Versatile Priests may flatter Laick might,
For Lucre, may invade Canonick right,
For Rule of Faith, Leviathan instill,
And prostitute GOD's Truth to human Will:*

Wolves

The Dedication.

*Wolves on the Vitals of their Faith will prey;
Their Safety is, their Shepherd to obey.*

*Bless'd Gregory, to sacred Verse consign'd
The last Efforts of his immortal Mind,
Mind, which began with Flesh to dis-unite,
And looser grown, cou'd take the loftier Flight.
Those Poems, loftiest Prospects have disclos'd,
On Brinks of bright Eternity compos'd.*

*I, the small dol'rous Remnant of my Days
Devote to hymn my great Redeemer's Praise.
I, nearer as I draw t'ward Heavenly Rest,
The more I love th' Employment of the blest.*

*In that Employment while my Hours I spend,
This Pray'r I offer for my Noble Friend,
Whose shades benign to sacred Songs invite,
Who to those Songs may claim Paternal Right;
Rich as He is in all good Works below,
May He in Heav'nly Treasure overflow.*

THOMAS L. B. and W.



TO THE
READER.



As Men in Fevers, when the Danger's
[past,
Away the Physick which reliev'd
[them cast,

Thus when my Song's at hours from anguish freed,
I with a cool Imagination read,
Sung to enfeeble the insults of Pain,
And keep out Thoughts afflicting, wandring, vain ;
I to the Flames all my Composures doom,
Least to appear abroad they shou'd presume,
Where Verse, or Irreligious, or Unchast,
Hath prepossess'd and vitiated the Taste.
Hard for my Songs Paternal yearnings plead,
When to the funeral Pile they are decreed :

VOL. I.

B

But

But when I reconsider them, I find
 Like Fathers, who have Sons deform'd and blind,
 My fondness for my Numbers is allay'd,
 When their Defects impartially are weigh'd.
 Reflecting yet, how Heav'n my Soul possess,
 When Sacred Duties I in Song express,
 Hope that they might not wholly useless be,
 But others serve to Warm, as well as me.
 Subdu'd Misgivings, gain'd them a Reprieve,
 And to appear in Publick gave them leave:
 Yet in my Mind I felt Suggestions stir,
 Till after Death that Licence to defer:
 No censure in the Grave can me molest,
 Which may disturb a living Author's rest;
 But since the State has me depriv'd, and I
 In worldly cares all re-immersion fly,
 To publick Fame I am already dead,
 And buried in Retreat, no Censure dread.
 When *David* danc't before the Ark of God,
Michal reproach't the Measures which he trod,
 But the good King reply'd with saint-like Grace,
 For God, I gladly will my self debase;
 Thus I, to light one Spark of Love divine
 In faithful Souls, no Censure will decline.



The



T H E
INTRODUCTION.



HERE is a Vale, which shady Woods
[surround,
Where a sweet Air perfumes the barren
[Ground,

On Want, much nearer bordering, than Store,
Yeilding a daily *Omer*, and no more.
No savage Men, or Beasts, that Place infest,
No impious Oaths the Conscience there molest,
The Cares, the Vices, which the World embroil;
Could take no Root in such a lonely Soil.
Heaven for *Philhymno* this Retirement chose,
Which midst State Earthquakes yeilded him repose.

THE ghostly Swain contented was to dwell
In a low, mean, unenvyable Cell,
To which an humble Oratory joyn'd,
With Greens and fragrant Flow'rs each Morning
[lin'd.

The Introduction.

A BIBLE on the little Altar lay,
Patin and *Chalice* were of whit'ned Clay.
 His little Flock the Shepherd thither drave,
 In hopes his Remnant, just alive, to save.
 The neighbouring Kingdoms of Flow'r draining
 [Bees,
 Paid Tribute Honey for their hollow Trees.
 The Ewes would push their fondling Lambs aside,
 'Twixt him, and them, their Udders to divide.
 He to requite them, would the Herbs forbear,
 And shook the wild Fruits down to mend their fare.
 Heav'n wholsome Roots provided for his Bread,
 He envy'd not the Saint by Raven's fed :
 He drank with greater Pleasure from his Brook,
 Than *David* e're in *Bethlems* Fountain took.
 The Trees their waving Heads together laid,
 And roof'd an Arbor for *Meridian* Shade.
 To GOD's Disposals he resign'd his Cares,
 And liv'd upon the Income of his Pray'rs.

THE Swain, to cheer his Spirit, Hymns compos'd,
Each Hymn was with a *Hallelujah* clos'd.
And while his Sheep were grazing on the Plain,
He daily sang a new celestial Strain :
His Sheep the usual *Hallelujah* knew,
When that began, they toward the Shepherd drew,
Both Old and Young at that would meekly Bay,
Forming a *Chorus* to the sacred Lay.

The Introduction.

5

GRIEF for his Strays the Shepherd sore oppress,
They nearest lay to his afflicted Breast.
His Tears for them would oft in Rivers flow,
To wail their present Guilt, and future Wo.
Till tir'd with evening Moan he dropt asleep,
Chewing the Cud around him lay his Sheep.
His Angel *Phylax*, by his charge in Arms,
Kept both the Shepherd, and the Sheep from Harms.
Sweetly he slept, till *Philomel* took rest,
And spent with singing nodded in her Nest.
Before the Pheasant Cocks began their Crows,
As he to his accustom'd *Mattins* rose,
An Angel he perceiv'd from Heav'n descend,
His flight seem'd toward the *Atmosphere* to tend,
Philarmat 'twas, known o'er the heav'nly Coasts,
Guardian of Chariots to the LORD of Hosts.
Six four-wing'd Cherubs out of Air he chose,
And into Pairs commanded them to close,
From a bright Rainbow's divers-colour'd Veins,
He for the Sett cut Harneffes and Reins;
Twice three cylindral Thunder-bolts for bits,
He to the Headstalls of their Harness fits.
God makes fall'n Angels his Commands fulfill,
And Instruments of Good against their Will.
Soon as he went to bit them, they rebell,
Cursing their Driver: He their Rage to quell,
Of twelve-thread Lightning made a direful breed,
Red meteor drops at every Stroke they bleed.

They Bit and Harness durst no more decline,
 Yet oft at their hard Slavery would repine.
 But the good Angel, as the bad he lash'd,
 Their Vehicles to their bare Spirits gash'd.
 Thus smarting, they the dreadful Whip obey,
 While he towards Heav'n drives them full Speed
 [away.

At sight of the blest Gate they all lament,
 Vex'd for their Loss they rave, but not repent.

STRAIT there appear'd a Chariot heav'nly gilt,
 Of brightest empyreal Substance built.
 And in the Chariot on a radiant Throne
 Sat a great Saint, who by his Badge was known;
 A *Saltire*, which the martyr'd *Andrew* bore,
 And on his Robe in Heav'n's embroyd'ry wore.
Phylarmat to the splendid Chariot joyn'd
 The foaming Fiends, swift as a whirling Wind.
 Then to the Saint he gave his Whip and Rein,
 The resty Ghosts to quicken or restrain.
 Down the Expanse in full career they flew,
Phylarmat towards the heav'nly Gate withdrew.
 The Saints of Bliss have arch-angelick might,
 And need no Guardian to secure their flight:
Phylax flew swift *Phylarmat* to o'ertake,
 Before he entrance made, and thus bespake:
 Angelick Brother, say, for what intent,
 GOD to the Earth this blest Apostle sent?
 Know, said *Phylarmat*, at the Saint's Desire,
 Great GOD indulg'd his absence from the Quire,

To

The Introduction.

7

To *Theodorodunum* to repair,
Which under God is his appropriate Care.
He lays to right of Visitation claim
Of the great Dome distinguish'd by his Name.
He fear'd the Flock was in curst Satan's pow'r,
Or Wolves might in Sheep's clothing them devour.
Since now their Altars little Incense spend,
And from that Temple rarely Pray'rs ascend :
Hebdomadary Priests neglect their turns,
The Heav'n enkindled Flame but dimly burns :
They to the dying Coals apply strange Fire,
And thence unhallow'd Fumes to Heav'n aspire.
He tow'rd's his goodly Temple flies direct,
His *Belgan* Folds the better to inspect.
Pois'd on impatient Wings he this relates,
And then re-enters the eternal Gates.

ANDREW a while on *Av'lon's* Turret stay'd,
And looking round the scatter'd Flock survey'd.
Then to the Mother-Temple he made haste,
Which lay by Schism, and shipwreck'd Conscience
[waste.

From thence he drove directly to the Vale,
Where he the Shepherd heard his Flock bewail.
From his bright Throne the great Apostle slept,
And *Phylax*, while he stay'd, the Chariot kept.
The Saint his Glory veil'd with cloudy Lawn,
To damp it to a sufferable dawn.

Peace to your Flock, he said, and Peace to you,
And then sate down his Comfort to pursue.

I with your Grief, *Philhymno*, sympathise,
 And come your Soul to cheer, and to advise.
 The Wound is never cur'd that is conceal'd,
 Grief sensibly abates as 'tis reveal'd.
 You me a faithful Confessor shall find,
 Pour on my Spirit your full loaded Mind,
 I once congenial Frailties felt like you,
 I past'ral Cares and Sorrows fully knew.
 God me from them, but not from Pity freed,
 Heav'nly Compassions, earthly far exceed.
 The good Archshepherd there is in our Eye,
 Who in pure Pity for his Flock would dye,

ALL Praise to God, the Shepherd said, who deigns
 To pity the unworthiest of his Swains :
 All Thanks to you, who with a sinful Soul,
 Leave heav'nly Joys thus kindly to condole.
 You glorious Saint have all my Flock survey'd,
 You see what Devastations Sin has made.
 Your Heav'n-enlight'n'd Mind well knows their
 state,

Too dangerous, too grievous to relate.
 I see Just God's impending burning Ire,
 And strive with Tears to quench the dreadful Fire.
 Schism, Heresy, Profaneness, there grow bold,
 And worse than Wolves make ravage on the Fold.
 Rude Strangers our Canonick Flocks invade,
 Our under Shepherds Leagues with them have made.
 And

The Introduction.

9

And while my Shepherds and my Sheep thus stray,
I here in Mourning wear the Hours away.

The tender Saint with Speech endearing, sweet,
Such as Saints use when they in Glory greet,
Thus to the Swain reply'd : Be of good chear,
GOD will his Church out of its Ashes rear.

The blest *Elijab* for JEHOVAH's Name,
With sacred Jealousy was all on Flame:
And to his rivall'd GOD thus made his moan,
Against the Usurpations of his Throne;
For *Israel*, LORD, once thy peculiar Care,
I mourn, I am confounded, I despair.

They thy dread Cov'nant impiously profane,
Thy Altars have thrown down, thy Prophets slain;
I singly am thy whole Church, and they thirst
To drink my Blood, that none may live uncurst.
But GOD in a sweet, small, soft, gracious Voice,
Thus made his drooping Spirit to rejoice.

I who alone the Heart's recesses view,
Have in reserve a Church unknown to you :
Who in curs'd *Baal's* house abhor to kneel,
Or kiss his bulk, warm'd with Heav'n kindled zeal.
Thus while the World oppresses JESUS Spouse,
And scarce a Cottage to his Church allows,
GOD even in *Babylon* sheds Saint-like Grace,
You of the Church the Footsteps there may trace.
When on her Mountain she regains her Site,
Your Flock will follow her celestial Light.

Amidst

Amidst the numerous Strays GOD keeps a Fold,
 Whose Names are in the Book of Life enroll'd:
 As Sailers midst the briny *Caspian* wave,
 Sweet and fresh Water for their Bev'rage lave;
 Thus Souls unstain'd are mingled with the Crowd,
 Who to the Idol of Self-interest bow'd.
 A Remnant who the Gaps of Schism shall close,
 Whom no minacious Cross shall discompose,
 Who Sin shall by due Penance over-awe,
 By sacred Censures curb *Erastian* Law,
 Blasphemers atheistical expell,
 Who ne'er will turn Believers till in Hell;
 Hereticafters anathematize,
 No Papal Innovations idolize,
 Subject their Faith to no one modern Name,
 All *Latitudinarian* Fraud disclaim.
 With Meekness to the Fold recal the Stray,
 And guide, not drive him to the narrow Way;
 No bold Encroachments make on Regal right,
 The Church and State in mutual Band unite,
 The ancient holy Discipline revive,
 Truth Catholick from GOD's own Word derive,
 Primæval Fathers reverently peruse,
 Primæval Sanctity from them transfuse,
 Primæval Faith and Charity restore,
 And the Church water'd by the Martyr's gore:
 GOD by his Remnant will this Church renew,
 The hand-broad Cloud shall the Expanse bedew.
 For Confirmation, this shall be the Sign,
 GOD's Eyes e'er long will to your Flock incline,

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The Introduction.

II

The Stranger shall to Judgment soon be call'd,
The Past'ral Load which your weak shoulders gall'd,
On a more worthy Shepherd Heav'n will lay,
He'll guard the Pasture, and reclaim the Stray.
The Sheep will happy be beneath his Wing,
And you'l with Joy your *Nunc Dimittis* sing.

GREAT Saint, the Shepherd overjoy'd reply'd,
For full Completion I in God confide;
Your Consolations give my Spirit rest:
I worthless Wretch would offer one Request,
Yet fear I should myself ungrateful show,
Should I detain you longer here below.
I'll, said the Saint, with a short stay dispense,
To make your Love, Hymns, Joys the more intense.
You, said the Swain, bless'd Denizon of Light,
See all Things in the Beatifick Sight,
All comprehensible Ideas shine,
In blissful Souls impress'd by View divine.
Your cloudy Vail but for one Moment wave,
Shew the Ideas you of JESUS have,
When risen, He on *Tabor* pitch'd his Fold,
And his whole Flock cou'd in one glance behold,
In that all evangelic Views conspire,
That View above all others I desire.

THE Saint then laid his cloudy Mantle by,
Call'd out the Shepherd's Soul, sublim'd his Eye,
That no material Clogg might damp its Force,
And Spirit might with Spirit hold Discourse.

His

The Introduction.

13

Thy Sovereign Aid I invoke, for none
Can reach Heights fit for God, but God alone.
King *David* in his own, and publick woes,
Sang heav'nly Songs his Spirit to compose.
I troubled, and infirm, with sacred Strains
Sweeten my Sorrows, and assuage my Pains.
My Sorrows, when I publick Guilt bewail,
My Pains, which daily over me prevail.
Pains which permit not Studies more severe,
Songs best my dolorous Hours employ, and cheer.
Songs which the Loves of *JESUS* shall recite,
And in reflected Love take Heav'nward flight.
JESUS, the Name Propitious and Divine,
The Christian's universal Anodine.



MOUNT



MOUNT TABOR.



MIDST the fruitful *Galilean* Spot,
 Which fell at first to *Zabulon* by Lot,
 A Mountain stands, from the great
 [Sea descry'd,
 A Landmark, Pilots in the Wave to guide.
 From thence march'd *Barak* with his valiant Band,
 And from proud *Jabin's* Terrors freed the Land.
 The Men by Female Valour then prevail'd,
 Which to the Ground insulting *Sis'ra* nail'd,
 While *Kishon*, as it from the Mountains fell,
 Swept all the routed Infidels to Hell.
 GOD Filial oft met GOD Paternal there,
 And hallow'd all Mount *Tabor* by his Pray'r:
 'Twas there *James*, *Peter*, *John* their stations took,
 Whilst *Moses* and *Elias* Bliss forsook,
 To gain a transient, beatifick Sight
 Of *Jesus* rob'd in majestatick Light.

Our

Mount Tabor.

15

Our Lord was pleas'd when risen to declare,
That all the Saints to *Tabor* shou'd repair,
Their great Redeemer's Glory to revere,
And from his Lips salvifick Truth to hear.
From all Parts thither at their Lord's Command,
From *Salem*, and from all the Promis'd Land,
All JESUS Flock invited were to meet:
Of their dear Lord to kiss the wounded Feet.

BETHANICK *Lazarus* who four Days dead,
Was wak'n'd in his subterraneous Bed;
The active *Martba* in the World employ'd,
Her Sister who in Contemplation joy'd,
Zaccheus who had JESUS for his Guest,
And *Mary* of seven Devils dispossest,
The good *Arimatbean*, who his Grave
And the last Honours to bless'd JESUS gave,
The Women who with Zeal devout and kind,
Had the embalment of God-Man design'd,
Cyrenian Simon whom the Cross oppress'd,
The good Centurion who our Lord confess'd;
All the Apostles, all the Saints alive,
With early Zeal strove who should first arrive;
The little Children came among the rest,
Whom JESUS took up in his Arms and blest:
Five hundred faithful Souls could there depose,
That the same JESUS who expir'd, arose.
The dead Saints thither with the living flock't,
Whose Graves bless'd JESUS Rising had unlock't,

Clad

Clad in bright robes, such as the Angels wore,
 Appointed rising JESUS to adore.
 Distinctive badges on each radiant vest,
 To living Saints their Characters exprest.
 The fontal Pair, who Death on all entail'd,
Abel, who with that Death was first assail'd,
Enoch, to Bliss who by Translation flew,
Job, who awaited his Redeemer's view,
 Good *Noah*, who the World surviv'd when drown'd,
 The holy Priest, the King of *Salem* crown'd,
 The Friend of God, who joy'd that Heav'n decreed,
 All Nations shou'd have Blessing in his Seed,
 Meek *Moses*, who in Bliss made longer stay,
 Than on Mount *Horeb*, shin'd with brighter ray,
Elias, who on radiant Wheels return'd,
 Bless'd Martyrs, who long time had been inurn'd,
 Old *Samuel*, youthful with fresh vital Fire,
 King *David*, who came singing to his Lyre;
 The Prophets, who *Messias* sang of old,
 Longing to see the Blessing they foretold,
 With *Mary's* Parents in one Tomb enshrin'd,
 And her dear *Joseph*, the Assembly join'd:
 All for a while were kept alive to tell,
 The Triumphs of God-Man o'er Death and Hell.
 Next to the Saints, the Angels thither came,
 Who felt new Raptures at bless'd JESUS Name.
 The Angel flown from everlasting Day,
 To roll the monumental Stone away;
 The Angels who allay'd those Womens Dread,
 Who living JESUS sought among the Dead,

The

The Seraphs in the Temple wont to wait
 To see the Godhead in an humble state,
 To *Tabor* flew, and the Expanse along
 Alternated *Trisagion* was their Song:
 With their dear Saints the Guardians flew to sing
 In the full Quire their great incarnate King.
 Of Horses and of Chariots, when an Host
 Was sent to *Dothan* from the *Syrian* Coast,
 To seize *Elisha* in the dead of Night,
 Their March to cover, and prevent his flight,
 An Host of Horses and of Chariots came
 From God, more numerous, of celestial Frame,
 The Prophet on the Mountain to surround,
 Who bright'n'd with their Splendours all the Ground.
 But *Tabor* had a much more glorious shine,
 A Prophet infinitely more divine!
 Angels and Saints thus met with longing Eye,
 Look round the Hill bless'd *JESUS* to descry;
 While to his Mother he a Visit pay'd,
 The only Saint, who from the Mountain stay'd.
 The humble Virgin full of modest Fear,
 Left she should there her own *Encomiums* hear,
 Kept still at home, there honour'd by her Son
 The more, the more she Honour strove to shun.
 With strong, sweet, mutual Love they seem'd to
 [grieve,
 When that dear Son should that dear Mother
 [leave.
 While *JESUS* his dear Mother's sight enjoy'd,
 The Quire devout the interval employ'd,

18 *On the Annuntiation.*

The glorious Acts of JESUS to recount,
Nothing but JESUS founded o'er the Mount;
All sweetly strove each other to excite,
Hymn after Hymn on JESUS to indite.

Good *Joachim*, who heard his Daughter nam'd,
And the most blest'd of Womankind proclaim'd,
To sing God-Man's Conception first aspires
To a sweet Air he learnt from Angels Lyres.



On the ANNUNTIATION.



LESS'D Spirit, who from Glory did'st de-
[scend,

Thy radiant Plumes o'er *Mary* to extend,
Till fill'd with thy endearing, mighty Flame,
She Virgin-Mother of God-Man became;
Hover o'er me; that quicken'd by thy Wing,
I the Conception of my LORD may sing.

THE heav'nly Dove on *Chaos* deign'd to brood,
And hatch the World from Heaps unform'd and rude;
When God's Foreknowledge the just Bounds assign'd,
Which future States and Sov'reignties confin'd:
As his All-seeing Eye his Work survey'd,
His influential Beams on *Canaan* stay'd;
And from those Beams a Show'r of Blessings fell;
Just here, said he, my *Israel* shall dwell:
Fair Olive Trees the Soil shall overspread,
The Vine with cluster'd Locks adorn its Head;
From

On the Annuntiation. 19

From unpres'd Udders, Floods of Milk distil,
And od'rous Honey from each woody Hill :
Here my *Jerusalem*, said he, shall stand,
And in their GOD concenter all the Land.
There, Men shall build a Temple to my Praise ;
Designing the whole *Area* with his Rays.
Then boundless Wisdom, with Omniscient View,
The happy *Nazareth's* Dimensions drew :
Just on this Mount, said he, my Town I'll rear ;
The Virgin *Mary's* Dwelling shall be here.
Gabriel shall here Devotion to her pay ;
Hither from heaven shall be a beaten Way ;
And in this Closet, hallow'd by her Prayer,
The Spouse of GOD, Incarnate GOD shall bear.
To Ancient Saints Great GOD his Will display'd ;
They saw not in clear Light, but in the Shade.
What GOD of Old taught Prophets to presage,
We see fulfill'd in this thrice Happy Age.

I N *Naz'reth* dwelt a Saint, a Virgin-Wife,
Who led on Earth a Beatifick Life :
She wonder'd how Men wilfully cou'd sin ;
As if no Child of *Adam* She had been.
When e're her Sense soft needful Sleep requir'd,
Her waking Heart to Heav'n all Night aspir'd.
Chaste *Joseph* of her Husband had the Name ;
But for her God She kept her Virgin Flame.

THE Evening Lamb which on our Altar sum'd,
Was by the Hallow'd Fire but half consum'd,

When *Mary* rose to Lauds, and humbly pray'd,
 That *Israel's* Hope might not be long delay'd:
 Yet to God's Will She wou'd her own resign;
 Dear Lord, She said, I have no Will but thine.
 Then, wing'd with Pray'r, her Will to God arose,
 In God's high Will entirely to repose.
 Men, with their Gifts, think Glorious God appeas'd;
 'Tis only with their Wills that he is pleas'd:
 The only Off'ring yet he will accept,
 They for their Sacrilegious selves have kept.
 But none e're pleas'd God more than *Mary's* Will,
 Who unpolluted liv'd with mortal Ill.
 Then 'twas proclaim'd, God's Spousals were begun;
 That God wou'd be her Father, Spouse, and Son.
 At his dread Feet, as the meek Off'ring lay,
 Just as her Will ingulf'd in Gracious Ray,
 Off dropp'd those Wings of Pray'r on which it flew,
 As warm Desire up to Fruition grew.

THE listning Angels the glad Myst'ry heard,
 And what they cou'd not comprehend, rever'd:
 When God call'd *Gabriel* forth, bid him prepare
 The Virgin to attend rap't up in Prayer.
 Strait for his Flight the Wings of Pray'r he chose,
 On which the Virgin's Will so swiftly rose:
 To fit them on his Fellow Angels try'd,
 That with more Speed he might thro' *Aether* glide.
 Oft to fly down he made Essays in vain,
 His Wings still bear him to the Throne again.

Swift-

On the Annuntiation. 21

Swift-winged Pray'r to God with Vigor tends,
And from his Sacred Footstool ne're descends.
With that, those Wings before the Throne he left,
And with his own, the Fluid *Aether* cleft;
And as he felt his Robes Celestial flow,
Just o're the Golden Altar, to and fro,
He hovers in the Vapour, and perfumes,
With Od'rous Incense his Resplendent Plumes:
Then thro' her Closet-door he darts, and sees
The holy Virgin fixt upon her Knees:
Fearing to interrupt her Pray'r, he waits
Till her return from Heav'n her Height abates.
Before her lay her Father *David's* Book;
A Saint-like Glory brighten'd all her Look;
She recollected, starts at *Gabriel's* Sight;
Who, with submissive Beams, prevents her Fright.

HAIL, Thou who art above all Women blest!
Hail, Thou by GOD lov'd of all Women best!
Thou shalt a Wond'rous Mighty Son conceive,
Who shall his Father *David's* Throne retrieve.
His Name, O Gracious Name! shall JESUS be;
His Reign, commens'rate with Eternity.
Shall I, said She, conceive, who shun Mankind,
Till their Converse in Heav'n shall be refin'd?
The Gracious Dove, said he, his Wings shall spread,
And brood Extatick Love upon thy Head:
The Pow'r of GOD Paternal shall come down,
And with his sweetest Beams thy Temples crown:

22 *On the Annuntiation.*

Incarnate Filial G O D shall suck thy Breast ;
 A Myſtery too great to be expreſt.
 G O D Things impoſſible to Men can do ;
 Your Couſin has conceiv'd, and ſo ſhall You.
 She, who in long Reproach was barren ſtil'd,
 Shin'd on by Heav'n, has been ſix Moon's with Child.
 Behold the L O R D's low Handmaid, ſhe reply'd ;
 May all thy Glorious Words be verify'd.

T H E N to the Virgin flies the Spotleſs Dove,
 And ſhe all o'er diſſolves in Heav'nly Love :
 G O D to enlarge her bounded Soul takes Care,
 That ſhe may his Irradiations bear.
 The Father infinite Complacence ſhews ;
 Her Heart, with his Vouchſafements, overflows ;
 Heav'n in her Womb to lodge, G O D Filial leaves ;
 She in an Extaſy of Love, conceives.

G O D Filial, when he would himſelf debaſe,
 The Frailties to aſſume of human Race,
 Was pleas'd a Virgin Mother to elect,
 Beſt predispos'd his Graces to reflect :
 None e'er liv'd leſs Below, or more Above,
 Had a more humble, yet aspiring Love :
 None more to G O D had ſacrific'd her Will ;
 Had more entire Antipathy to Ill :
 None in their Oratory ſpent more Time ;
 No one ſang Hymns in Numbers more ſublime ;
 Than *Mary* ever bleſſ'd, whom G O D decreed,
 Shou'd all in Glory, as in Grace, exceed.

On the Annuntiation. 23

O cou'd my Spirit reach but half that Height,
Which *Mary* gain'd in her Celestial Flight;
I then God Man shou'd in Just Numbers praise,
And make the Seraphs listen to my Lays.

Soon as the Heav'nly Salutation ends,
And *Mary* from her Extasy descends;
That in her Joys *Eliza* might have share,
When the next Crow should call her up to Pray'r,
To Visit her resolves: And e'er 'twas Day,
Wak'd by the Cock, She prays, and posts away;
Big with impatient Zeal, she flies to tell
Eliza all the Wonders her befell:
Who feels the Virgin's Rapture, as she speaks,
While Crystal Drops of Joy bedew'd her Cheeks:
O Thou most blest of Womankind, she cries,
Within whose Womb the Source of Blessing lies;
And next to Thee, is poor *Eliza* blest,
Who sees the Mother of my Lord, my Guest:
At that glad News, I fell, for Joy, entranc'd;
Within my Womb, for Joy, my Infant danc'd:
Blest Faith, which humbly that Good-news receives;
God shall do all, which that firm Faith believes.
In *Mary's* Soul deep Prints her Blessing made;
Who, in a Hymn, her sacred Friend repaid,

My Soul, my Spirit, with exalted Voice,
Praise God my Saviour, and in him rejoice;
Who on his Handmaid shines so bright, that all
The future World must *Mary* Blessed call.

24 *On the Annuntiation.*

The Mighty, me above my Sex has rais'd;
 His Name, which Holy is, be ever prais'd.
 His Mercy on his Votaries descends;
 To endless Generations it extends.
 Strong is his Arm, and scatters as a Cloud
 The vain Imaginations of the Proud:
 He puts down mighty Sinners from their Seat;
 He makes the meek, and humble Spirit, great;
 He fills the empty Souls, who to him pray;
 And empty sends the glutt'd Souls away.
 He'll no propitious Promises evade,
 To *Abram*, or to our Forefathers made.
 He his preventing Mercy keeps in mind,
 Which his dear *Israel* saves, and all Mankind.

THEN she her Station with *Eliza* fix'd;
 Both oft their Souls, their Joys and Praises mix'd;
 Three Tides of Sun the Moon had overflow'd,
 E'er *Mary* left *Eliza's* sweet Abode.

THUS Saints on Earth, when sweetly they converse,
 And the dear Favours of kind Heav'n rehearse;
 Each feels the other's Joys: Both doubly share
 The Blessings, which devoutly they compare.
 If Saints such mutual Joys feel here below,
 When they each other's Heavenly Foretastes know,
 What Joys transport them at each other's Sight,
 When they shall meet in Empyreal Height!
 Friends, ev'n in Heav'n, one Happiness wou'd miss,
 Shou'd they not know each other, when in Bliss.

ALL

On the Incarnation. 25

*ALL Praise to JESUS, who, for his Repose,
The Womb of that Incarnate Seraph chose.*

*IN Praise to JESUS, all the Mountain joy'n'd,
God Man to a Pure Virgins Womb confin'd.*

BLESS'D *Joseph* next made a devout Essay,
The wondrous Incarnation to display.



On the INCARNATION.

SING the Infinite and Finite join'd
In Hypostatick Union for Mankind.
O thou bless'd Spirit, who dost comprehend
The Heights which bounded Knowledge far tran-
[scend,

Thou, who to sing the passionate Desire
Of Nations, holy Prophets didst inspire,
Stretch my Capacity to soar as high,
As 'tis permitted human Thought to fly;
Or shou'd my Thought despond to reach the height,
Let my more vig'rous Love maintain the flight.

I seventy Paschal Festivals had seen,
When I espous'd a Virgin of sixteen,
Not out of sensual, but celestial Love,
Pure like the Saints Enamourments above.

Wife

26 *On the Incarnation.*

Wife GOD was pleas'd Espousals to ordain,
That she unblam'd a Virgin might remain.
As when an Angel to his charge appears,
With gracious Splendour dissipating Fears,
Devotion sympathetick both unites,
In their extatick Friendship each delights,
No earthly Thoughts that Friendship can pollute,
Both breath celestial Love when they salute.
Such was the Love between my Spouse and me,
I was the Sinner, the good Angel she.
When on a sudden, to my strange surprize,
Her unsuspected Womb began to rise :
It is impossible to be express'd,
The Passion which poor *Joseph* then possess'd ;
One while I would conceal what none could
[hide,
Would disbelieve what could not be deny'd :
I quitted, and condemn'd at the same time,
Presum'd her innocent, yet saw her Crime.
Sad as I was, one Night I bent my Knees
To GOD, who only troubled Minds can ease.

Omniscient God, who only able art
To fathom the Reserves of human Heart,
The Truth to my distracted Spirit show,
Whether dear *Mary* guilty be, or no :
That I may neither harbour give to Lust,
Nor be to spotless Innocence unjust.
Scarce from my Knees my aged Limbs I rear'd,
But I perceiv'd my GOD my Pray'r had heard :

A

On the Incarnation. 27

A sudden Peace becalm'd my stormy Breast,
Methought I found myself inclin'd to Rest.

AND Sleep, which I had courted long in vain,
Fix'd my loose Senses, and o'erflow'd my Brain.
Of my dear Spouse I dreamt, while rest I took,
Who nor by Day nor Night, my Thought forsook.
She seem'd devoutly rap't at Midnight-Prayer,
Moses n'er had a more Heav'n-bright'ned Air.
From her glad Sight, I in my Dream, methought,
Was to the *Solomonian* Temple brought,
An Host of Angels, who there rendezvous'd,
A Mid-day Splendor at Mid-night diffus'd,
The hallow'd Ark four mighty Cherubs bare,
The sacred Vail they into pieces tare,
Partition-Walls strait moulder'd all away,
The sev'ral Courts all undistinguish'd lay,
And as they trod the Temple's outmost Bound,
Down fell the stately Fabrick to the Ground.
The Ark tow'rd *Naz'reth* seem'd to be convey'd,
Some Angels on their Harps before it play'd,
Others sweet Airs on golden Trumpets blew,
Some singing *Hallelujah* round it flew,
While I, like *David*, near the Ark advanc'd,
Old as I was, with sprightly motions danc'd.

Eternal Word was by the Angels known
Between the Cherubs, but was seen by none.
When strait the Virgin's Closet I descry'd,
My Guardian Angel dancing by my side,

In

28 *On the Incarnation.*

In went the Ark, while at the Door I stay'd,
 Till passage thro' the Croud my Guardian made;
 And told me, GOD decreed the Virgin's Womb,
 A wondrous Babe should for nine Months entomb.
 Methought I saw a bright, yet slender Beam,
 From the Immortal Source of Spirits stream,
 Which centred 'twixt the Cherubims: Strait I,
 What is that Beam? to my good Angel cry.
 There the Babe's Soul is vehicled, said he;
 GOD must with perfect Man united be.
 A Drop, which has subsistence when alone,
 Will loose it when into the Ocean thrown.
 The Man's subsistence thus in GOD's is lost,
 Pure Godhead cannot mix, yet may exhaust.
 Two Natures in one Being to unite,
 Singulariz'd by what is Infinite:
 Strange Union! not conceiv'd by bounded Mind,
 Which GOD and Man unmix'd together join'd.
 I from the Ark saw *Shechinah* depart
 To build a Temple in the Infant's Heart.
 There in one Person GOD and Man repos'd,
 And *Mary's* Womb incarnate GOD enclos'd,
 With that the Ark all into Powder fell,
 The scatter'd Atoms flew about the Cell,
Mosaick Shadows vanish'd all away,
 At the first dawn of evangelic Day.
 Bright *Gabriel*, when the rest to Heav'n withdrew,
 Back to my Chamber swiftly with me flew,
 Fear not, said he, of *Mary* to take care,
 GOD owns the Child her Virgin Womb shall bear,
He

On the Incarnation. 29

He JESUS, that sweet Name, when born shall have,
Who from their Sins apostate Men shall save.
Great Filial GOD in human Flesh shall dwell,
He is the long desir'd *Immanuel*.
I waking, kiss'd the Floor, as holy Ground,
And on my nak'd Feet no Sandals bound.
Old *Obed-edom* n'er was half so blest,
When in his Walls the sacred Ark had rest,
As I in *Mary*, ever since I knew
My Ark the much more glorious of the two.

STRAIT to my Oracle my Dream I told,
Begg'd her with Tears the Mystery to unfold,
For her dear Infant's sake, I made request,
She blush'd, prais'd GOD, and the glad Truth con-
[fest.

Thence our Quotidian Raptures were begun,
My Joys from hers, hers kindled from her Son.
Soon to pay *Cesar's* Tax, we summon'd were,
To our great Father's City to repair :
Stay'd by my Staff, on feeble Feet I crept,
Her tender Arm sustain'd me as I slept;
The more she walk'd, her Strength increas'd the
[more,

Supported by the Burden which she bore.
When *Beth'lem*, throng'd with *David's* numerous Race,
Left for us two no hospitable Place,
Till in an Inn a Stable I espy'd,
Where at one End an Ox and Ass were ty'd,
Of

Of the void Part I then myself possess,
Chose cleanest Straw to lay my Saint to rest.
On that the humble Virgin sweetly slept,
While at her Feet her Angel *Vigil* kept.
Her Infant there into the World she brought,
Just as the Mind's deliver'd of a Thought.
Not the least Pang disturb'd her tender Sense,
Pangs were the Curse of foul Concupiscence.
No *Sordes* stain'd his pure unspotted Skin,
That was the proper Livery of Sin:
As when a Fish cuts thro' the yielding Main,
The parted Waves behind him close again,
That none who on the even Flood shall look,
Is able to discern the Wake he took,
Thus thro' the Womb the Infant swam to Light,
The Virgin and the Mother to unite.
God-Man then seem'd her Passions to divide,
She to act Votry, and the Mother try'd,
She both familiar was, and would adore,
Would help her Child, and yet his Help implore,
Would love her Babe, and her Creator dread,
Beg Food from him, whom with her Milk she fed,
Wou'd for, and to her little Infant pray,
Contemplate on him, and yet with him play.
Wou'd kiss her Son, and then her GOD wou'd
[praise,

Swadling him by the Light of his own Rays.
Thus the Eternal Word to save us bow'd,
Strange Sight ! God humble, and the Sinner proud.

The

On the Nativity. 31

The Ox, and As, to view him left their Meat,
Brake loose for Joy, and gently lick'd his Feet.
They by instinct, a Reverence to him pay'd,
And while he sweetly slept, nor low'd, nor bray'd.
More brutish Man, the more debas'd God lies
To court his Love, the faster from him flies.

*ALL Praise to JESUS! who assum'd our Woes,
And for his Birth place, a poor Stable chose.*

*Glory to JESUS, the whole Mount exprest,
Who in a Manger humbly took his rest.*

OUR Lord's four Brethren, who remember'd well,
All that *Messias* when a Babe befell,
Inflam'd by *Joseph's* Zeal, with Zeal devout
The Infant Hymn'd, and *Joses* first brake out.



On the NATIVITY.



GREAT God-Man! my grovelling Spirit
[raise,

To a devout Sublimity of Praise;
Thy Beams on me Thou fontal Wisdom dart,
Thy boundless Love incarnate in my Heart,
That at full Pitch of Evangelick Joy,
To sing thy Birth, I may my Powers employ.

THE

THE Stationary Priest, with lighted Torch,
 Had try'd the *Levites* upper Vests to scorch,
 Whom at their various Posts he sleeping found,
 As in the Holy-Place he walk'd the Round,
 When GOD Incarnate pass'd his Virgin Shroud,
 With gentler Force than Rays a yielding Cloud.
 And laps'd Man saw the first salvifick Gleams,
 Which soon grew up to full Meridian Beams;
 Spreading a glorious Evangelick Light,
 And uninvadeable by ghostly Night;
 The Virgin Mother near the Manger plac'd,
 In her soft Arms the boundless Babe embrac'd,
 As on the Ark the *Shechinah* reclin'd,
 Between the Cherubims bright Wings enshrind,
 While all the World in sudden Rapture joins,
 And in high sympathetick Praise combines,

THE Morning Stars new lofty *Carols* sang,
 And all the heav'nly Orbs of JESUS rang,
 A cheerful Splendour brighten'd all the Sphear,
 The Air serene made Clouds to disappear;
 The Moon wip'd her disfigur'd Spots away,
 Ambitious at Mid-night to make Mid-day;
 The drooping Flow'rs which absent Sun bemoan,
 Rais'd up their Heads, grew fresh, and fully blown,
 All strove their quintessential Sweets to drain,
 Perfuming Earth, God-Man to entertain.
 Earth which with Paradise might then compare,
 and felt more od'rous Incense in the Air.

The

On the Nativity. 33

The Woods, by Winter of their Shade bereav'd,
By an extemporaneous Spring were leav'd;
The Nightingales, just fall'n asleep, awoke,
The airy Quires with singing to provoke,
And thick on ev'ry Tree the winged Throng
Strove to out-do the Nightingales in Song;
The God of Harmony voic'd all their Throats,
And sweetly harmoniz'd their various Notes,
Ominous Birds, at Mid-night wont to roam,
Made no dire Noise, but silent perch'd at home.
The Fiends were all Night long in *Tophet* chain'd,
Wondring they from their Haunts shou'd be re-
[strain'd,

The Ocean crystal clear lay fast asleep,
The Eye might view the Bottom of the Deep;
Dread Thunders into Warblings soft were still'd,
Heav'n shot kind Lightnings the Expanse to gild;
All the loose Winds which o'er the Compass flew,
In sweet, refreshing, gentle Murmurs blew;
No noxious Exhalations cou'd arise,
Balsamick Vapours only fill'd the Skies;
And Mortals drown'd in Sleep alluring Steams,
Of strange Deliverance had transporting Dreams.

THE Shepherds, who near *Bethlem* watch'd the
[Fold,
A wondrous Change cou'd in the World behold;
There was no need to drive the Wolves away,
Wolves wou'd with fearless Lambs familiar play,

When on a sudden, arch'd Heav'n around,
 Of swift Angelick Wings they heard the Sound,
 With Light a thousand times beyond the Sun,
 All Heav'n was in an Instant over-run,
 Bright Majestick Glory fill'd the Sphere,
 And Struck the Swains with a sweet, awful Fear;
 Till an Archangel stay'd on Wings out-spread,
 With heav'nly Mildness, thus allay'd their Dread.

FEAR not: Behold, good Tydings I declare
 Of greatest Joy, in which all Men shall share:
 In *David's* City at this Turn of Morn,
 A Saviour, CHRIST, the LORD, to you is born:
 This Sign shall him distinguish to your Eyes,
 He's swath'd in Clouts, and in a Manger lies.
 Strait with the radiant Herald, num'rous Hosts
 Of glorious Angels, fill the airy Coasts,
 Dancing for Joy o'er the Expanse on Wing,
 In Heav'n-taught Measures, while they loudly sing,
 To GOD in Heav'n be Glory, on Earth Peace,
 Good-will tow'rds Men, such as shall never cease.
 And while their Voices in sweet Chords conspire,
 Each heav'nly Harper strikes his tuneful Lyre:
 Good Angels Joy, when but one Sinner weeps,
 Heav'n Jubilee for ev'ry Mourner keeps.
 But their extatick Joys were unconfin'd,
 At the Salvation of all laps'd Mankind.
 GOD, who Himself immense Complacence shew'd,
 With Beams triunal the Horizon strew'd.

On the Nativity. 35

THE Winged Host remembering GOD's Decree,
When Filial GOD they should Incarnate see,
That they shou'd all adore him, swiftly flew
To *Bethlem*, there to pay their Homage due ;
But e'er to make their Entrance they presume,
Themselves they first porportion to the Room,
They their expanded Vehicles condense,
Their Rays collected, shine the more intense.
Nine heav'nly Orders enter one by one,
The lowest shin'd much brighter than the Sun.
Joseph and *Mary's* elevated Sight
Remain'd undazled at their Glories bright ;
Angels first, Seraphs last, their Rev'ence made,
In proper Robes resplendent all array'd.
Each Order entring the bless'd humble Door,
At the Babe's Feet fell prostrate on the Floor ;
Of humble JESUS, each sang Hymns sublime,
With the celestial Harpers keeping time :
Soon as they had their Adorations paid,
And heap'd their Blessings on the heav'nly Maid,
As forth they from the hallow'd Stable went,
They stretch'd their radiant Shapes to full extent,
And strait remounting to the Realm of Light,
Hymn'd GOD Incarnate all along their Flight.

THE lowly Swains, to see the wondrous Child,
Leave Sheep and Wolves together reconcil'd ;
On Straw they find him in the Manger laid,
Till taken up by the sweet, humble Maid ;

As in her Arms her dearest Babe repos'd,
 A Wreath of heav'nly Glory both enclos'd,
 The Shepherds the Immortal Child ador'd,
 His Blessings for themselves and Flocks implor'd,
 And rap't at his transporting Sight, diffuse
 All o'er the City the transporting News,
 While *David's* Race in *David's* Town enroll'd,
 Haste to the Inn, the Infant to behold,
 The faithful Shepherds to the Croud declare,
 The glorious Vision they had seen in Air,
 All in Amazement pleasing and devout,
 Gave an exulting Eucharistick Shout;
 Blest *Mary*, who in Joys had greatest Part,
 Kept all they said deep graven on her Heart;
 The Swains with overflowing Joys repair,
 Of their dear Flocks to reassume the Care,
 And all the Way returning to the Field,
 Prais'd GOD for all the glorious Things reveal'd;
 Their Flocks they feeding in full Safety found,
 And made the Plains with JESUS Praise resound.

To guide the Kings, a radiant Star was sent,
 Bless'd Swains, celestial Beams o'erspread your Tent,
 GOD Angels chose glad News to them to bring,
 They saw them dance for Joy, and heard them sing,
 GOD, who exalts the Humble, honour'd you
 Above all Men, with GOD Incarnate's View.
 May I, like you, Life on my Calling spend,
 Untainted by the World on GOD attend,

Devout

On the Circumcision. 37

Devout, meek, peaceful, low in my own Eye,
In GOD's transporting Favour live and dye.

JESUS be prais'd! who deign'd the joyful News
By Angels into Shepherds to infuse.

Glory to JESUS! the whole Mount recites,
Who humblest Saints exalts to noblest Heights.

TOW'RDs Jude the Eyes then of the Faithful
[roll'd,
Who thus in Hymn, the Circumcision told.



On the CIRCUMCISION.

JESU, who when a Babe, wou'd'st suffer
[Smart,
By thy blest Spirit circumcise my Heart,
That I from foul Concupiscence refin'd,
May sing thy Love with pure enamour'd Mind.

'T WAS the eighth Day since the Eternal Son
His Self-humiliations had begun,
When by the Law the Child was circumcis'd,
And while the sacred Rite was solemniz'd,
His Parents, as the Angel had enjoin'd,
The Name of JESUS to the Babe assign'd;
Our Righteous GOD, laps'd Nature to chastise,
And teach us where our great Disorder lies,

38 *On the Circumcision.*

That bloody Rite to mortify us chose,
Of Lust a sharp Memorial to impose.
Bless'd JESUS, with Concupiscence unstain'd,
Submitted humbly to what GOD ordain'd,
That He Humanity might undergo,
And early Pattern of Obedience show,

JESUS! O Gracious Name! when I repeat,
Methinks I feel devout, transporting Heat,
Which kindly circulates thro' ev'ry Vein,
Too inexhaustible for Verse to drein.
Himself the full Import of JESUS gave,
In Life, in Death, in rising from the Grave.
In Hymning JESUS, I'll my Age consume,
That dear sweet Name, my Numbers shall perfume.
The Mighty Infant was by Heav'n design'd
For the propitious Saviour of Mankind:
GOD with his Spirit wou'd his CHRIST anoint,
Him for our Prophet, and High-Priest appoint;
And this, God-Man, tho' lowly He appear'd,
Must, as JEHOVAH, be by all rever'd,
He is our true *Immanuel*, our Great King,
He of all Blessings is the boundless Spring.

APOSTATE Men lay in black Guilt involv'd,
When their Salvation, Gracious GOD resolv'd;
In Sinners, when the Sin is past, remain
Outragious Guilt, and Soul-polluting Stain;
Guilt them subjects to everlasting Woes,
Stains to GOD's Aversion them expose.

Guilt,

On the Circumcision. 39

Guilt, Stain, and Vengeance, co-etaneous are,
Which none but G O D can pardon, purge, and spare,
None but God-Man cou'd substituted be
To make fit Commutation for all three.
Sinners to Pardon cou'd no Title lay,
Till to Forgiveness G O D contriv'd the Way,
Some Mediator wanted was, between
G O D, and apostate Man to intervene.
Laps'd Man, and angry G O D to reunite,
Transcended far the highest Seraphs Might,
Their noblest Homage is but what they owe,
And they no Merit have to overflow,
Incarnate G O D, the Person was alone,
Cou'd merit Grace, and boundless Wrath atone.

TRIUNAL G O D, in Pity to lost Man,
Of his Salvation laid the wondrous Plan.
G O D's only S O N that Office freely chose,
The F A T H E R, with the Offer deign'd to close,
And G O D Co-breath'd, employ'd Co-equal Pow'r,
On *Mary's* Son, all Graces down to show'r.
Paternal G O D, with Filial G O D was pleas'd,
Cou'd not but with the Offering be pleas'd;
Laps'd Man in Hymns shou'd Angels far exceed,
Since Great God-Man his Saviour is decreed,
God-Man! for J E S U S must of both partake,
To live, and dye, and merit for our sake.
J E S U S cou'd Man, best in Man's Nature teach,
By Conversation and familiar Speech,

40 *On the Circumcision,*

Of human Vertues, true Ideas give,
 By visible Example teach to live.
 As GOD, He mighty is to save from Woes,
 And Man's false Heart, by his Omniscience knows;
 As GOD, He can the Ghostly Scepter sway,
 And human Spirits awe, who disobey.
 As Man, He cou'd vicarious Death sustain,
 The Nature sinning, ought to suffer Pain;
 GOD to that Pain a Merit gives immense,
 To move Just Heav'n with Pardon to dispense,
 Man our Infirmities and Passions feels,
 GOD only our Disease inveterate heals.
 'Twixt GOD and Man He Stipulation makes,
 Our Bliss on Terms propitious undertakes.
 Believe, repent, and love, this easy Trine,
 To gain eternal Joys, GOD's Laws enjoyn.
 Shou'd our hard Hearts such gentle Terms disclaim,
 We justly shall incur eternal Flame.

THOU Heav'nly King thy Rigor may'st abate,
 Relax thy Law, though not annihilate,
 Thou a full Freedom to Thyself hast kept,
 A Surrogation for us to accept.
 Thy Justice, LORD, moves Thee to punish ill;
 Thy Truth, thy threat'n'd Terrors to fulfill:
 Thy Wisdom, moves to vindicate thy Law,
 And stubborn Violaters over-awe:
 Thy Sov'raignty, thy Royal Throne to fence;
 Thy Mercy is to Pity all propense;

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On the Circumcision. 41

Thy Holiness abhors a Soul impure :
Thy jealous Love, no Rival can endure :
Fall'n Angels, LORD, thy Godhead had revil'd,
If unaton'd to Sinners reconcil'd:
Thy Attributes are all co-harmoniz'd,
In filial GOD Incarnate sacrific'd.
Sin there is punish'd, Justice to appease,
Thy Truth, the threatn'd Death inflicted sees.
Wisdom, the Honour of thy Law regains,
Thy Sov'raignty, thy awful Throne maintains.
In that pure Victim Holiness is clear,
Mercy, and Love, most glorify'd appear.
All these concentred in our JESUS be,
He sets thy Mercy and thy Goodness free.
They both their gracious, boundless Scope may take,
And Sin may pardon'd be for JESUS Sake.

LORD, I repent, and for my Pardon plead,
In JESUS Name, who wou'd for Sinners bleed.
No Ransom cou'd, unless by Blood be paid,
To injur'd Heav'n no Satisfaction made.
And no Blood, but the Blood of Filial GOD,
Cou'd save us from the Sin-avenging Rod :
And it was boundless Love Great GOD inclin'd,
To shed the Blood of GOD for laps'd Mankind.

O LOVELY JESUS! to exalt thy Name,
Is of the Bless'd the everlasting Aim.
And while I here below, my Stay prolong,
JESUS shall be the Subject of my Song.

But

But Woe is me! my Hymns too scanty are,
 They to thy Love can no Proportion bear.
 Saints glorify'd in beatifick Light,
 Becoming Songs of JESUS may indite,
 But never can exhaust our JESUS Praise,
 Shou'd they eternally compose new Lays;
 Heav'n is of heav'nly Love the native Sphear,
 This Earth of humble Hope, and filial Fear.
 A Hope to please, Fear JESUS to offend,
 To penitential Love at last ascend,
 That Love creates sweet languishing Desire,
 All Penitents to that soft Love aspire.
 Sin, and Salvation, still I'll keep in Mind,
 They teach the Love of JESUS when combin'd.
 While *Jubilees* in Heav'n blest'd Lovers keep,
 My Love to Sin expos'd, shall ever weep.
 Yet Weeping, I'll in JESUS Love delight,
 Sin, and Salvation, Tears and Joys excite:
 I'll weep and joy, till my glad Dying-day,
 When JESUS gently wipes all Tears away.
 Freed from all Possibilities of ill,
 I'll love, I'll sing, and I'll rejoyce my fill,

*JESUS be prais'd! who when an Infant bled,
 Of Wrath Divine to free us from the Dread.*

*Glory to JESUS sang the Mount aloud,
 And at the Name of JESUS lowly bow'd.*

THEN stood up Apostolick James the Less,
 His Faith in JESUS zealous to profess.

On



On the EPIPHANY.

GREAT GOD, by whose Command a Star
 [appear'd,
 Which the Wise Men to GOD Incarnate
 [steer'd;

For GOD Incarnate's Sake, vouchsafe me Light,
 Which may conduct me to my Saviour's Sight,
 That I may draw his Loveliness in Verse,
 And the Inflammatives I gain, disperse.

NEAR to the Chambers where the rising Sun
 Trims his gay Locks, his amorous Stage to run;
 And like a Bridegroom rob'd in all his Pride,
 Goes forth to court the Earth to be his Bride,
Arabia lies, which Men have happy nam'd,
 And *Saba* for the happiest Country fam'd,
 Of all that happy Land enrich'd with Store,
 And with sweet-smelling Druggs perfum'd all o'er;
 'Twas there, of all the Kingdoms of the *East*,
 The Phoenix chose to build her od'rous Nest.
 Three Princes there, who earthly Scepters sway'd,
 On Orbs celestial Observations made,
 From distant Sites as the Expanse thy ey'd,
 All at one time a strange new Star espy'd,

A Star, which shin'd by Day as well as Night,
 Had Lustre like the Sun, but greater Height.
 All three astonish'd, to each other speed
 Their Envoys, at sweet *Saba* was decreed
 The Interview, where met, the first salute
 Concluding, thus began the deep Dispute:
 I many Hours, said, *Balthazar* have spent,
 With wakefull Eyes on this new Star intent;
 By Observation I cou'd plainly see,
 That it nor Meteor can nor Comet be.
 I saw it moving in a Sphear so high,
 Scarce any Parallax I cou'd descry:
 But how 'twas form'd, or what it shou'd portend,
 Here my conjectures all were at an end.
 I then concluded, sure some Powers Divine
 To baffle all our Art and Books design'd,
 Or tyr'd Intelligence his Orb forsakes,
 And to o'relook the World a Pleasure takes.
 Some random gueses made I, Grave *Melchior* said,
 Till I the Star with greater heed survey'd,
 Tow'rds *Jury* as it made Excentrick way,
 It darted an immeasurable Ray;
 I then remembred what I read of Old,
 Wife *Balaam* to *Moab's* King foretold,
 That a new Star shou'd rise, and Prince shou'd
 [reign
 In *Jacob*, and the Scepter lost regain.
 Under whose Conduct the Heav'n favour'd Jew
 Shou'd *Moab*, *Edom*, *Shesh*, and *Seir* Subdue.

On the Epiphany. 45

This is that very Star the Prophet meant,
The Prophecy's explain'd by the Event.
Gaspar, who youngest was, breaks Silence here,
This Truth as the bright Star it self is clear.
Our Caravans who o'er the Desert Sand,
Transport our Spices to the Promis'd Land,
From ev'ry part of *Jury* Rumours bring
Of their expecting their long visit for King :
We for our Safety shou'd in happy Hour,
With early Homage court this rising Pow'r.
To this the others gladly gave consent,
Prepare their richest Offerings to present,
And after a long Journey with their Trains,
All safe arrive at *Judah's* fertile Plains.
Soon as they Sacred *Salem's* Portal trod,
They ask the Natives, as they thoughtful rode,
Blest Nation ! where ? O tell us where we may
To your young King our due Devotion pay ?
We from the *East*, led by His wond'rous Star,
Came to Congratulate His Birth thus far.

THIS News soon reacht fierce *Herod's* jealous Ear,
Nothing cou'd quiet his outrageous Fear,
Till he a Council call'd to know what Town
Dar'd to conceal the Rival of his Crown.
They *Betblem* the predicted Place declare,
In which their King shou'd first breath vital Air.
The Tyrant then a solemn Message sends
To the three Kings, inviting them as Friends,

De-

Demands what time the Star to them appear'd,
 And trembled still the more, the more he heard.
 Go, go, said he, and kiss the sacred Ground,
 Which bears the High-born King ; when you have
 [found,

The happy Spot, proclaim it, that I may
 My Crown and Scepter at his Footstool lay ;
 Infernal Fiends, thus all their Wiles employ
 Those whom they seem to flatter, to destroy.

THE Pilgrims then to *Bethlem* post away,
 Strong expectation brooking no delay,
 And soon as they beheld the Stable-door,
 They see the Beam, which was Oblique before,
 Now Perpendicular stand o'er the Place,
 Where the Babe lay, and pointing on his Face.
 The Manger they approach'd with sacred Awe,
 And scarce believ'd what they are sure they saw ;
 The Babe lay sucking the young Virgin's Breast,
 Which gently she to feed her Maker, prest :
 Each drop He suck't her with fresh Rapture fill'd,
 And with Her Milk Her very Soul distill'd.
 Nothing e'er had such soft sweet mighty Charms,
 As that dear Babe in that dear Mother's Arms.
 They round his Head saw Wreaths of Glory run,
 The Mother fate envelop'd in her Son ;
 As a smooth Glass the Solar Beams collects,
 And all those Beams in a right Line reflects,
 With grateful Force endeavouring to restore
 The bright Effulgence, lent it just before.

Thus

On the Epiphany. 47

Thus in the Mother the Child's Rays Unite,
She still reflecting Her Son's gracious Light;
All His dear Loves, each Look, each Smile, each
[Kiss

As she receiv'd, she paid with mutual Bliss;
The Mighty Infant well his Vot'ries knew,
And from His tender Mother's Breast withdrew,
To give them Audience. At His first bright Glance
They stood transported in an awful Trance.
Till with a gentler Ray He calm'd their dread,
Who kneeling down, their Treasures open spread;
Then they their Gold, Myrrh, Frankincense pre-
[sent,

And *Melchior* spake, what by all Three was meant.

Great, Gracious Sir, Do not despise
The Gifts of foreign Votaries,
Mean as they are, they are the best,
With which our Native Country's blest
God all His Off'rings values still,
Not by the Gift, but Giver's Will.
Our finest Gold we hither bring,
To Crown our pretty Mighty King.
Tho' no Gold Crown can e'er compare,
With that bright Crown of Beams you wear,
The Gumms which Sacred Rites consume,
We bring, Your Mansion to Perfume,
Though all our Odours fall beneath
The sweet Effluvia which You breath.
Our Myrrh which will your Health protect
From Vapours, which the Air infect;
Though

Though now by wondrous Signs we know;
 You somewhat more than Mortal show;
 Many a weary Step we trod,
 To seek a King, but find a GOD,
 O bless'd Mistake! all we endur'd,
 Is overpaid, since well assur'd,
 The more propitious you must be,
 The more you have of Deity.

This said, they thrice adore the Mighty Child,
 Thrice on his Vot'ries he benignly smil'd.
 With that, all forth the Royal *Magi* went,
 And humble *Joseph* lead them to their Tent,
 Which, while the Infant grac'd them with his Sight,
 Their Slaves had pitch'd for their repose that Night.
 And as they tow'rd's the Tent slow Paces take,
 The learned *Melchior*, *Joseph* thus bespake:
 Are you, Sir, Father to this wond'rous Child,
 By ancient Prophets, King of *Jury* stil'd?
 That Name, said *Joseph*, no mere Man must own;
 This Child no Father has but GOD alone.
 'Tis true, said *Gaspar*, when his Star we ey'd,
 And Crown of Beams, we thought him deify'd:
 But when we saw him in a Cratch, a weak,
 And sucking Babe, these him a Mortal speak.
 Want, Impotence, and Hunger, make the Odds,
 Between us Mortals, and Immortal Gods.

I wonder not, good *Joseph* made reply;
 That you such Knots as these shou'd not untye;

Myself

On the Epiphany. 49

Myself knew little till the other Day,
An Angel came, the Myſt'ry to diſplay;
Sent to me in a Dream, by GOD, to tell,
How ſince all human Race in *Adam* fell;
That injur'd Heav'n no Creature cou'd atone;
But GOD Incarnate, that this Child alone,
Was that God-Man: Theſe the high Secrets be,
GOD taught the Angel, and the Angel me:
You at more leiſure, the full Truth will hear,
Tir'd with your Journey, I'll not tire your Ear.
Farewel, great Sir, before theſe Eyes I cloſe,
I'll pray the Babe to give you ſweet reſpoſe,
That you with like Serenity may reſt,
With which he ſleeps on his dear Mother's Breſt.

As back he went, the Princes in amaze;
And ſilent Transport, on each other gaze;
All Three invoke the Babe their Tents to keep;
And as Thought melts away, they fall aſleep;
All dream'd that *Herod* Fury-like appear'd,
With the daſh'd Brains and Blood of Babes be-
[ſmear'd;

Whetting his Knife to rip the Infant's Heart,
At which with Horror in their Dreams they ſtart,
And thought they heard his ſhrieking Mother ſay,
For Pity, Sirs, go Home ſome other Way.
Be not to *Salem* by that Fiend beguil'd,
Guide not that bloody Hand to ſtab my Child:
With that, they waking all their Dreams compare;
Conclude they came from GOD's fore-ſeeing Care;

And off'ring to the Babe their Vows and Praise,
With Joy return'd by unfrequented Ways.

GOD, who by Day a cloudy Pillar rais'd,
And one of Flame, which in dark Mid-night blaz'd,
That both to *Canaan* might his *Israel* guide,
For *Gentiles* wou'd a nobler Light provide,
A radiant Star, which pictur'd in the Sphere,
The heav'nly Light which shou'd to all appear.

To GOD be Praise, whose Arms still open are,
To welcome all, who to his Throne repair.
O may I, led by Heav'n, to JESUS speed,
With Penitential Tears for Pardon plead.
I indigent, no precious Gifts can bring,
My Heart I only offer to my King;
Accept it, LORD, and all its Pow'rs refine,
The purer 'tis, the more it will be Thine.

ALL Praise to JESUS, whose salvifick Grace
Extended is to all laps'd human Race;
Glory to JESUS, was the Mountain's Voice,
In whom all Nations of the World rejoice.

SIMON next rose, his Brother to succeed,
To whom the Mount gave reverential Heed.

On



On the INFANTICIDE.

IESU, to soft Devotion melt my Soul,
That I thy early Sufferings may condole,
And in a sympathizing Song relate,
How Hell projected thy untimely Fate.

THE Mighty Infant took his Mid-night Rest,
Upon his Virgin-Mother's tender Breast,
Till with his Hand more soft than finest Silk,
He trac'd the pearly Fountains of her Milk.
Waking the Saint, who to her Lauds arose,
And with sweet *Anthems* sang him to repose;
When Spies infernal, recollecting all
The glorious Things they saw the Babe befall;
Arriv'd at Hell, and to their Prince relate,
There was an Infant worthy of his Hate.

AND did, said he, the Angels Hymn his Birth?
Base Spirits! to adore a GOD of Earth.
Can their JEHOVAH so profusive be,
To squander Beams on such a Thing as He?
Is this the Babe the Prophets did foretell,
Shall fatal prove to our Imperial Hell?

52 *On the Infanticide.*

Did I not boldly the ALMIGHTY brave,
And wrest his *Adam* from Him for my Slave?
And must this Impotent now give us Laws,
Has GOD no stronger Champions for his Cause?
I'll make the TRINE above our Courage prize,
And learn to conquer, e'er they us despise.

THEN from his Throne of Brimstone he arose,
And in his Passage thro' Earth's Bowels chose
All Things which exquisitest Poysons breed,
Each deadly Mettal, Mineral, and Weed,
Each Animal which bears Mankind a spite,
Torments, or kills by Breath, or Sting, or Bite,
Asps, Serpents, Scorpions, Toads, and Rattle-Snakes,
These with the Foam of ten mad Dogs, he takes;
With these Ingredients, he his Lembick fills,
With hellish Sulphur mixt, and thence distils
A potent Spirit, which shou'd Rage inspire,
And kindle in each Vein infernal Fire:
To mask his Terrors then, and fœtid Fumes,
Fair *Mariamne's* Likeness he assumes.

HEROD mean while, who grew the more afraid,
The more in vain he for the *Magi* stay'd,
Hating the Day which shew'd him his own Sight,
Rack'd with the thronging Horrors of the Night;
Upon his soft, but yet uneasy Bed,
Strove a few Minutes to suspend his Dread.
But jealous Fears, no Truce with Tyrants make,
Who at their own weak Shadows start and quake.

When

On the Infanticide. 53

When rolling ev'ry where his restless Eyes,
 He by his Bed his murder'd Queen espies;
 Cold Sweats and Palsies then his Members seize,
 His tortur'd Soul made him despair of Ease.
 With that, he reach'd his Sword to end his Life,
 But the Ghost cry'd, Stay Dear, I am your Wife.
 You by malicious Tongues deluded, strove
 To kill your Queen; but could not kill her Love.
 In Paradise your Absence I lament,
 And to the Ghosts my am'rous Passion vent;
 From *Mariamne*, can you turn your Sight,
 Shall *Mariamne*, her dear *Herod* fright?
 I once was happy to be lov'd by you,
 Will not my *Herod* that soft Love renew?
 Remember, Dearest, those first Nuptial Charms
 Which *Herod* felt in *Mariamne's* Arms;
 On Rival Beauties does my *Herod* stray,
 Or to my Bosom can forget the Way?
 Has *Mariamne* quite lost *Herod's* Heart,
 Must I without one soft Salute depart?
 Heav'n void of *Herod*, is a doleful Sphear,
 'Tis Heav'n to me to re-enjoy my Dear.
 Try, dearest *Herod*, how my Kisses taste,
 Try what it is once more to be embrac't?
 Let *Mariamne* lie by *Herod's* Side,
 'Twou'd a new Murder be to be deny'd.
 With Kisses then she thaw'd the Blood that chill'd,
 And from cold Fear she burning Lust instill'd;
 When Lust had made him pliant to her Lure,
 I'm sent, said she, my *Herod* to secure;

Warn, that ill Fate designs a *Beylem* Child,
 To ruin you, and *Jury's* King be stil'd;
 'Tis Wisdom distant Evils to fore-see,
 In spite of Fate, this Babe must murder'd be;
 But 'tis too mean, to kill one Child alone,
 You must or all the Infants kill, or none.
 One you may miss, and the wrong Child may fall,
Herod is only safe in killing all.
 None to assault your Throne will henceforth dare,
 Who see you wou'd not Infant-Rivals spare.
 The Blood by your Battalions must be spilt,
 That on their Heads you may translate the Guilt;
 Thro' your own Babe, bid one his Dagger thrust,
 None then can stile you partial or unjust.
 Dare, mighty *Herod*, dare what I advise,
 Lest your Delay embolden your Surprize.
 Drink this full Goblet, 'twill my *Herod* chear,
 You'l in this Cordial-spirit drown your Fear.

As Witches paint all Forms which may affright,
 In concave Opticks to amuse the Sight,
 So in the Cup, the direful Spectrums rais'd,
 On which the ghastly Tyrant trembling gaz'd,
 Of murder'd Kings, and of invaded Thrones,
 And as he drinks, at every Gulp he groans;
 Fetch one Draught more, she said, and fetch it
 [deep,
 In *Mariamne's* Arms then fall asleep.
 With that, he drank the hellish Potion up,
 And fell dead-drunk upon the poyson'd Cup;

The

On the Infanticide.

55

The fiery Draught thro' every Vessel strains,
And makes his Blood boil over all his Veins.
As in new Wines, the Spirits Battle wage
With grosser Parts, and never cease their Rage
Till all the vanquish'd Particles subside,
Or till they force their Freedom when deny'd;
Thus *Herod's* angry Passions all rebel,
With Fury as implacable as Hell;
Mad, jealous Frenzies all his Powers ferment,
And swell the Heart that was too full to vent.

As thus he lay in poysonous Foggs dissolv'd,
In Dreams his waking Horrors he revolv'd,
His staggering Spirits from their Conduits flew,
And inconsistent Schemes of Terror drew.
Then to their Channels they again repair,
And picture *Herod* in his Royal Chair,
And by the Chair a new-born Infant starts,
Who thro' the King a venom'd Dagger darts,
Then spurns poor gasping *Herod* to the Floor,
Whilst all his Court the rising Sun adore.
With that he wakes, foams, rages and blasphemes,
Vows to out-act the Horror of his Dreams;
Sent out his Troops as Wolves, on Lambs to prey,
And bids them all the *Bethlem* Infants slay,
Who in two Annual Suns breath'd viral Air;
Vow'd he shou'd die, who shou'd an Infant spare,
And swore by Heav'n, that Soldier shou'd enjoy
The best Command, who cou'd most Babes de-

E 4

[stroy.

The

56 *On the Infanticide.*

As when of Vultures a voracious Flight,
Strongly presenting an approaching Fight;
Keep Rendezvous in some adjoining Wood,
Thirsting to drink their fill of human Blood;
The cruel Legions thus in *Betblem* met,
There they their Swords, Spears, Knives and Dag-
[gers whet:
In ev'ry House they on the Infants prey'd,
And instantly the Women Childless made.

HERE from the Mother's Arms one rends a Child,
Who sweetly on the murd'rous Villain smil'd;
While the mad Dog the Babe in pieces tore,
And from his trickling Members lick'd the Gore.
There a sweet Babe his tender Mother suckt,
Which a rude Hand from her dear Nipple pluckt,
And while she with soft Passion begg'd his Life,
Rip'd in her sight his Bowels with his Knife.
Here their repose the Babes in Cradles take,
Who at their Mothers frightful Shrieks awake;
And e'er they cou'd their dying Babes bemoan,
Their sever'd Heads are in their Faces thrown:
There careful Mothers their dear Infants hide,
Hoping they wou'd in Holes be undescry'd,
While the fierce Fiends with Torture them distress,
And force them their Concealments to confess:
Into the Walls a Fiend incarnate stept,
Where *Herod's* Royal Son at Nurse was kept,
The Nurse that Child inviolable thought,
But the fierce Tyger up the Infant caught,

Smites

Smites off his Head, and mocks as it fell down,
 This Head, says he, shall never wear the Crown.
 Here Mothers lay their Infants next their Heart,
 Resolving never with their Babes to part.
 While their twin'd Arms are by keen Sabres-lopt,
 And at their Feet their Arms and Infants dropt.
 Some from the Womb this Air no sooner breath'd,
 But Daggers in their tender Breasts were sheath'd.
 Against the Walls some dash the Infants Brains,
 Some Limb from Limb rend their Blood-gushing
 [Veins.

Some stick the naked Infants on a Spear,
 And o'er their Heads in cruel Pastime rear.
 All of the Babes they kill, the Number keep,
 Yying who shall amass the bigger Heap.

HERE Babes stab'd, split, torn, mangled, strew
 [the Plains,
 There reeking lie their Hearts, Limbs, Bowels, Brains;
 The Murderers loud Threats, the Infants Cries,
 And Mothers doleful Shriekings, pierce the Skies.
 Some who in vain oppos'd the murd'rous Bands,
 Lay wounded, lost their Paps, their Arms, their Hands.
 Some wildly ran in Rage and fierce Despair,
 Curs'd Herod, wrung their Hands, and tore their
 [Hair.

Here one with Fury an arm'd File assails,
 Bites one, and digs another with her Nails;
 Some their own Lives to save their Babes devote,
 Offering the Murderers a rejected Throat;

Some

58 *On the Infanticide.*

Some silent sit, and are too full to speak,
 And kissing their dear Babes, their Heart-strings break
 Fear, Sadness, Horror, the whole Land invade,
 Of butcher'd Babes a ghastly Shambles made.
 A mighty Deluge all the Coast besmears,
 Of Infants milky Blood, and Mothers Tears.
 No Tongue can utter Mothers various Moans,
 Their Yearnings, Sighs, Heart-breakings, Sobbs,
 [and Groans;

In *Hinnon* Vale, while wretched Infants cry'd,
 While in the red-hot Arms of *Moloch* fry'd,
 From Mothers Ears by the o'erpow'ring sound
 Of Drums and Trumpets, the sad Cries were drown'd;
 But here no Infant's Cry, no Mother's Shriek,
 Had the least Check, which might the Horror break.
 The very Echo's learn'd each Shriek, each Cry,
 And in like doleful Accents made reply.

Rachel, whose Tomb the violent Heartquakes shook,
 Tho' twice ten Ages dead, the Item took,
 And hovering o'er her Monumental-stone,
 Made for dear *Jacob's* murder'd Children Moan.
 And as the Prophet had foretold, was griev'd
 For Babes, whose Lives cou'd never be retriev'd.

CURS'D Satan flew to the Infernal Coasts,
 And of his Conquests made insulting Boasts,
 Brag'd, he had now the dangerous Infant slain,
 And their dark Realm wou'd undisturb'd remain;
 Full twice seven thousand to their Graves were hurl'd,
 Snatcht from the Plagues of the contagious World;
 All

On the Infanticide. 59

All faithful *Abram's* Sons and Daughters dy'd,
By sacred Martyrdom to God ally'd;
Had no Transgression willful to lament,
For *JESUS* Sake their Blood innocuous spent,
God cou'd not such sweet Innocents reject,
The Church of Martyrs pays them the Respect.

THE Babes, who just before no Word cou'd speak,
From Matter freed, into God's Prailes break;
The heav'nly Nightingales began to sing,
Soon as the numerous Flock was on the Wing;
Their Guardians them attending, guide the Flight,
Heav'n never saw a more transporting Sight.
And as they their triumphant March began,
King *Herod's* murder'd Infant led the Van,
They vehicled in their own vital Flame,
Soon as they to the Starry Region came,
Were met by Hosts of Cherubs, who brought down,
For every martyr'd Babe a Robe and Crown;
They in that Orb to change their Vestments stop,
Their mortal Flames, immortal Infants dropt;
Which as they o'er the Sphere all scatter'd lay,
For their Memorial made the Milky-way.

PATERNAL GOD in his All-seeing View,
The Murder *Herod* had design'd fore-knew;
And from his Throne a glorious Angel sent,
To dissipate the Tyrant's black Intent.
To *Joseph* he appears, as fast he sleeps,
When the spiritual Part Vacation keeps.

The

The Mind of Cares, Will of Desires was drain'd,
 The Senses bound, and all the Passions chain'd,
 While to the Brain infernal Powers recede,
 From their Fatigue ubiquitary freed,
 To the clear Soul by Matter undeprest,
 The Heav'nly Envoy thus himself address:
 Hail, Reverend *Joseph*, 'tis GOD's gracious Will,
 Since *Herod* has decreed the Babe to kill,
 You, with the Mother and her Son, this Night,
 Shou'd into *Egypt* take a speedy Flight,
 The Saint obeying, from his Couch arose,
 For the long Journey all Things to dispose;
 And with his sacred Charge towards *Egypt* hastes,
 To pass thro' wild and solitary Wastes:
Joseph and *Mary*, by the Babe's bright Rays,
 Were steer'd and lighted thro' dark lonely Ways;
 Fierce Beasts there roving, as they went along,
 Wou'd with Prostrations towards the Infant throng;
 As he approach'd their Dens, they fawning stay'd,
 To court the Babe to shelter in their Shade;
 By gentle Jesses, thro' the spacious Wild,
 They *Egypt* reacht, by Guidance of the Child;
 There to abide, till GOD's avenging Ire
 Threw the curs'd Tyrant into endless Fire.

SOON as they entred the first bordering Town,
 The Idols thro' the Land fell broken down,
 In mighty Shoals the Fiends to *Tophet* flew,
 Unable to sustain the Infant's View;

And

On the Infanticide. 61

And to their Co-apostate Fiends confess'd,
They by a Sucking-Child were dispossest'd.
The Residents of Hell their Fear chastis'd
With Tortures new, and purposely devis'd;
But on their Prince Rage confluent fell,
Who unsuccessful durst return to Hell.

V E N G E A N C E, at last, on bloody *Herod* pour'd;
Vials with Horrors, Plague, and Tortures, stor'd;
A Hunger unappeasable by Meat,
Internal Fire, and Gout-tormented Feet;
Perpetual Colick, which his Bowels tore,
Convulsions in his Nerves, an ulcerous Sore
Of Putrefaction, pestilential Streams,
Difficult, stinking Breath, and loathsome Steams,
Worms in great Shoals, which every Limb annoy'd,
One for each Babe his Cruelty destroy'd.
His Soul with Anguish fill'd, his Flesh with Pain,
Anticipated what the Damn'd sustain;
Till the detested Wretch spew'd out his last,
And in a Devil's Gripe, to Torment past.

T H E radiant Envoy, who before appear'd,
With a fresh Visit humble *Joseph* cheer'd;
Enjoyn'd him, with the Child and blessed Maid,
Strait to return to their safe native Shade.
Thus, as the Prophet sang, G O D call'd his Son
From *Egypt*, his propitious Course to run:
The Saint o'erjoy'd, towards *Jury* hastes away;
But hearing *Archilau*s bare the Sway,
Suspecting

62 On the Presentation.

Suspecting he might inbred Rage derive
From his fierce Father, and their Bane contrive,
To Galilee in Safety made Retreat,
His Family at Nazareth to Seat;
Fulfilling what the Prophet had proclaim'd,
That JESUS shou'd a Nazarene be nam'd.
To GOD be Glory, whose fore-seeing Might
Defeated Hellish and Herodian Spice.

ALL Praise to JESUS, who such Danger ran,
Such Travel underwent for sinful Man!

Glory to JESUS, flies the Mountain round,
Which neighbouring Hills in Ecchoings resound.

BLESS'D Barthol'mew, who aged Simeon knew,
And when his ravish'd Soul to Glory flew,
Was in the Temple, and his Requiem heard,
As Simon ceas'd, to Hymn our LORD appear'd.



On the PRESENTATION.

BLESS'D JESU! deign to Temple in my
[Mind,
That by thy Presence hight'nd and refin'd,
My powers to thee may a Verse Off'ring bring,
And gratefully thy Presentation Sing.

THE

On the Presentation. 63

THE Sun full forty Resurrections had,
 Since JESUS was in Human Frailty clad,
 When his Blest Mother to the Temple went,
 Her Babe, her Self, her Off'ring to present.
 The All-wise GOD, that He might Man direct,
 On his impure Conception to reflect,
 Ordain'd Purgation Ritual, to show,
 That nothing Clean cou'd from Uncleanness flow.
 With mortal Sin blest'd *Mary* undefil'd,
 Pure Virgin Mother of a purer Child,
 Conceiv'd in Rapture of celestial Love,
 O'ersadow'd by the pure Eternal Dove,
 Had a Conception Pure as blisful Light,
 Exempted justly from that Penal Rite:
 Yet to the Law wou'd humble deference pay,
 And with a Super-effluence Obey,
 To teach all Saints with reverential Fear,
 What GOD enjoys minutely to revere.

WHEN Heav'n with various Plagues had *Pharaoh*
 [try'd,
 And his hard heart GOD's Vengeance still defy'd,
 Heav'n the outrageous Tyrant's Fall resolv'd,
 And guilty *Egypt* in his Doom involv'd,
 They *Israel* GOD's First-born had long oppress'd,
 And *Israel* to their GOD loud cries address'd,
 When GOD with His excinding Sword in Hand,
 At Midnight march't thro' the obdurate Land,
 All the First-born of *Egypt* down to Mow,
 And send them shrieking to the Shades below,

As

64 On the Presentation.

As Harbingers to the Infernal Coast
 Of the approach of *Pharoh* and his Host;
 All *Egypt* then was seiz'd with horrid Fright;
 Augmented by the darkness of the Night,
 In every House the Darling Son was kill'd,
 Air was with dismal Lamentations fill'd,
 The Parents Tears down in such Rivers fell,
 That *Nile* before its Time began to Swell:
 Mean while no Blood was in *God's Israel* shed;
 But of the Lamb on all their Dwellings spread:
 And that there might a firm Memorial be,
 Of their First-born from that dire Slaughter free;
God each Male Child who shou'd the Womb un-
 [close,

For His own consecrated Off'ring chose:
 Till *Levi's* Tribe He for his Lott decreed,
 Who shou'd attend his Altar in their stead:
 But still He claim to the First-born retain'd;
 And their Redemption by a Price ordain'd.

To *God* Paternal, the meek, holy Maid,
 For her First-born, the legal Ransom paid;
 She rich in nothing, but devout Content,
 Two little Pigeons only, cou'd present;
 Which offer'd by a *God* enamour'd Mind,
 Wou'd more than Hecatombs Acceptance find.
 The Wise Mens Treasures, and rich Gummy Store,
 Presented to God-Man not long before,
 She Sacred deem'd, herself no Part enjoy'd;
 On pious Uses, gladly all employ'd;

Learn'd

On the Presentation. 65

Learn'd early from her Self-denying Child,
To live, by charming Riches unbeguil'd;
Her Heav'nly Babe she held in her Embrace,
Consummately to bless the Holy-Place;
To shew how highly the God's Law esteem'd,
She the Redeemer of the World redeem'd.
For her First-born, five Shekels she defray'd,
And of God-Man, to God an Offering made:
Pure was the Vot'ry, and her Love intense,
Her Gift with boundless Godhead co-immense.

WHAT Ransom, Sacred Virgin, cou'd be due,
He is First-born of God, as well as you?
Your Ransom will give Rise to all the Wo,
Which he for sinful Man shall undergo.
But 'tis his own, and 'tis his Father's Will,
He's now himself devoting to fulfill.
Great Filial God with Infant-Manhood joyns,
And to Paternal God, himself resigns.

SINCE on Deliverance from one fatal Night,
To the First-born, Thou LORD, wou'dst found thy
[Right;
To Christians, how much greater is thy Claim,
Whom Thou hast rescu'd from eternal Flame.
Like JESUS, we from Infants shoud be Thine,
And Copy his Original Divine;
We at the hallow'd Font are born again,
And always shou'd in *Holocaust* remain.

66 *On the Presentation.*

May we of Deviations past repent,
Free Off'rings of our Hearts to Thee present :
No Tribe of *Levi* can supply our Place,
All Christians are of Royal Priestly Race,
Each faithful Soul from Guilt of Sin releast,
Becomes himself both Sacrifice and Priest.
But Priest and Sacrifice, O what are they,
To gain from Thee, my GOD, one gracious Ray ?
I then will imitate the Virgin pure,
And of benign Acceptance, rest secure ;
By lively Faith, on JESUS I'll repose,
My Pray'rs, like *Mary's* Arms, shall him enclose.
Thou, LORD, in pardoning Beams, wilt on me
[shine,
When I lov'd JESUS with my Off'ring join.

WHILE *Mary's* Arms Incarnate GOD enshrin'd,
The second Temple far the first out-shin'd;
And an old Saint, to Earth a Stranger grown,
Whose Pray'r ascended hourly to the Throne,
Who for dear *Israel's* Consolation long
Liv'd waiting with an Expectation strong;
Receiving glad Assurance from on high,
That Gracious GOD wou'd with his Pray'r comply:
Led by the Spirit to the Temple, knew
The Glory-circled Infant at first View;
Up he in joyful Arms the Infant took,
And GOD bespake with Heav'n erected Look.

LORD,

On the Presentation. 67

LORD! Let thy Servant now in Peace depart,
Since dear *Messia's* Sight has rapt my Heart,
Whom thy unbounded Goodness pre-defin'd
To be the Mighty Saviour of Mankind;
Celestial Light on *Gentiles* to diffuse,
And Glory on his Conterraneous *Jews*.

HIS Rapture *Joseph* and his Spouse admir'd,
He bless'd them, and thus spake, by Heav'n inspir'd:
Know, *Mary*, when this Babe his Beams displays,
Thoughts opposite He will in *Israel* raise.
By Him the Faithful endless Bliss shall gain,
And faithless Souls accumulated Pain.
His Miracles to Saints, shall be the Sign,
Of Mission and Authority Divine.
Hell darkned Souls, his Splendour will oppose,
By open Spite, malicious Hearts disclose.
Grief, like a Sword, shall wound your tender Breast;
Beholding him by Jewish Rage oppress.
Thus sang, the Saint bid all the World *Adieu*,
Kiss'd the sweet Babe, and up to Glory flew.
His Soul scarce flown, bless'd *Anna* took his Place,
That *JESUS* might alike both Sexes grace.
Seven Years she liv'd a chaste endearing Wife,
And from her Consort's Death, a Widow'd Life;
The Turtle wou'd in no fresh Tye engage,
To GOD devoting her residuous Age;
Wont all her Days the Temple to frequent,
Which she in Pray'rs, Fasts, Meditation spent.

68 *On the Presentation.*

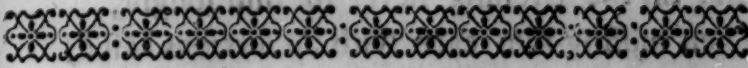
GOD to exalt the humble Saint decreed,
His Spirit thither shou'd his Vo'r'y lead.
And had her Life prolong'd to Eighty-four,
That in her Arms she might God-Man adore.
She sang loud Praises for his happy Sight,
Declar'd great Things of his All-saving Might,
With Zeal compassionate she all bespake
Of his benign Redemption to partake.

O HAPPY Saints, who study GOD to please,
And Sabbatize each Day upon your Knees.
May I, like you, within GOD's Temple dwell,
And Avocations Secular repel.
And tho' these Arms cannot God-Man enfold,
May I in Meditation him behold:
And my own *Requiem* in that View recite,
When my freed Soul begins its heav'nly Flight.

ALL Praise to JESUS, who enthron'd on High,
Uncloids his Glory to each faithful Eye.
Glory to JESUS, bounded from the Hills,
Who the devout Desires of Saints fulfils.

THEN Philip, who remembred JESUS Youth,
In Hymn continu'd the instructive Truth.

On



On the Life of JESUS till His
BAPTISM.



JESU, who in thy first Infant Bloom,
The Plenitude of GODHEAD didst assume,
Stream from thy fontal Fulness a small Rill,
My Soul to purify, sublime, and fill,
That I in Verse may Sing thy humble Days,
E'er to the World Thou didst uncloud Thy Rays.

WHEN of all Sacred Rites the Blessed Pair
Had took in *Salem* a Religious Care,
They with the Babe to *Naz'reth* made retreat,
In Hymns past Wonders daily to repeat.
Fir'd by his constant Beatifick Sight,
His Loveliness encreasing with his hight,
Unclouded by degrees to outward show,
While he in Grace and Wisdom, seem'd to grow :
Full twice six Years in human Flesh he spent,
When He to *Salem* with his Parents went,
Where *Abram's* Race appointed were to meet,
With Joy devout the *Paschal-Feast* to eat.
That done, his Parents took the homeward Road,
While in *Jerusalem* the Child abode,

70 *On the Life of* JESUS

They him accompany'ng their Kindred thought,
 And till the Evening never for him sought,
 Then missing him each with an anxious Mind,
 Return'd to *Salem* the dear Child to find.
 Three Days they search'd, and on the third their
 [Eyes

Beheld him with devout and glad Surprise.
 The Child they in the Temple seated saw,
 Amidst the Doctors of the sacred Law,
 Attending nicely each profound Remark,
 And urging them to clear Predictions dark.
 From the true Sense when e'er their Glosses veer'd,
 He Answers gave, to which they all adher'd;
 His Wisdom and Responses all admir'd,
 Who such strange Heights in Infancy acquir'd.
 Bless'd *Mary*, when the learn'd Disputes were
 [done,

Expostulates thus sweetly with her Son,
 Why did my dearest Child his Parents leave,
 And of his amiable Sight bereave!
 The Mighty Child reply'd, Do ye not know,
 I on my Fathers Business ought to go?
 Neither the Answer then cou'd comprehend,
 Resolv'd till he explain'd it to attend.
 To *Nazareth* with them both he then retir'd,
 Paid all Obedience from a Son requir'd.
 Each Passage *Mary* in her Memory stor'd,
 And singly for each Blessing God ador'd.
 The Child shot up till Manhood he attain'd,
 The more he grew, the more he Reverence gain'd;
 His

till his Baptism. 71

His heav'nly Wisdom and his grace Divine,
Still more and more permitted were to Shine.

YOU happy Children present in this Place,
Whom JESUS once took into his Embrace,
Constant to JESUS your first Love abide,
Make him your sole Example and your Guide.
Early your selves like him to GOD devote,
In your bright Souls endure no wilfull Mote,
Live unacquainted with all youthful Lust,
O never with yourselves, yourselves entrust :
Incessantly to GOD for Guidance Pray,
All who have right to govern you obey !
O study with warm Zeal GOD's Will to know,
In Wisdom and in Grace like JESUS grow.
Your Work is easy if you soon begin,
When unretarded by habitual Sin,
You all the ghostly Dangers may avoid,
By which old Sinners daily are destroy'd ;
Old Sinners who, e'er Pardon they regain,
Strong Conflicts feel to cleanse invet'rate Stain.
Baptismal Vow they must with Tears renew,
And a Novitiate Innocent like you.
Your last Accounts at Judgment will be light,
You peaceful Death may cheerfully invite.
And with sweet Consolation breath your last,
That all your Life you in GOD's Favour pass.

PRAISE be to JESUS all the Children cry,
In JESUS Arms O may we live and dye :

72 *On the Life of JESUS*

GLORY to JESUS! the Old Quire subjoyns,
Who to pure Childhood sullied Age refines.
Soon as the Mount's *Doxologies* conclude,
The Saint his Hymn of JESUS thus pursu'd.

GOOD *Joseph* by the Pence his Labour gain'd,
His little Family had long sustain'd,
Till worn with Age, and grown for Heav'n mature,
He cou'd no longer wonted Toil endure;
Tenderly Nurst by the dear gracious Maid,
Supported by his Son's sweet mighty Aid,
Who gave him of GOD's Love such lively sense,
Of heav'nly Joys a foretast so intense,
That for his Death his Languors never ceast,
Impatient 'till his Spirit was releast.
And when releast, no mortal Eye descry'd,
How his dear Mother, JESUS then supply'd:
The secret yet we reverently may guess,
Which both might in Humility suppress.

GOD of *Elijah* in Paternal Care
Enjoyn'd him to *Zarepta* to repair,
And in a dreadful Famine which then reign'd,
By Miracle a Family sustain'd;
A Widow and her Son who all had spent,
And nothing left their Starving to prevent,
But a small Cruse of Oyl, and Bowl of Flow'r,
Which at one Meal they cou'd with ease devour.
And when devour'd, resolv'd of GOD to crave
A quick, not pining Passage to the Grave.

When

When GOD traduc'd by His propitious Might,
 Meal from Meal, Oyl from Oyl, as Light from
 [Light;
 Which as they empty'd were, felt no decay,
 With equal Store replenish'd ev'ry Day,
 And a whole Year, when none besides had Bread,
 Son, Mother, Propbet, to the full were Fed.
 GOD thus might multiply the Virgin's Store,
 Meal, Oyl, Milk, Honey, which she had before.
 GOD who such wond'rous Grace to Sinners shew'd,
 To His lov'd Son immensely overflow'd,
 And both thus freed from sublunary Cares,
 He Contemplation ply'd, and She her Prayers.

BLESS'D *John*! who the *Immanuel* foreran,
 A Course alike Contemplative began;
 He warm'd by a preparatory Heat,
 Was Educated in devout Retrear,
 The Grace he in a lower Orb exprest,
 Incarnate GOD consummately possrest,
 Rapt with his Father's amiable Sight,
 High Contemplation was his chief Delight,
 A Thousand Years in boundless GOD's account,
 Not to the measure of one Day amount.
 In heav'nly Contemplation a whole Year,
 Would not one Minute to God-Man appear;
 His Mother yet with heav'nly Truths he fir'd,
 And daily new *Magnificats* inspir'd,
 And during his Recess he damp't his Light,
 Till he brake out in full Celestial Might.

74 On John the Baptist.

O JESU! Teach me like thyself to fly,
This poy's'nous World, and all its Charms defy,
Give me Devotion, which shall never tire,
Fix'd Contemplation which my Love may fire,
A heav'nly Tincture in my whole Discourse,
A fervent Zeal which may my Pray'rs enforce,
Of heav'nly Joys a sweet foretasting View,
That I on Earth may only Heav'n pursue.

ALL Glory be to JESUS! who in Praise,
And heav'nly Contemplation spent his Days.

IN hymning JESUS, all the Mount conspir'd,
Who in the World liv'd from the World retir'd.

MATTHIAS in the Baptist's Doctrine train'd,
Rose next and to his Hymn Attention gain'd.



On JOHN the Baptist.

JESU, who *John* design'd thy Way to plain,
And teach the World Thy Love to entertain,
Assist my Song, that with a heav'nly Air,
I for Thy Ent'rance may my Heart prepare.

UPON a Hill in *Judah*, where of old
Liv'd Pagan *Anak's* Sons fierce, impious, bold,
Of

On John the Baptist. 75

Of frightful Looks, and of gigantick Size,
 That *Israel* seem'd but Locusts in their Eyes,
 Till *Caleb* drave them from their native Place,
 Which *Joshua* gave to the *Aronick* Race,
 And made a Refuge City, whither flew
 They who by Chance, not Hate, a Neighbour flew.
 Where in the Cave of *Macpelah* enshrin'd,
 Departed Patriarchs with their Consorts joyn'd,
 Where the once proud Metropolis of all
Philistia stood, which now we *Hebron* call,
 Where *David* crown'd a Week of Years had reign'd,
 E'er he by Valour *Sion's* Fortrefs gain'd;
 There aged *Zach'ry* and *Eliza* dwelt,
 Their Hearts wou'd oft into each other melt;
 And melting, both united in warm Pray'r,
 That G^od their Age wou'd honour with an Heir,
 G^od, who his Fav'rites hears when e'er they pray,
 Wou'd not deny the Blessing, but delay:
 And when it was his Sacerdotal Turn
 Sweet-Incense in the Holy-Place to burn,
 Near to the od'rous Altar, on the Right,
 He saw an Angel rob'd in heav'nly Light.

FEAR not, the Angel said, your Hope deferr'd
 Thus long, shall be fulfill'd; your Pray'r is heard;
Eliza shall bring forth a hallow'd Child,
 He *John* by G^od's Appointment must be stild;
 Your Friends shall all congratulate with Joy,
 The happy Birth of your devoted Boy;

He

76 *On John the Baptist.*

He shall be high in the Esteem Divine,
 Forbear intoxicating Drinks, and Wine;
 Of the blest Spirit lib'rally partake,
 In *Israel* numberless Conversions make;
 GOD's sacred Cause, like great *Elijah*, plead,
 In his both Pow'r and Spirit CHRIST precede;
 Celestial Wisdom teach, and Souls dispose
 With GOD, on penitential Terms, to close.

BE pleas'd, said *Zach'ry*, some clear Sign to show,
 That GOD on me this Blessing will bestow;
 That I and dear *Eliza*, now grown old,
 Shall in our glad Embrace a Son enfold.
 I, said the Angel, *Gabriel* am, who wait
 At GOD's high Throne, and his Decree relate.
 Heav'n shall with Dumbness your Distrust chastise,
 Till the Sweet new-born Infant glads your Eyes.
 All who without the Sanctuary pray'd,
 Observ'd the Saint within long time had stay'd;
 And coming out struck dumb, all *Israel* guess'd,
 That GOD his Priest had with some Vision bless'd.
 Returning home e'er the tenth Moon appear'd,
 The Child was born, and the good Father cheer'd.
 Before his Speech regain'd, wrote him the Name,
 Of *John*; all wonder'd, joy'd, and spread his Fame,
 Regain'd; the HOLY GHOST, Good *Zach'ry* fill'd,
 And thus both Hymn and Prophecy instill'd.

THE LORD, the GOD of *Israel* be ador'd,
 Whose Goodness saves his People unimplor'd!

Whose

On John the Baptist. 77

Whose soft Compassions, in these happy Days,
From *David's* Line a Mighty SAVIOUR raise;
In whom we all the happy Truths behold,
By Prophets since the World began foretold,
That GOD would shield us from eternal Woes,
From our implacable and hellish Foes;
Wou'd to his promis'd Mercies be exact,
Seal'd to our Fathers by a Sacred Pact,
To *Abram*, by a solemn Oath insur'd,
And to his Race infallibly secur'd,
That freed from ghostly Dangers, void of Fear,
We might with filial Love our GOD revere;
With all his holy, righteous Laws comply,
And live in Awe of his All-seeing Eye.
Thou, Child, shalt be GOD's Prophet, and fore-run
The Rising of his Co-eternal Son,
For GOD Incarnate shalt the Way prepare,
His wonderful Salvation pre-declare;
Thou, his Celestial Herald, shalt begin
To teach Repentance and remitted Sin.
Through Love of GOD Paternal, in our Clay
GOD Filial, shall his orient Beams display,
Our Souls from Darkness, and Death-shades release,
And guide our Feet into the Way of Peace.

THUS *Zach'ry* sang with heav'nly Ardour fill'd,
While from *Eliza* Tears of Joy distill'd,
The aged Couple, when their last they breath'd,
Their Son to GOD's Paternal Care bequeath'd.

He

78 On John the Baptist.

He in the barren Wilderness was bred,
 And by some Saint, or by his Guardian fed;
 There he in Stature, Gifts, and Graces, grew,
 Sustain'd by GOD, no Want of Parents knew;
 When able of himself to take the Care,
 His single Garment was coarse Camel's Hair,
 His Girdle Leather, naked were his Feet,
 Vile Locusts and wild Honey were his Meat.
 There he in Hymn, Pray'r, Reading, spent his Time,
 In Meditation of the Truth sublime,
 In Colloquies with his Angelick Friend,
 In Flights, by which his Soul wou'd Heav'n ascend.
 Six Lustres o'er his Passions he had reign'd,
 Against the World Antipathy maintain'd,
 Retir'd, abstemious, humble, pure, sincere,
 When GOD in publick call'd him to appear.

As when a Visit Emperors intend
 To some chief Town, their Harbingers they send,
 To plain rough Ways, to throw down every Hill,
 To straiten crooked Roads, and Valleys fill:
 The *Baptist* for God-Man, thus Passage made,
 His Work was true Repentance to persuade;
 To smooth rough Tempers, the Perverted guide,
 Erect Humility, and level Pride.
Jerusalem, and all *Judaea* round,
 Drawn by a Saint so awful, so renown'd,
 Flockt to clear *Jordan's* Stream, their Sins confess,
 Were all with his initial Washing blest;

Of

On John the Baptist. 79

Of their Disease true penitential Sense,
To a kind SAVIOUR made them all propense :
He Profelytes of all Conditions gain'd,
And in his Discipline for JESUS train'd.

GOD to his Servant this high Honour gave,
Him to baptize, who the whole World shou'd save:
The Apparition then, and Voice Divine,
Were of *Messias*, the appointed Sign.
He, from the Hour when JESUS he descry'd,
Exhorted all in JESUS to confide ;
Commending JESUS to the World's Esteem,
The Lamb of GOD, who should the World Redeem.
With Water only, I, said he, baptize,
To penitential Tears, excite your Eyes ;
But JESUS inward Graces shall inspire,
Baptize you with the HOLY GHOST and Fire.
Blest JESUS with a Fan shall purge his Floor,
The Wheat in his Repository store ;
To Saints give Bliss, the Bad to Torment doom,
The Chaff with Fire unquenchable shall fume.

THE awful Saint to his Disciples taught
Pray'r, Fasting, Alms, and fixt celestial Thought,
That he God's gracious Kingdom, which drew nigh,
With pious, humble Subjects might supply.
All who his Life beheld, and Doctrine heard,
As a great Prophet, holy *John* rever'd :
God-Man himself the *Baptist* aggrandiz'd,
With glorious *Eulogy* characteriz'd,

Styl'd

80 On John the Baptist.

Styl'd him his Friend, affirm'd of human Race;
 None ever had such super-effluent Grace.
 A burning, shining Light, He him proclaim'd,
 Who both illuminated, and inflam'd.
 Even *Herod* heard him with attentive Aw,
 Which often forc'd Submission to God's Law.
 Till he reprov'd his Incest, then his Lust,
 The faithful Preacher into Prison thrust;
 Where his incestuous Whore's Revenge to fate,
 His sever'd Head was brought her on a Plate;
 Martyr he fell, flew to his glorious Rest,
 And Heav'n which he so long had preach'd, possess'd.

SUCH was the Saint, whom boundless Wisdom
 [chose,
 The World for Great God-Man to predispose.

O may the *Baptist* teach me to repent,
 My own eternal Ruin to prevent!
 O may I learn of him devout Retreat,
 And to reserve for Heav'n my ghostly Heat!
 Live to myself austere, to others kind,
 And from all sensual Joys, withdraw my Mind;
 Prepare my Spirit to receive God-Man,
 Zealous to save as many as I can.

ALL Praise to JESUS! who blest John ordain'd,
 To clear his Entrance by a Life unstain'd.

Glory to JESUS! all the Mount exprest,
 O! may we JESUS, like that Saint, attest.

GOOD *Barsebas*, Disciple of blest John,
 As his Co-vot'ry ended, thus went on.

On



On the Baptism of JESUS.

BLESS'D Spirit, who on JESUS Sacred Head
Thy all reviving Wings didst sweetly spread,
Descend on me, and in my Soul abide,
My humble Song to sanctify and guide;
Deep on my Heart my LORD's Idea grave,
As he vouchsaf'd to enter *Jordan's* Wave.

BLESS'D JESUS brake from his obscuring Cloud;
And came to *Jordan* with the faithful Croud;
The *Baptist* knowing him by Rays diffus'd,
His humble Ministry thus excus'd:
I, LORD, have need to be baptiz'd of Thee;
I worthless am, and comest Thou to me?
We must combine, said JESUS, to fulfill
The righteous Purpose of GOD's sovereign Will.
The Saint obey'd, his Benediction crav'd,
And on his Head the hallow'd Water lav'd:
Bless'd Element, which Great God-Man design'd
For Instrument to purify Mankind!

SOON as God-Man back to the Bank retir'd,
His Soul to Heav'n in ardent Pray'r aspir'd;

All *Israel* then in Water wash'd their Vests,
To meet that G O D, who the Impure detests,
Thus all who evangelick Blessings share,
By mystick Washing must themselves prepare.

G O D gave with Terrors the *Mosaick* Laws,
J E S U S with Gentleness his Vot'ries draws;
There Thunders, Lightnings, and loud Trumpets
[sound,
And smoaking Mountain, struck a Dread profound;
Here a propitious Voice, a Saviour Meek,
A heav'nly Dove benignly Man bespeak;
Our LORD was gracious, *Moses* was severe,
Our LORD excited Love, but *Moses* Fear;
Moses had human Failings to deplore,
In J E S U S we most Perfect G O D adore:
Moses prefigur'd Bliss in Types enclos'd,
Our J E S U S the substantial Truth propos'd;
Moses made Vot'ries by a bloody Knife,
J E S U S by Water Entrance gave to Life;
Moses for *Israel*'s Neck hard Yokes ordain'd,
The Yoke of J E S U S, is with Ease sustain'd;
Moses Bliss only temp'ral cou'd ensure,
Heav'n then, to common Prospect lay obscure;
J E S U S eternal Glory brought to light,
To that his heav'nly Promises invite;
The Holy Spirit there in Drops distill'd,
Here Saints are with whole sacred Rivers fill'd;
There the vicarious Beast for Sinners bled,
Had lesser Crimes translated on its Head:

84 *On the Baptism, &c.*

Here greatest Crimes, full Expiation have;
 And GOD Incarnate dies laps'd Man to save;
 There outward Cleansing bears the chiefeſt Part,
 But here Purification of the Heart;
 There GOD his Vor'ries like a Maſter treats,
 Here of Paternal Love they feel the Sweets;
 That to one Place, one People was confin'd,
 This univerſal is to all Mankind;
 That was the Night to Evangelick Day,
 When the Sun ſhin'd, the Clouds flew all away;
 This now begun, Hell Pow'rs can never blaſt,
 But to Eternity in Heav'n ſhall laſt.

O PURE Eternal Dove, vouchſafe to ſhed
 Thy gracious Influence on my Heart and Head;
 Enlighten, elevate, enſlave, refine,
 To the ſole Love of JESUS, me incline;
 By his Bright Image my Affections mold,
 Within thy Wings from Danger me enfold;
 That I from Pangs of an ill Conſcience eas'd,
 Paternal GOD may be with me well pleas'd;
 That warm'd by Thy dear Love-diffuſing Plume,
 My Pray'r may as the Temple Incenſe fume;
 Like the Devotion with which JESUS pray'd,
 When new baptiz'd, and cover'd with thy ſhade;
 While I with wilfull Sin live undefil'd,
 GOD will my Father be, and I his Child.

*ALL Praise to JESUS! who for human Race,
 His ſpoileſs Limbs to Waſhing wou'd debase;*

Glory

On the Temptation. 85

*Glory to JESUS! was the gen'ral Strain,
Who Water blest'd to cleanse congenial Stain.*

BRIGHT *Archon* then, who of the Guardian Band
Upon the Saints attending, had Command,
Sent to the Desert JESUS to support,
When Hell against him made a fierce Effort,
High on his Wings his Vehicle up rear'd,
Sang next, by all the Mountain gladly heard.



On the TEMPTATION.

BLEST SPIRIT, who the Woman's Off-
[spring led
Into the Wild, to bruise the Serpent's Head,
Help me in sacred Numbers to recite
His glorious Conquest, and the Tempter's Flight.

SOON as Great GOD amidst clear *Jordan's* Wave,
To his lov'd SON, his Attestation gave,
The Holy Spirit his Retreat inspir'd,
And JESUS to the Wilderness retir'd,
There to encounter the full Pow'r of Hell,
And teach Mankind Temptations to repell;
Curst Satan, then alarm'd with spiteful Fear,
Flew swiftly to the Luciferian Sphere,

86 *On the Temptation.*

With the Archrebel Mischief to invent,
 Who instantly applauded his Intent;
 And *Lucifer*, at Satan's dire Request,
 The fall'n Archangels, who whole Realms infest,
 Call'd from their several Stations to his Aid,
 And three Mock-thunders were the Signal made.
 In a short Time when the Abaddons came,
 Satan thus strove their Fury to inflame.

Great *Lucifer*, and brave Abaddons all,
 Advanc'd to govern Kingdoms since our Fall;
 You the Man *JESUS* know, that hateful Name,
 Who dares a War against Hell's Pow'rs proclaim;
 Man I must Style him, for he seems no more,
 Both he and *Adam*, seem of equal Ore;
 If Man, he to Temptation open lies,
 I him, as well as *Adam*, may surprize;
 Yet something more than *Adam*, I suspect,
 When on some ill Abodings I reflect;
 Dark Prophecies predict our falling State,
 The Wonders at his Birth some Dread create,
 His Baptism, and the bright Appearance there,
 Affright our Realm with a tremendous Glare.
 Yet to sit still, would be eternal Shame,
 And we too late our Cowardise may blame;
 Lend me your Help, I'll to confound him try,
 I'll with this Son of GOD for Conquest vie;
 You must in the Encounter me attend,
 Though I shall more on Wile than Force depend.

On the Temptation. 87

I saw him in the Waste alone abide :
And we can muster Thousands on our Side,
Come all well arm'd, and keep me in your Eye,
In Ambuscado, till I call you, lye.
There is a Mount, which you remember well,
Which none of *Jury's* Hills in Height excell,
If by smooth Guile the Wretch I cannot court,
This Son of God, I thither will transport ;
You must all subterraneous Fires foment,
Of all Effluvioms quicken the Ascent ;
The Exhalations which Earth's Moisture drain,
All Vapours steaming from the spacious Main,
And Spirits which from subtler Bodies rise,
In that Horizon artfully comprise ;
From various Tinctures, various Colours mix,
Such as may in the Cloud surrounding fix ;
Each dipping in the Paint his taper'd Spear,
Must draw his proper Kingdom on the Sphere,
And all its Glories to the Life describe,
That at one View, the Eye may all imbibe,
Thrones, Scepters, Crowns, Gemms, Robes, Wealth,
[Pow'r immense,
Lascivious Beauties, all that charms the Sense ;
I'll offer all, his Constancy to shake,
If he's a mortal Man, the Bait will take ;
If take, we shall on God revenge our Doom,
And boldly may on nobler Aims presume.
I'll watch the lucky Moment for Assault,
This Son of God, to Satan shall revolt.

88 *On the Temptation.*

With that each flew to his appointed Post,
While he petroll'd along the sandy Coast.

WHILE GOD Incarnate in the Desert staid,
The fiercest Beasts their Homage to him paid ;
Beasts more humane than the obdurate *Jew*,
They with less savage Fury Men pursue ;
There he his Hours in Contemplation spent,
Gave his unbounded Spirit boundless Vent.
The Fiend, whose Malice cou'd endure no Rest,
Strives Thoughts impatient, impious to suggest ;
Putting his hellish Malice on the Rack,
Twice twenty Days he ply'd the fierce Attack,
That he at last might overwhelm his Strength,
By Number, Importunity, and Length ;
But JESUS fix'd on Heav'n his steady Mind,
and no Suggestion there could Entrance find ;
The FATHER with pleas'd Eyes his SON beheld,
Saw Satan by the Woman's Seed repell'd ;
Till after Forty Days continu'd Fast,
He to keen Hunger condescends at last.

THE watchful Tempter, soon the Hunger knew,
And up to Air in twice three Minutes flew,
Where he of brightest Lightning wove a Vest,
And his foul Spirit in feign'd Glory dress'd ;
Mock-Thunderbolt in his Right Hand he graspt,
His Left, a flaming, dazzling Scepter claspt ;
A Crown of meteor-Stars adorn'd his Head,
All calculated for exciting Dread ;

Then

On the Temptation 89

Then on the Stream of a tempestuous Wind,
He flew to act the Malice he design'd;
His Voyage at the Locust Tree he clos'd,
Where JESUS in the barren Wild repos'd;
Son of that GOD, said he, above enthron'd,
While I sole God am of this Region own'd,
Upon the Mountain, I to *Moses* spoke,
The Sphere was then fill'd all with Fire and Smoke;
But I to you descend in kindly Flame,
Your Welcome to my Empire to proclaim;
Your Hunger some Mortality betrays,
Which yet your Power can ease unnumber'd Ways;
Command these Stones to turn to Bread; that Sign
Will witness your Original Divine.
Man best, said JESUS, by GOD's Word is fed,
And lives not merely by his daily Bread.

THEN to the Temple Battlement, thro' Air,
The Fiend wafts JESUS, JESUS to insnare;
GOD, said he, Charge upon his Angels lays,
To keep your Feet unhurt in stony Ways,
Cast yourself down, the Angels in their Arms
Will catch you falling, and secure from Harms.
The sacred Writings, JESUS said, declare,
To tempt the LORD thy GOD, thou shalt not dare.

THENCE JESUS to the Mountain he conveys,
And all his Confluence of Charms displays;
All that cou'd ravish, tempt, delight Mankind,
Was there in lively Images combin'd.

You,

You, said the Fiend, the Lord of All shall be,
If you but prostrate fall, and worship me;
For all this lower Universe is mine,
I to bestow it have the Right Divine.
Let me cease to be God, If I delay
To give you over all Despotick Sway.
Get thee behind me *Satan*, CHRIST reply'd,
Thou by GOD's Word art as his Creature ty'd;
The LORD thy GOD to worship, Him to own,
And pay Obeysance to his Sov'raign Throne.
The Fiend, who heard himself by JESUS nam'd,
Confounded was, but cou'd not be asham'd,
And raving at Discovery of his Cheats,
As towards his Ambuscado he retreats,
He *Michael* met with the Angellick Bands,
Who lay encamp'd upon the Desert Sands,
All Arm'd, at call their LORD to have reliev'd,
Had they not his Victorious Might perceiv'd.
Bright *Michael*, least proud *Satan* shou'd escape,
Seiz'd the Fiend flying, tore his glittering shape;
Satan assum'd his horrid Form again,
And *Michael* bound him with a double Chain,
Sent him to the Abaddons Ambuscade,
His feeble Spite to punish and upbraid,
The radiant Host put them in dreadful Fright,
They felt their Strength in the Angelick Fight;
All were just taking Wing, when *Satan* came
In Chains, and strip'd of his prestigious Flame;

On the Temptation. 91

All vow'd of Pains, he shou'd have *Topher's* store,
And, what wou'd grieve him most, shou'd tempt
[no more.

BRAVE *Michael* and his Host to *JESUS* haste,
And bright'nd with their Wings the dismal Waste.
Soon as they *JESUS* saw, they him surround,
And fell in low Prostrations on the Ground;
The Seraphs sang a new Triumphant Song,
And to their Harps sang all the radiant Throng,
With loud *Hosannas* they each Stanza clos'd,
And to obey his Orders stood dispos'd;
Our LORD their Zeal approv'd with gracious Eye,
And sent them to resume their Bliss on high.

THOUGH *JESUS* in the Wild had nought to eat,
To do his Father's Pleasure was his Meat,
And a Return He to the World design'd,
To perfect the Redemption of Mankind;
There He vouchsaf'd his mortal Food to take,
And suffer human Frailty for Man's sake.
Bless'd *JESUS*, to the lonely Waste retir'd,
E'er to his Charge Prophetick He aspir'd;
And Saints, e'er they on publick Posts attend,
Choice Hours in Pray'r, Retreat, and Fasting spend.
Writ Sacred for his Magazine he chose,
Hell better to Unmask and to Oppose;
He of GOD's Presence taught a constant Awe,
From *Satan* with Abhorrence to withdraw,
That He with Zeal resisted, always flies,

92 *On the Temptation.*

Can conquer none, who this vain World despise;
 That all in Aid Divine shou'd acquiesce,
 Distrusting neither Succour nor Success :
 For daily Food take no unlicens'd Way,
 Best feasted, when they best GOD's Will obey :
 By no rash Acts GOD's Promise to abuse,
 And by presumptuous Pride the Blessing loose :
 That fiercest Fights shew Vertues most sublime,
 Like JESUS to be tempted is no Crime ;
 That when curs'd *Satan* seems to be subdu'd,
 Souls his return by watching must preclude ;
 That Angels ever take a Lover's part,
 And help him to repell each fiery Dart ;
 That JESUS *Satan* of his Force bereft,
 And Conquest easy to his Vot'rys left.

*ALL Glory to GOD's Son, whose humble Might
 Taught feeble Man Victoriously to Fight.*

*GLORY to JESUS all the Quire repeats,
 Who the full Force and Fraud of Hell defeats.*

ANDREW, whose Heart had JESUS Life enroll'd,
 Thus to the Saints in Hymn the Story told.

On

LEST Spirit, who on **J E S U S** Sacred Head
Didst boundless Grace like precious Oint-
[ment shed,

CHAOLICK Mass in Darkness bury'd lay,
Till GOD commanded *Antesolar* Day,
In intellectual *Chaos* thus Mankind
Lay ignorant, confus'd, erroneous, blind,
Till the bright Son of Righteousness arose,
Propitious Beams and Influence to disclose,
Infernal Mists the Universe o'erspread,
And lying Spirits human Minds misled;
The World was with unhallow'd Temples stor'd,
Foul Devils for J E H O V A H were ador'd;
Religion sank to Diabolick Rites,
Apostacy extinguish'd native Lights.
G O D's own peculiar Care, the chosen *Jew*,
Who G O D by wond'rous Revelation knew,
With numerous Sects, and with Traditions vain,
Strove Truths reveal'd to blend, pervert and stain;
Above

94 *On the Life of Jesus:*

Above GOD's Law exalted their own Dreams,
Damp'd of MESSIAH all Prophetick Gleams,
Zealous their Superstitions to obtrude,
Zealous their own Salvation to elude,
When the great Prophet, long ago foretold,
Was sent from GOD, GOD's Pleasure to unfold.

FORTH from the Bosom of the fontal Sire,
Where Son and Father the blest Dove co-spire,
Came the Eternal Word to wear our Clay,
And Godhead unafflictively display.
Truths, which the Prophets partially discern'd,
By Vision, Dream, Voice, Inspiration learn'd,
He not from Faith, but Beatifick Sight
Presented in their full enam'ring Light;
God-Man expos'd himself to mortal Eyes,
His Laws to sweeten and familiarise,
Paternal GOD with Filial always joyn'd,
And GOD co-effluent fill'd his human Mind.

When JESUS in the Wild the Conquest won,
Then his Proph'tick Office was begun,
He faithful, no one saving Truth conceal'd,
He gracious, the right Way to Heav'n reveal'd,
Some he exhorted, others he reprov'd,
Our Fears and Hopes by Threats and Blessings
[mov'd]
Condemn'd the Errors which in publick reign'd,
Mysterious Types and Prophecies explain'd,

Spake

On the Life of Jesus. 95

Spake things Celestial with Celestial Grace,
All Prejudice inveterate to erase,
In obvious Parables taught Truths sublime,
Spent in illuminating Souls his time.
Disseminated Light where e'er He came,
Breath'd heav'nly Love the frozen to enflame,
Confirm'd by Sacred Writ whate'er He taught,
Down to our Weakness all his Precepts brought,
Preach'd Truths divine, few, necessary, clear,
Which might to Heav'n a simple Vor'ry steer;
The worst of Men, he mildly wou'd instruct,
Glad when to Bliss he Sinners cou'd conduct;
No Raptures, no Austerities enjoyn'd,
Nothing too high, too grievous for Mankind;
No Whips, no Hair-cloth, his mild Yoke impos'd,
No Souls in constant Solitudes inclos'd;
Pagans in these, of Saints might have the Start,
They wound the Flesh, but cannot break the Heart.
Saints Heav'n by Pray'r, Alms, gentle Fasting, scale,
The Prophet cou'd by single Pray'r prevail;
While *Baal's* Priests indur'd unpity'd Pain,
Gashing their Bodies all Day long in vain.

His Life the Comment was, on what He taught,
That Lovely Image, ravishes my Thought;
None cou'd that Life considerately know,
But he of *JESUS* must enamour'd grow;
In Him Ideal Graces all combin'd,
Friend, Benefactor, Saviour to Mankind,

Love

96 *On the Life of Jesus.*

Love incommunicable, filial Fear,
 A Conscience unupbraidingly sincere;
 Obedience perfect, free from Venial Ill,
 Full Resignation to his FATHER'S Will;
 Propensions centrally to GOD inclin'd,
 Unshaken Trust, a Heav'n conversing Mind;
 Intentions which at GOD'S sole Glory aim'd,
 Zeal which for GOD'S Word, House and Worship
 [flam'd;

A Temperance, which all Excesses curb'd,
 Contentedness, by Troubles undisturb'd;
 Each Sense subdu'd, Affections all confin'd,
 The Dove and Serpent amicably joyn'd;
 Virginity, with filthy Thought unstain'd,
 Which in perpetual Holocaust remain'd;
 A Meekness, which no Malice cou'd provoke,
 A Patience to endure a Tyrant's Stroke;
 A Courage, to encounter all Things dire,
 A Perseverance, which cou'd never tire;
 A Purity, which Nothing cou'd defile,
 A Wisdom, which Hell Pow'rs cou'd not beguile;
 Humility, which all Debasements priz'd,
 Exulting for GOD'S Sake to be despis'd,
 Which human Confidence wou'd ever wave,
 And of all Good, to GOD the Glory gave;
 Which made Disciples, not deep learn'd, but good,
 Who wise for Heav'n, Heav'n only understood,
 Whose warm Devotion kept its heav'n-born Heat,
 Oft wou'd to sacred Solitudes retreat,

In

On the Life of Jesus. 97

In Fasting, Meditation, Pray'r, and Praise,
And ghostly Watching, spend whole Nights and
[Days ;
No Wandrings, Damps, or Chills, his Soul annoy'd,
He no one Minute ever mis-employ'd ;
He troubled Minds, with Consolations cheer'd,
His sweet Reproofs, the guilty Soul endear'd.
To all in Need, He Pity shew'd Divine,
Which unregarded, wou'd no Cry decline ;
His Charity, all Malice cou'd transcend,
To lowest Offices inur'd to bend ;
In Good return'd all Evils to exceed,
To save his Foes, content himself to bleed.
He to gain Souls, wept, travell'd, labour'd, pray'd,
Their Bliss eternal, his sole Bus'ness made ;
Discourse salvifick, he at Meals instill'd,
And Souls with Food supercelestial fill'd ;
As they could bear, He dropt it by Degrees,
At once He sweetly cou'd instruct, and please.
His Justice render'd to all Men their due,
Wou'd righteous Ends, by righteous Means pursue ;
To all Estates He proper Honours pay'd,
Rever'd the Priesthood, Sovereign Pow'r obey'd.
His Mind, his own inferior Will deny'd,
The transient World oppos'd, contemn'd, defy'd ;
Its Maxims, Customs, Companies, Designs,
All Joys, to which Concupiscence inclines ;
He Source and Lord of All, knew all Things best,
And gave the World no Harbour in his Breast ;

98 *On the Life of Jesus.*

He here below, nor sought, nor felt Repose,
 Continu'd Cross, He for his Portion chose;
 Gave highest Proof, of all that He reveal'd,
 When his own Blood its Confirmation seal'd.
 Angels their Graces by his Grace refin'd,
 He's the Aversion of the worldly Mind;
 His Self-denials, sensual Men disgust,
 Vext, that He no Indulgence gave to Lust;
 Lust, which Impostors patronize, and gain
 Of loose Disciples an unnumbered Train;
 All JESUS Graces had a God-like Mien,
 By them his heav'nly Mission might be seen;
 That perfect Goodness cou'd no Man deceive,
 That perfect Goodness none cou'd disbelieve.

WHEN to his Doctrine, and his Life Divine,
 His super-human Miracles we join,
 They Love and Admiration, both excite,
 Conviction will attain its utmost height.
 He made all Creatures serve his bless'd Design,
 He Water transubstantiated to Wine;
 He trod the Wave, and bid the Winds be still;
 He made rude Storms submissive to his Will;
 A Fish to him his Tribute-Money brought,
 Shoals at his Call, came crouding to be caught.
 Cur'd by his Lips, the Fig-tree strait decay'd;
 Invisible, He Dangers cou'd evade.
 He feasted Thousands with seven Loaves of Bread,
 Two Fishes, and five Loaves five Thousand fed;

And

On the Life of Jesus. 99

And of the Food thus multiply'd remain'd
Twelve Baskets, which fresh Followers sustain'd;
He made the Lame walk, Dumb speak, Deaf to hear,
And Men born blind, to see all Objects clear;
He Dropsies drain'd, and trembling Palsies still'd,
The Blood inflam'd by Fevers, gently chill'd;
He Lepers cleans'd, restor'd the wither'd Hand,
No Ailment cou'd his Healing-might withstand;
The Bloody-flux, which twelve long Years had
[reign'd,
The poor, bow'd Woman twice six Winters pain'd;
The Wretch, who thirty-eight his Grief deplor'd,
And Multitudes to Soundness he restor'd.
Ev'n at a Distance, by his Word alone,
He made his Pow'r irrefragably known;
He Devils at his Pleasure dispossess'd,
Constrain'd by Him, his Godhead they confess'd;
Seven out of tortur'd *Magdalen* he drave,
Chac'd in foul Swine a Legion to the Wave;
Fairus young Daughter by her Friends bemoan'd;
The Son for whom his Widow-Mother groan'd,
And *Laz'rus*, who four Days had been entomb'd,
All at his Word, their vital Heat resum'd;
Saints at his Rising, tho' long dead, reviv'd,
And risen, at *Jernsalem* arriv'd.
From Profanations He the Temple clear'd,
Profaners his majestick Voice rever'd;
Their Treasures He o'rethrew, and at his Look
The Avaritious, their dear Wealth forlook;

100 *On the Life of Jesus.*

The Worldly, at his Heart-enam'ring Call,
Became his Vo't'ries, and renounc'd their All.
He, GOD Incarnate, cou'd the Mind inspect,
And with sweet Force the Heart to GOD inflect.
His Life, from his Conception to his Grave,
Strong Demonstrations of *Messiah* gave;
Divinity shin'd bright in all he taught,
God-like Benignity in all he wrought;
His Miracles he graciously design'd,
To cure, convince, convert, endear Mankind.

ETERNAL Word, who cloath'd in human Dust,
Didst teach laps'd Man the Wisdom of the Just;
Illustrate by Example thy Discourse,
Confirm it by a Wonder-working Force;
Open my Ears, my Eyes, my Tongue unloose,
Into my Heart thy heav'nly Truth infuse;
That I thy Praise incessantly may sing,
That Love may give my Heart a heav'nward spring!
That I may never more towards Earth propend,
In vig'rous, sweet Efforts to Thee ascend;
Thy bright Idea in my Heart enchase,
To copy out each imitable Grace.

*ALL Praise to our Great Prophet, by whose Light
The World born blind receives its ghostly Sight;
Glory to JESUS, o'er the Mount was heard,
For Doctrine, Life, and Miracles, rever'd.*

PETER then took his Brother *Andrew's* Room,
A fresh, instructive Subject to assume.

The

The SERMON *on the* MOUNT.



JESU! with Thy Spi rit fill my Breast,
Design'd by Thee on faithful Souls to rest;
May He Thy Words to my Remembrance
[bring,
That I Thy own Divine Discourse may sing.

INCARNATE Word, upon a Mount appear'd,
That he might by the Multitude be heard;
And to the Twelve, and Croud, who thither flockt,
The Treasures of true Wisdom thus unlockt.

BLESS'D are the poor in Spirit, vile and low
In their own Eyes, who their own Frailties know,
Who on GOD'S Grace, not their own Merit lean,
And, like the Leper, style themselves unclean;
The humblest here, are higheft in GOD'S Sight,
Theirs is the glorious Realm of endless Light.

BLESS'D are all they who mourn, whose Sighs
[their own
And others Sins with Bitterness bemoan;
N'er in this Vale of Woe from Sorrow free,
Where they their GOD so oft offended see;

They sow in Tears, and from each Tear they weep,
They shall a thousand fold of Comforts reap.

BLESS'D are the Meek, of Temper gentle, sweet,
Who unimbitter'd, the injurious treat ;
They shall the Earth inherit, and exhaust
That Right to Things below, which *Adam* lost.
Though others Wealth unsanctify'd retain,
God's Blessing shall on what they have remain ;
With GOD, themselves, the World, they live in
[Peace,
Anticipating Joys, which never cease.

BLESS'D are all they, who Thirst and Hunger feel
For Righteousness, who with unwear'd Zeal
Strive Righteous GOD's bright Image to regain,
And purge themselves from their congenial Stain ;
All their Propensions shall their Aims acquire,
Till fill'd with GOD, they feel no more Desire.

BLESS'D are the Merciful, whose melting Eyes
With others Griefs benignly sympathize ;
Who uncondol'd pass no one's Sorrow by,
No Danger, Pain, or Want, without supply ;
They Mercy shall obtain, and all their Woes,
GOD for their Good, shall graciously dispose ;
They shall the Joys of Pardon taste below,
Their Alms shall in full Streams of Bliss reflow.

BLESS'D

BLESS'D are the Pure in Heart, who have refin'd
Each Thought, each Inclination of the Mind,
Who to no foul Suggestions harbour give,
Amidst Pollutions, unpolluted live;
Who keep GOD's Temples holy, and take care
That no Abominations enter there;
They shall of GOD have beatifick Sight,
Who only in pure Virgins takes Delight.

BLESS'D are Peace-makers, they who sweetly strive
Fraternal, mutual Dearness to revive,
Who are themselves true Lovers of Mankind,
And wish that all to Love were co-inclin'd;
They shall be call'd GOD's Children, in them best
The GOD of Peace his Likeness sees exprest.

BLESS'D are all they, who persecuted are,
Who Martyrdom for Love of JESUS bear:
The greater Torments they for Heav'n endure,
The more they shall their Happiness secure;
The heav'nly Kingdom is more firmly theirs,
Of higher Bliss, and brighter Mansions Heirs,
They future Joys, more fully shall fore-taste,
And to their Glory make the greater haste.

WOE to the Rich! who fading Riches crave,
They here their short-liv'd Consolations have;
Woe to the Full, who their own Gusto feed,
They'll be abandon'd to unpity'd Need;

Woe to all those, who laugh, and Pleasures heap,
 They in eternal Misery shall weep;
 Woe to all those who court evanid Fame.
 They shall sink down to everlasting Shame.

You, whom I to Apostolate exalt,
 To the dark, tasteless World, are Light and Salt;
 You heav'nly Relishes from me derive,
 You must the Taste of Truth in Souls revive;
 You must disseminate the Love Divine,
 Plac'd in conspicuous Orbs must brightly shine;
 That all who feel your Heav'n enkindled Rays,
 May GOD, the Author of your Graces, praise.

I come the Law and Prophets to fulfil,
 I mental curb as well as outward ill;
 All who henceforth a Claim to Heav'n pretend,
 In Saintship must the strictest *Jew* transcend.

THOU shalt not kill, was the old Legal Stile;
 I all forbid their Neighbour to revile;
 Ev'n odious Names shall irritate GOD's Ire,
 And run the Danger of infernal Fire:
 Their Altar-Off'rings GOD esteems defil'd,
 Who to their Brethren live irreconcil'd.

THE Law will no Adultery endure,
 I no one wanton Look, or Thought impure;
 You all Lusts sinful Cravings must deny,
 Though dearer than your own Right Hand or Eye.
 The

The Marriage-knot, which you so oft unt'y'd,
Henceforth shall indissoluble abide;
Perjurious Oaths, you only sinful call,
I, in converse, permit no Oaths at all.

You Eye for Eye, and Tooth for Tooth, require,
And to retaliate Injuries desire;
But Charity must now Revenge assuage,
In no vexatious Suits of Law engage;
You for Peace sake, must from full Rights recede,
And never for too rigorous Justice plead;
With private Force no Outrages repell,
On Earth with condescending Sweetness dwell;
To needy Neighbours freely give, or lend,
To guide ungrateful Pilgrims condescend.

'T WAS the old Maxim of the Jewish State,
To love our Neighbours, and our Foes to hate;
I Love sincere, to Enemies enjoyn;
Do Good to them, who Ill to you design;
Bless them, who curse you, daily pray for those,
Who to rude Persecutions you expose;
'Tis God's unbounded Goodness to ordain,
For Bad, as well as Good, his Sun and Rain;
You, like your Father, merciful must be,
And copy his immense Benignity.

GIVE lib'ral Alms of all that God gives you,
Give secretly, and shun vain-glorious View;

God's

GOD's piercing Eye, the lowly Heart regards,
To secret Alms, gives visible Rewards.

YOUR Closet with Devotion oft frequent,
There fervent, humble, secret Pray'r present.
No Pray'r by multitude of Words esteem,
But by the filial Love from which they stream,
Vain, senseless Repetitions, cast away,
And by this Form with firm Reliance pray :

OUR Father, thron'd in Heav'n, Thy Name be
[prais'd,

Thy Kingdom over all the World be rais'd ;
May all Thy Subjects here Thy sov'raign Will,
Like Angels, with Alacrity fulfill ;
Send Bread, and due Supports, by which we live,
Remit our Sins, as we our Foes forgive ;
Let no Temptations us allure or blind,
Guard from all Ill our Body and our Mind ;
Thine is the heav'nly Kingdom, Glory, Might,
Thou to dispose of all Things hast the Right.

IF you forgive not Wrongs Men offer you,
In vain you shall to GOD for Pardon sue ;
Your Sins by Fasting, conquer or chastise,
Observ'd by none but GOD's All-seeing Eyes ;
More secret 'tis, the more it GOD will please,
He'll hear you, and your troubled Spirit ease ;
Place not your Bliss on Earth, all Treasures there
To Rust, Moths, Thieves, and Death, subjected are ;
Make

Make Heav'n your Treasure, that can ne're decay,
And where your Treasure is, your Heart will stay,
The Eye imparts to all the Body Light,
Let pure intention guide your ghostly Sight;
From a dim Eye the Body Cloud contracts,
Intentions sensual defecrate your Acts.
None can a Servant of two Lords abide,
And equal Duties to them both divide,
None GOD and *Mammon* can at once Obey,
They humane Wills Antartetically Sway.
For Clothes and Food take no immoderate cares,
GOD Lillies clothes, and Food for Fowls prepares;
GOD renders you much more than Fowls or Flow'rs,
And Blessings down in their due Season show'rs,
Seek Heav'n in the first place, live Saint below,
And GOD will these as overplus bestow.

JUDGE not, least GOD you with like rigour treat,
You must expect the Measure which you Mete;
Censure no Motes within your Brother's Eye,
While in your own you will not Beams descry;
With care your own Spiritual State attend,
Condemn not others, but yourself amend;
Distribute wisely Pearls of Truth Divine,
Waste none on Souls brutis'd like Dogs or Swine.

AsK and you shall receive, seek and you'll find,
Knock, and Heav'n opens to an humble Mind;
For Fish and Bread, what Hearts so hard are grown,
As to give Children Scorpions or a Stone?

If

If Earthly Sires thus tender are, much more
 Is GOD, when Sons his Aid benign implore.
 Do that to all, you'd have all do to you,
 The Rule which Prophets and the Law pursue.
 Take heed to choose the narrow Path and Gate,
 Found but by few, who reach the Blessed State;
 Through the wide Gate and Sin's broad beaten way,
 Most of Mankind to endless Ruin stray.

FALSE Prophets shun, and their insidious Lies,
 Wolves inwardly, tho' clad in Sheeps disguise:
 The kinds of Trees their native Product show,
 Thus by ill Aims you may Deceivers know,
 They cry Lord, Lord! yet GOD's Commands reject,
 They not GOD's Glory, but their own respect,
 They'll boast Prophetick Gifts, and go about
 To work strange things, and Devils to cast out,
 Their frauds they'll Act in GOD's most Sacred Name,
 But GOD will the prestigious Cheats disclaim,
 They'll either Faith deny, or Church divide,
 Betray Rapacity, Lust, Rage, or Pride.

THEY who attend the Truths I now instill,
 And by sincere Obedience them fulfil,
 Are like to the wise Man, who 'gainst the Shock
 Of Tempest, built his House upon a Rock:
 The Saint all Storms which Hell can raise, defies,
 And on the Rock of Ages firm relies.
 But all who hear, and Saving Truths withstand,
 Are like the Fool who built upon the Sand,

One

One blast threw down the Fabrick to the Ground,
Thus ghostly Fools their future Bliss confound.

ALL Praise to JESUS, who his gracious Law
Taught to his Subjects with endearing Awe.

GLORY to JESUS was the Mountains close,
Who wou'd for Laws Beatitudes impose.

BLESS'D *Matthew* next in Hymn began to tell,
How JESUS Death concerted was in Hell.



The Conspiracy against JESUS.



JESU, whom Judaick Rage oppress'd,
Whom the joynt utmost Force of Hell di-
[strest;

Help me to Sing how both their Onsets made,
How their full Might their Impotence betray'd;
How GOD's All-wise Superintending Will,
To greatest Good deflected greatest ill.

Apistos a false Fiend, who with his Band
Of lying Spirits fill'd the Jewish Land,
Observing *Laz'rus* risen from his Grave,
Seiz'd with a deep Despair began to Rave,
And rendevouzing all his hopeless Crew,
He in ten Minutes down to *Tophet* flew;

Strait

Strait towards the Legion throng Apostate Ghosts,
Cursing them for abandoning their Posts :

All as they came from their appropriate Pains,
Made dreadful noise by ratling of their Chains.
Proud *Belzebub* to make them silent try'd,
But they his Empire and his Threats defy'd,
Till his Fierce Executioners he sent,
Who are best pleas'd when they can most torment,
To pluck the Iron Sluces up which keep
Within its Shoars the vast Sulphureous Deep ;
Vowing the flaming Brimstone shou'd o'erflow
The several Dungeons of the Fiends below ;
That all shou'd burning fry in trebled Fire,
Unless by Silence they appeas'd his Ire.

They trembled, but durst no Resistance make,
While thus *Apistos* the dark Realm bespake.
Proud *Belzebub*, and all doom'd here to burn,
To whom I equal Curse for Curse return,
You sent me with this Legion to infuse,
A stubborn Unbelief into the *Jews* ;
Till now our Point successfully we gain'd,
And their Assent to Truth Divine restrain'd.

I *JESUS*, cursed be that Name, decry'd,
His Miracles disparag'd or deny'd ;
And when He cast out Devils, cou'd persuade,
He with those Devils had a Compact made ;
That by insidious Delegation Hell
Gave him permission Devils to expell.
But when I *Laz'rus* saw, who four Days dead,
At his Almighty Call erect his Head,

And

against J E S U S. III

And from his Sepulchre come out alive,
I thought it vain with heavenly Might to strive.
The Wonder was notorious to the Eye,
And left us no Pretence to found a Lye;
With that we back to our dark Kingdom flew,
To beg fresh Aids our Malice to pursue;
And as we sank to the Infernal Gate,
We saw no Angel at the entrance wait,
The Seraph bright, who keeps the Keys, was flown,
The red-hot Iron folds were open thrown;
We have free passage Mortals to seduce,
Of this occasion make prudential use.

J U S T as he spake, the Damned Spirits felt
Their Chaines of Darkness by hot Sulphur melt.
The Fiends in swarms rang'd over Hell unchain'd,
Exulting in the freedom they had gain'd.
Till *Belzebub* in direful Thunders roar'd,
Threatning all Woes with which his Realm was
[stor'd.
The Ghosts all trembling at the frightful sound,
Expect his Pleasure with a dread profound.

W H E N I, damn'd Ghosts, this sudden Freedom
[weigh,
Methinks J E H O V A H seems to yield the Day,
Or he at our outrageous Wrongs relents,
Or for our Doom precipitous repents,
Or fears some fresh Assaults, or jealous grown,
Remands all Guardians to defend his Throne,
Or

Or tyr'd with our brave Oppositions past,
 To a Cessation humbly stoops at last.
 Some Revolution I presage is near,
 By which we may regain our heavenly Sphear:
 You all may on the Expedition go,
 I'll keep possession of my Realm below,
 Least in my absence Subjects me disown,
 Plead Abdication and the Vacant Throne:
 The Counsels which most likely are, propose,
 To end our bitter undeserved Woes.

As Thunder to strong Ferments Air enclines,
 And Air disturb'd disturbs imprison'd Wines;
 And by their Agitation gains the Pow'r,
 To make the Liquor to ferment and sow'r;
Belzebug's Voice in the Infernal Shade,
 Fresh Fermentations thus of Malice made.
Satan stood up, form'd Mischief to suggest,
 But *Invida* his Insolence supprest.
 She envying all the Glory of such Deeds,
 Thus for her own Commission hotly pleads.
 Curs'd *Belzebug*, e'er since we hither fell,
 I envy'd you th' Imperial Crown of Hell;
 The Crown which shou'd by Right adorn my Brow,
 Wou'd Fiends to Merit due regard allow.
 Is our Arch-Politician now to seek,
 On what Exploit we shou'd our Malice wreak?
 Your Intellectuals justly we despise,
 Unfit to Rule, unable to Advise.

'Tis

'Tis JESUS wars with our whole Realm of Night,
 The chief immediate Object of our Spight,
 That JESUS, whom I in abhorrence have
 Design'd fall'n Mortals, not fall'n Ghosts to save;
 That Rage Divine which threw us down from Bliss;
 Was a far lighter Injury then this.
 Men are with us in equal Guilt involv'd,
 Must their Salvation only be resolv'd?
 We Spirits are of an immortal Make,
 Of heav'nly Glories fitter to partake;
 Of nobler Pow'rs to aid JEHOVAH more,
 Shou'd he us Ghosts to native Bliss restore.
 And is GOD Just to crown that Earth-born Race,
 And Angels, the Grandees of Heav'n disgrace?
 Shall we sit still oppress'd with wrongfull Doom,
 Whilst *Adam's* Brood above possess our Room?
 Shall worthless Man our heav'nly Glories share,
 And we live restless in intense Despair?
 Vexation, will our endless Torment be,
 When we in Hell, Mankind in Heav'n shall see.
 We must attempt this JESUS to confound,
 Force GOD for Restoration, to compound,
 Our Freedom to storm Heav'n we must employ,
 In spite of GOD, this JESUS to destroy.
 Curs'd Satan, who himself and Hell wou'd shame,
 To this Adventure lays presumptuous Claim:
 He brag'd the Infant JESUS shou'd be slain,
 He in the Desert strove to work his Bane:
 You his successless Spite remember well,
 In what Confusion he return'd to Hell.

Give me Command, the Work shall soon be done,
God shall make Peace with Hell, or lose his Son.

WITH *Invida* all *Tophet* strait agreed,
Off'ring their Aid to make her Rage succeed:
While *Mammon*, who had *Judas* long possess'd,
Occasion took his Tempting to suggest;
He robb'd his Lord, he stole the Poor's Relief,
Soon might be turn'd to Traytor, from a Thief.
Satan, who choice of that Adventure made,
Vow'd *JESUS* shou'd by *Judas* be betray'd.

WISE GOD mean while, to work his high De-
signs,
Permitted Hell to pass the Barrier-Lines;
And to their utmost Stretch of Malice run,
To save Mankind, and glorify his SON;
That Devils might in their own Snares be caught,
That their own Bane might by themselves be
[wrought.
And gave like Freedom to the harden'd *Jew*,
Who the Salvation he despis'd shou'd rue;
Jews and Apostate Ghosts, were both intent
To work that Good, they labour'd to prevent.

WHEN weary Eyes were with sweet Slumber blest,
Hell and ill Conscience only took no rest:
To *Salem Invida* began her Flight,
With num'rous Shoals of Fiends to aid her Spight.

Wrath,

Wrath, Grief, Revenge, Impatience, Fear, Disdain,
Pride, Fury, Cruelty, made up her Train,
Hate, Jealousy, foul Slander and Despair,
Ambitious in the Wickedness to share;
Each of the curst Archfiends their Legions lead,
Which *Invida* all over *Jury* spread.

She *Salem* for her proper Station chose,
Archfiends their Legions round her so dispose,
That each Battallion might her Malice joyn,
At the first Sight of her appointed Sign
The spiteful Hag to all gave strict Command
Against Blest JESUS to enrage the Land.

CURS'D *Invida*, by Compact, led the Van,
A Fiend detestable to GOD and Man.
All envious Mortals Envy still disclaim,
They who espouse the Vice, abhor the Name.
'Twas she, in Heav'n taught Spirits to repine
That they no nearer were the Throne Divine;
She rav'd, that others shou'd her Bliss excell,
Revil'd GOD's Goodness, and by Envy fell.
The abject Fiend, all whom she envies fears,
And unresisted only domineers.
Still restless when she others happy sees,
Naught but a Mischief can her Rancour please.
Against Just GOD, her Ravings oft are spent,
And her own Ragings, her own Pains foment;
Though all herself-Tormentings are in vain,
She no Alleviations can obtain:

She sucks new Torture by her evil Eye,
 Whene'er she sees a Saint to Glory fly.
 The more G o d's Likeness holy Souls attain,
 The more she hates them, and projects their Bane;
 She envies each damn'd Ghost, whose hellish Pains
 Are more remiss than she herself sustains:
 Wou'd be less griev'd for her full-measur'd Woe,
 If all she hates the same might undergo.
 Beyond all other Ghosts her Tortures swell,
 She is the most afflicted Fiend in Hell.

At Paradise the Witch began to grieve,
 'Twas she who tempted *Satan* to tempt *Eve*.
 His Brethren to sell *Joseph* she engag'd,
 And bit herself, at his Advance enrag'd.
 She kept possession of *Saul's* envious Heart,
 When he at *David* threw his murd'rous Dart.
 At *JESUS* long her furious Envy rav'd,
 And a fit Minute for her Malice crav'd.
 Vipers and poyf'nous Serpents round her twin'd,
 The Hag and they in mutual Bites combin'd.
 A double Saw she carry'd in her Hand,
 Her spite contriv'd their Teeth adverse to stand.
 For stifled Rage she her own Bowels tore,
 And from her Jaws ran trickling her own Gore.
 Her Looks had a pale Jaundice, thro her Skin
 Was seen her gasty Skeleton within.
 By Turns Familiars suck her Day and Night,
 They draw Vexation, and her Nipples bite.

When

against JESUS. 117

When fully gorg'd, down the foul Leeches fall,
And on the Spiteful, vomit out their Gall.
At their Return, new Pestilence she breeds,
And her Tormentors, self-tormented feeds.

THE Images of those she wou'd confound,
In Brimstone carv'd, are set her Dungeon round:
And when she wou'd a Wretch with Rage infest,
She sticks her Needles in his Statues Breast.
The Likeness there of *Caiaphas* she drew,
And with her longest Needle pierc'd it through.
GOD gave him up to her infernal Spight,
Who long withstood the Evangelick Light.
Her Course she to the Priestly Palace steers,
Into his Breast to breath fierce envious Fears.
Caiaphas on his Bed was slumbring laid,
By horrid Dreams, which she had form'd, dismay'd;
Into his Fancy she her Spite trajects,
And with her Poyson thus his Soul infects.

GREAT Oracle of GOD's elected Race,
You next JEHOVAH, have the sov'rain Place;
You as Vice-God must o're all *Jury* reign,
And suffer none your Rival to remain;
Can GOD's High Priest endure to be out-done
By a poor Carpenter's mechanick Son?
Can GOD's High Priest with a tame object Mind,
In Sanctity endure to be out-shin'd?
JESUS to Gifts Prophetick lays a Claim,
And of a Wonder-worker, has the Fame.

If GOD would speak, it must be from your Breast,
 If Wonders work, the Pow'r on you shou'd rest.
 GOD cannot his Vicegerent over-look,
 Or the Disgraces of his Priesthood brook.
 Shall this base Upstart with your Mitre vie,
 Shall he impunely sacred Law defie?
 By *Magick* Skill his Miracles are wrought,
 'Tis fit the Wretch to Judgment shou'd be brought;
 Of Doctrine and of Miracles, 'tis you
 Can only give an Approbation due.
 Is it a Wonder, if its true, to raise
 A Man who had been bury'd a few Days?
 A Witch to *Samuel* Resurrection gave,
 When he had lain much longer in the Grave.
 A Saint from Heav'n 'twas nobler to remand,
 Than to recall a Wretch from *Satan's* Hand.
 The Fiends had seiz'd the Wretch's Soul, and they
 To authorize the Fraud, releas'd the Prey.
 To be a King he now in Shew declines;
 But the High-Priesthood visibly designs:
 If o're the Conscience he cou'd bear the Sway,
 That to the Scepter soon will smoothe his Way.
 Charm'd by his Spells, a Fish his Will obey'd,
 And brought him Money which his Tribute paid.
 By the like Charms he numerous Shoals may train,
 And all the Treasure of the Ocean drain.
 He'll then the Mitre of the *Romans* buy,
 And *Caiaphas* shall at his Footstool lye.
 This growing Pride you timely must resent,
 And by a lucky Blow, your Fate prevent.

As a mad Dog, when scorching *Sirius* reigns,
His Poyson chiefly in his Mouth contains,
Which by his Teeth and Foam convey'd, incline
The Man he bites, to Rage and Acts canine ;
Invida's Venom, thus lay in her Tongue,
From thence she pestilential Malice flung.
Her poy'snous Teeth in *Caiaphas* she set,
And bit him till her Jaws together met ;
Vipers and Serpents all she on him spent,
To irritate, if off'ring to relent.
Then o're his Heart her double ghostly Saws,
Spite and Vexation to and fro she draws.
Her curs'd Familiars with her Rancour fill'd,
Long in Intrigues of hellish Envy skill'd,
She to each Member of the Council sent,
His Rage to fire, imbitter, and augment.
Arimatbean Joseph them defy'd,
And they in vain good *Nicodemus* try'd ;
They of the Council were the only two,
Who render'd to blest JESUS Honour due.

Foul *Invida* with Gall she had out-thrown,
The High Priest's Soul embitter'd as her own.
He wak't brim full of Horror, and 'twas strange
To see in his whole Frame the horrid Change.
Deep Furrows in his Front you might discern,
His Hair stood all erect, his Eyes were stern,
Corroding Anguish kindly Heat consum'd,
Like one possess'd, he rav'd, he foam'd, he sum'd.

Blest JESUS fancy'd Wrongs he oft reviews,
 Each Virtue he possess his Rage renews,
 His Passion was impatient to get Vent,
 In haste to call a *Sanbedrim* he sent.
 When met, a spiteful *Pharisee* rose first,
 Who thus for JESUS Blood betray'd his Thirst,

ARE we true *Israelites*, and sit we still,
 And tamely let this JESUS have his Will?
 'Tis said, He Things miraculous has wrought,
 Which seal Belief of all that he has taught.
 All *Fury* in short time his Power will own,
 Raise his Ambition to usurp the Throne;
 That Usurpation will proud *Rome* provoke,
 To lay on *Judah* a much heavier Yoke;
 Or bend their mighty Force our Holy-place,
 Our Offspring, Name and Nation to erase.
 Good *Nicodemus*, warm'd with sacred Zeal,
 Made then to the Assembly this Appeal:
 Our righteous Laws no Person's Doom enact,
 Till we the Party hear, and judge his Fact.
 The raising *Laz'rus*, o're the Land is known,
 Yourselfs dare not the Miracle disown.
 An evil Spirit may a Phantom rear,
 And make a Fiend in mortal Shape appear;
 But to revive a Man when dead four Days,
 Almighty Pow'r notoriously displays.
 And if Almighty, then we strive in vain,
 That Pow'r Divine to stifle or restrain.

Of Life and Death God only keeps the Keys,
None but God works such Miracles as these.
We rather shou'd that boundless Pow'r adore,
Which to its Freedom may our Land restore.
We justly JESUS, more than *Rome*, shou'd dread,
He *Rome* can conquer, who can raise the Dead.
The *Junto* in their Looks fierce Spite betray'd,
While the High Priest this cruel Motion made:

DEGENERATE Rulers of GOD's chosen Land,
I blush to see your Counsels at a stand;
You nothing seem to dare, or to advise,
Though your Relief in Expedition lies.
Necessity of State can hallow Crimes,
Expedients Necessaries are sometimes.
The Peoples Safety is the Law supreme,
What that requires, we lawful shou'd esteem;
This Meteor rises glaring on the Crowd,
While GOD's High Priest is setting in a Cloud:
If of the Mitre he shou'd me deprive,
Can you the Body, me your Head survive?
Its visible to each observing eye,
This Man shou'd rather for our Nation dye,
Than we our Land and Temple shou'd expose
To the licentious Swords of *Roman* Foes;
And die, not for our Jewish Race alone;
But that his Death shou'd for the World atone.
Death which shou'd *Jews* and *Gentiles* both affect,
From both, GOD's Children in one Fold collect.

122 *The Conspiracy, &c.*

GOD thus o're-rul'd the High Priest's envious
 [Mind,
 Forc'd him to speak beyond what he design'd.
 The Death of JESUS, was his only Aim,
 GOD made him his Redemption to proclaim.
 Had he but well consider'd what he said,
 Ev'n his own Speech had him a Convert made;
 But he, by cursed Envy prepossess'd,
 Cou'd not discern the Truth which he confess'd.
 The Council to the spiteful Part gave heed,
 They, gnaw'd by Envy, JESUS Death decreed,
 And from that Hour they various Projects lay'd,
 How JESUS might securely be betray'd.
 With *Joseph, Nicodemus* strait retir'd,
 Abhor'd the Plot in which the rest conspir'd.
 They GOD ador'd, who *Caiaphas* controll'd,
 And made his Tongue celestial Truth unfold.
 The *Junto* rose, each went to his Abode,
 Where Fiends were sent their Spirits to corrode;

ALL Praise to JESUS! who alone sustain'd
The Force of Men and Devils when unchain'd.

Glory to JESUS! all the Mount reply'd,
Who the joint Rage of Earth and Hell defy'd.

THEN *Zebedee's* two Sons, for Fervour fam'd,
 Both rising, Elder *James* first Audience claim'd.

On



On the EUCHARIST.

MY God, whose Word the World from No-
 [thing rear'd,
 Who saidst, Let there be Light, and Light appear'd;
 O in my Spirit speak, Let there be Light;
 Let there be Love; Thy Word will both excite:
 Light will the Mists which cloud my Soul disperse,
 Love will melt Light into Christ-hymning Verse;
 That I may sing the Mystery divine
 Of GOD Incarnate veil'd in Bread and Wine.

THE vernal Moon to grace the Paschal Night,
 Had drank its Circle full of Solar Light;
 And for the Feast all Things provided were,
 When JESUS Flock to Sion-Hill repair.
 The Twelve to his Last-Supper he invites,
 To solemnize with Him the Mystick Rites.
 And as they all lay down, Blest JESUS rose,
 A Bason takes, aside his Garment throws,
 Fills out pure Water, and his Wrist around
 Was like a Servant with a Towel bound,
 And as the Lamb with cheerful Hearts they eat,
 He humbly wash'd and wip'd his Voc'ries Feet.

To

124 *On the Eucharist.*

To *Peter*, who with Self-debasing Mind,
 Wou'd have the undeserved Grace declin'd,
 Our LORD reply'd, If you my Washing wave,
 You can no Portion of my Blessing have.
 Then total Washing, cry'd he, I implore,
 Wash not my Feet alone, but wash all o're.
 Who has clean Feet, said JESUS, and ne're strays
 By wilful Sin into polluted Ways,
 In GOD's mild Eyes he is all over pure,
 And may of GOD's Acceptance rest secure,
 You all, but one, from mortal Guilt are clear,
 His odious Treachery will soon appear.
 Then he resum'd his Vest, lay down again,
 Their strict Attention thus to entertain:
 What I have done, to your own Souls apply,
 You own me Lord and Master, and if I
 To minister to you descend thus low,
 You like Debasements must to others shew:
 The more you stoop, you'll reach the nobler heights,
 Great GOD in humble Charity's delights.
 To eat this Feast with you e'er I expire,
 Has been of late my passionate desire.
 Then he took, Bless'd, and Brake unleaven'd Bread,
 Gave it to his Disciples all, and said,
 This is my Body which is giv'n for you,
 This in devout Remembrance of me do.
 His Hands the Cup in the same manner take,
 He Bless'd it with Thanksgiving, and thus spake;
 This is the Blood of the New Testament,
 Shed for the World, that all who will Repent,

Absolv'd

Abolv'd from their Eternal Guilt may be,
Drink, All, of this, in Memory of Me.

THE Bread and Wine then Bless'd none understood
To be Our LORDS true nat'ral Flesh and Blood.
The Body broken was, the Blood was shed,
Of nat'ral Flesh and Blood had this been said,
While visibly alive he must have dy'd,
E'er he by Jewish Rage was Crucify'd.
Twice Six untimely Deaths he had sustain'd,
By Vot'ries who to eat Him he ordain'd;
Had twice Six Burials in that very Hour,
When both alive and in the *Romans* Pow'r:
Were they true Flesh and Blood, CHRIST when on
[high,
Though we are sure he never more can dye,
Yet when the Church shall o'er the World be spread,
And with this Food be in all Temples Fed,
He Murder on the Altars here below,
Ten thousand times a Day wou'd undergo.

THAT Bread and Wine CHRIST'S Flesh and
[Blood shou'd be,
No Saint can think, who shall his Glory see:
For Flesh and Blood which corruptible are,
In heav'nly Incorruption cannot share.
His Sacred Body and Blood by frail Mankind
Cannot be broke, eat, spilt, when 'tis refin'd,
Yet its Memorial may, Saints who frequent,
The Symbols, gain the Grace They represent;
That

That 'tis true Bread which shall on Altars lye;
They'll know by Touch, by Taste, their Smell, and
[Eye.

Cou'd all their Senses be at once deceiv'd,
CHRIST'S Resurrection wou'd not be believ'd.
Appeal for that he to our Senses made,
Appeal which no bold Sceptick can evade.
The Paschal Lamb, GOD for a Sign decreed
Of Israel from Egyptian bondage freed.
The Eucharist is our Memorial made,
Of JESUS Blood for our Redemption paid.

CHRIST when in Heaven, in Heaven he must
[remain,
Till the great Day he'll ne'er return again;
Yet he'll below on Elements when blest,
By Union, not Conversion deign to rest.
How Godhead to our human Flesh was join'd,
Transcends the Reach of an Angelick Mind.
How GOD and Man with Bread and Wine unite,
Is too sublime for bounded human Sight:
To boundless Godhead both united are,
GOD Tabernacles here, and Temples there.
There undivided GOD and Man exist,
The Flesh assum'd is ne'er to be dismiss'd;
'Tis transient here, and when a Judas eats
The Sacred Bread, CHRIST'S *Shechinah* retreats.
The Day and Night each other still expell,
Pure GOD in Souls impure can never dwell.

GOD

GOD to exalt his Power, and Man debase,
 Institutes mean Conveyances of Grace.
 Bless'd Water in the Font is still the same,
 As when unblest it from the River came,
 Though worthless in itself, in Sacred use
 It Graces super-human can produce.
 Thus Bread and Wine by JESUS set apart,
 Presentiate GOD Incarnate to the Heart.
 Wise gracious GOD Sign Eclypal ne'er made,
 By which the Archetype shou'd be convey'd;
 But every Saint in the appointed Sign
 Partakes of the Original Divine.

WHEN *Peter* cry'd out sinking in the Wave,
 And JESUS stretch'd his Hand the Saint to save;
 Had JESUS been in Heaven when *Peter* pray'd,
 And sent invisible, yet mighty Aid;
 He as effectually had *Peter* freed,
 Had been as present in the time of Need,
 As if he had been Treading on the Main,
 And reach'd his Hand his Vot'ry to sustain.
 CHRIST'S Virtual Presence may as real be,
 As if we shou'd his Person present see.

WRIT Sacred, Baptism, Sanctity and Pray'r,
 All to derive GOD'S Grace true Conduits are:
 But his propitious Wisdom found a Way,
 More Love to shed, more Blessing to convey,
 The greatest Love unbounded GOD cou'd show,
 Was to resign his Son to bear our Woe.

The

128 *On the Eucharist.*

The greatest Love cou'd from the Son proceed,
 Was to assume our Flesh, and for us Bleed.
 The *Eucharist* to Souls both Loves displays,
 Love emulous of infinite to raise;
 As if to dye had been a Love too low,
 He on his Lovers wou'd himself bestow.
 Our Lord himself becomes our heav'nly Meat,
 United to us like the Food we eat.
 The Saints, next Hypostatick Union, none
 More Noble than the Sacramental own.

O wond'rous Feast! which Manna far exceeds,
 In which each Saint on GOD Incarnate feeds.
 The Manna which GOD's wandring *Israel* fed,
 Was mortal Food, the Eaters all are dead:
 But JESUS our Immortal Food remains,
 And Souls to all Eternity sustains.

LORD, who to wash thy Votries Feet didst deign,
 E'er feasted with the Lamb unspotted Slain;
 Set open a full Spring in either Eye,
 Which a capacious Laver may supply:
 That bath'd all o'er in Penitential Tear,
 I at thy blissful Feast may clean appear.
 But Tears can never cleanse Spiritual Stains,
 Wash me in Drops of Thy own Bleeding Veins.
 Thy purple Blood can wash a Sinner White,
 And change Dark Spots to a Celestial Bright.

WHEN

WHEN at thy Altar LORD I prostrate fall,
 Thy dolorous Crucifixion to recall,
 Make my Soul Fuel to supernal Fire,
 Into my Heart Devotion warm inspire.
 Shame and Contrition Vileness to deplore,
 Firm Resolutions never to sin more;
 An humble, pure, and Charitable Mind,
 From all remains of wilful Sin refin'd.
 Faith, Hope, Desire, Joy, Praise, Thanksgiving, Zeal,
 Langours, and Ardours which Thy Lovers feel;
 All grateful Passions which have ever stream'd,
 From Sinners by the Blood of God redeem'd.
 Into all Love, my Powers, my Spirit turn,
 Love which unquenchable may ever burn;
 May ev'ry Thought I of Thy Suff'rings frame,
 Sustain, invigorate, encrease the Flame.
 Nourish'd by Thee, I no Fatigue shall feel,
 And tread Thy Steps with persevering Zeal:
 Or if thou shorten by the Cross my Way,
 Fill'd with Thy Love I gladly shall obey:
 Before Thy Death this Feast thou didst ordain,
 The Antidote against internal Pain.
 Thy Saints will imitate Thy solemn Care,
 And by the Altar for the Cross prepare.

ALL Praise to JESUS! who himself design'd,
 For Food to ev'ry God enamour'd mind.

Glory to JESUS, the full Quire repeat,
 Who to pure Souls becomes immortal Meat.

130 *On the Paschal Discourse.*

BELOVED *John* then took his Brother's place,
And Hymn'd lov'd JESUS with indearing Grace.



On the PASCHAL DISCOURSE.

BLESS'D JESUS, who with sweet celestial
[Force,
Didst of Thy Suff'rings to Thy Saints dif-
[course,
Like heav'nly Love by which Thou didst indite,
Breath into me Thy Dictates to recite.

THE Sovereign Priest on JESUS Death intent,
His Messengers to call a Council sent ;
The Death of JESUS was their sole Design,
And popular Commotions to decline,
While they sat raving in their black Debates,
The Traytor *Judas* on the *Junto* waits,
And bargain'd GOD Incarnate to betray,
For thirty Shekels at the fall of Day.
The Sum paid down, he took malicious Care,
To lead his Master to the fatal Snare.
For a vile Price the King of Kings was sold,
Fulfilling what the Prophet had foretold.

JESUS

On the Paschal Discourse. 131

JESUS grew sad soon as the Feast he blest,
And to his Vot'ries thus his Grief express:
You will your faithful Shepherd smitten see,
And all his little Flock shall scatter'd be;
One will betray me to the *Jews* this Night,
The rest of you will save yourselves by Flight.
All vow'd their Master never to forsake,
That all in his Afflictions would partake;
But *Peter* firmly vow'd, He'd rather dye,
With his dear Lord, than his dear Lord deny.
Our LORD rejoyn'd, This very Night e're twice
The Cock shall crow, thou wilt deny me thrice.

OUR LORD, who saw his faithful Friends sur-
[priz'd,
At *John's* Request the Traytor signaliz'd;
That he to whom a Sop he should impart,
Had form'd this Scheme of Treason in his Heart;
And then pronounc'd what everlasting Woe,
The Wretch should for his Treason undergoe;
The Sop receiv'd, false *Judas* flew away,
His Malice was impatient of Delay;
Lest the dire Fact, or JESUS melting Grief,
Guilt, or Compassion, should convert the Thief.
Satan as yet, could only ill suggest,
Entirely now he fill'd the Traytor's Breast.
Just GOD, when harden'd Souls his Grace repell,
Surrenders them to the Insults of Hell.

132 *On the Paschal Discourse.*

The Traytor, though his Treachery was descry'd,
Yet to the *Sanhedrim* himself apply'd,
Swore if they wou'd assign him Armed Bands
He wou'd deliver Jesus to their Hands:
The Rudest they dispatch'd, and with him sent,
Fittest to execute his black Intent.

OUR LORD, when he the Traytor had expos'd,
With sacred Hymn the heav'nly Banquet clos'd.
Hymn, the sole Off'ring of the Saints in Light,
Eternally they sing, and Hymns indite;
Hymns which below, Devotion best supply,
And make frail Mortals with the Angels vie.
Since to sing Hymns, my LORD, I learn of Thee,
To Hymn Thy Love, shall my chief Business be.

OUR LORD, who oft predicted, he must die,
Warn'd them, his Crucifixion now drew nigh;
Yet to support them was his tender Care,
And for approaching Trial to prepare.

GRIEVE not at my Retreat, in me confide,
I go to Heav'n your Mansions to provide,
You of my Joy shall have proportion'd Shares,
And of my Glory be with me Co-heirs.
I from the World back to my FATHER go,
You Me by Sight, by Faith my FATHER know:
I am the Way, the Truth, the Life, and none
Approach my FATHER, but by me alone;

On the Paschal Discourse 133

I from my FATHER speak, and by his Might
Work Miracles, which should firm Faith excite;
When to my FATHER I ascend on high,
Your Miracles shall work as great as I.
All pious Prayers you to my FATHER make,
Shall gain a full Acceptance for my Sake;
You no Support shall in my Absence need,
I'll pray the COMFORTER may me succeed;
The HOLY GHOST, whom Infidels repell,
He shall be in you, He shall with you dwell;
Of Truth He is the everlasting Source,
You always shall enjoy his gracious Force;
You with a Faith unclouded then shall see,
I in the FATHER am, and He in Me;
If me you love, to please me you will strive,
Love by Obedience shews itself alive;
With Lovers, who my light Commands obey,
My FATHER and Myself will fix our Stay,
My FATHER, who the COMFORTER shall send,
Whose Aids to all your Wants shall co-extend;
He'll teach all Truths, give Comforts in Distress,
And all the Truths I teach will re-impress.
My Peace at parting on your Souls shall rest,
Of which no human Rage shall you divest;
If me you love, Joy will your Souls overflow,
That back I to the Father Godhead go;
The Prince of Hell fierce War with me will wage,
I'll for my FATHER'S Love the Fiend engage.
You'll know by that my filial Love immense,
The Foe is near, arise, we must go hence.

134 *On the Paschal Discourse.*

This said, they towards the Mount of Olives walkt,
And he of heav'nly Things thus sweetly talkt.

As Branches can no juicy Clusters bear,
Unless they to the Vine united are ;
Thus you from me, must Life and Grace derive,
Sever'd from me, you are no more alive ;
Produce no Fruit to glorify my Name,
Become fit Fuel for infernal Flame.
My FATHER, if you in my Love abide,
Shall by your Fruits of Love be magnify'd,
Obedience my Dread FATHER will endear,
O strive in fruitful Love to persevere.
My FATHER, I love, honour, and obey,
Learn Love from me, and on no Rivals stray ;
My FATHER, who first loves, your Love to train,
Re-lov'd, will love accumulate again ;
Like Heav'n fore-tasting Joy, which me transports-
Shall raise your Love to rapturous Efforts ;
You Love like mine, must to each other show,
Men shall by mutual Love my Voc'ries know,
The noblest Love is for a Friend to bleed,
You are my Friends, if you my Precepts heed.
I rather you my Friends than Servants own,
And to my Friends make heav'nly Secrets known ;
You have I chose, to publish Truth sublime,
And spread Salvation through each Pagan Clime,
If the loose World your Love with Hate pursue ;
It hated me, before it hated you :

You

On the Paschal Discourse. 135

You all its impious Maxims contradict,
'Tis for Heav'n's Sake and mine, they you afflict.
I taught them Truths which never Man yet spoke,
They for their Unbelief can have no Cloak;
I Wonders wrought notorious to their Eyes,
My Wonders they all know, yet me despise.
Not Me alone, my FATHER they reject,
Whose vengeful Eyes their impious Acts inspect;
But when the SPIRIT comes, whom I bequeath,
When Godhead Fontal and Deriv'd, co-breath;
He'll give my Mission Attestations new,
Who co-eternally my Glory knew.

I warn you of the Dangers you shall meet,
Jews you as Excommunicates will treat;
The Hour will come, when they who make you
[bleed,
Will think they do a meritorious Deed.
This in your Way to Heav'n, you must expect,
Since they my FATHER and Myself reject.
Grieve not that I depart, when I retire,
The HOLY GHOST sweet Comforts shall inspire,
He'll strong Convictions o're the World diffuse
Of Sin, because my Mercy they abuse.
He'll make my Righteousness as Noon-tide clear,
And of the final Judgment strike a Fear;
He'll teach all Truth, all Graces He'll instill,
And form your Spirits to my FATHER's Will.
He'll speak my Mind, my Glory He'll assert,
And his Prophetick Force in you exert:

136 *On the Paschal Discourse.*

All Things my FATHER comprehends, are mine,
He'll speak from Both with Mission co-divine.
I for a little While must go away,
But, shall my Friends re-visit the third Day;
When I Above shall re-assume my Seat,
You'll never see me, till in Heav'n we meet.

A Woman when in Labour undergoes,
Intensely-dolorous Pangs, and Pains, and Throws;
But when the Babe is from his Prison freed,
Her Sorrows cease, and mighty Joys succeed.
Thus for my Absence you a While will grieve,
But my Return will all your Joys retrieve;
Joys, which as soon as you for Heav'n are ripe,
Shall Tears for ever from your Eye-lids wipe.
The Pray'rs you in my Name to God present,
By gracious Answers shall your Joys augment.
You Truth till now in Parables have heard,
It for the future shall from Clouds be clear'd.
To heighten Joy, I'll for my Lovers pray,
My FATHER will on them his Love display.
I from my FATHER to the World came down,
But must return to my Celestial Crown.
You'll soon be scatter'd, you'll abandon me,
I single shall, not solitary be,*
My FATHER with me ever will reside;
Nought can Co-unal DEITY divide;
My Peace I give you which becalms the Mind,
Be of good Cheer, and live to God resign'd;

You'll

On the Paschal Discourse 137

You'l in the World fierce Oppositions meet,
But I have given the World entire Defeat.
Our LORD erecting then toward Heav'n his View,
This Pray'r, fast as he thought it, thither flew.

O FATHER, 'tis Thy Hour to shine on me,
Thou by my Glory, glorified wilt be.
To me Thou dost Eternal Life entrust,
Which I dispose of only to the Just:
The first Step tow'rds it, is their GOD to know,
And Me, to whom Mankind Redemption owe,
I here on Earth have glorify'd Thy Name,
And finish'd the Great Work for which I came:
Now to Thy heav'nly Glory me restore,
Which I co-equal had with Thee before,
I have Thy Glory taught to thine Elect,
They keep thy Word, and the vain World reject,
They my divine Commission all believe,
Their Mediator thankfully receive,
To pray for them I tenderly incline,
They thy Peculiar are, by Gift are mine;
To Thee and Me, they are alike ally'd,
In them with Thee I am co-glorify'd;
They in the wicked World will stay, while I
To Thee, O FATHER, shall ascend on high,
O keep Thy Chosen, with Thy tender Might,
May they with Us, as I with Thee unite:
I kept them Pure, while I with them remain'd,
The Traytor only with foul Guilt was stain'd.

138 *On the Paschal Discourse.*

I haste to Thee, and have these Truths instill'd,
 That all my Joys in them may be fulfill'd.
 Like me they from the World live disingag'd,
 The World against both Me and them enrag'd.
 'Tis not my Pray'r, that they the World should leave,
 But to no Evil in the World should cleave;
 By Thy pure Truth, O sanctify my Fold,
 Thy Truth in thy own Sacred Word enroll'd.
 Thy Love to send me to the World decreed,
 These must in Mission Thy own Son succeed.
 I for their Sakes devote myself, that they,
 Shou'd with like Resignation Thee obey.
 I pray for the Eleven, next them for all,
 Who Thee their FATHER, Me their SAVIOUR call,
 That they by our Co-unity Above,
 May from Essential, copy mutual Love;
 That they in Faith strict Union may maintain,
 By mutual Pray'rs, may mutual Blessings gain;
 Like Glory I receiv'd, to them I give,
 That they in Heav'n in endless Love may live;
 That they might by my Mediation know,
 Thou Love to them, like that to me dost show:
 O FATHER! 'tis my passionate Desire,
 My Lovers may with me, like Bliss acquire,
 And may behold Thy co-essential Beam,
 How from Thy Love I co-eternal stream.
 O Righteous FATHER, Men obdurate grown,
 Will not Thy Love, nor their Redeemer own.
 But I Thy Love unbounded comprehend,
 My Vot'ries know, I from Thy Love descend;

On the Agony. 139

I have them fully taught, that in each Breast,
Like Love to that of thy own Son, may rest.

ALL Praise to JESUS, who thus pray'd, thus taught,
Who for pure Love propitious Wonders wrought,
Glory to Jesus all the Saints resound,
May his dear Love in all our Hearts abound.

Arimatbean Joseph next with Tears,
Deep wounded all their Spirits through their Ears,



On the AGONY.

BLESS'D JESUS who didst wondrous Grief
[sustain,
Eternal Joy for wretched Man to gain;
Fill me with an intenerating Sense,
Of all the Dolours of Thy Love immense,
That I in melting Verse, with gushing Eyes,
May with Thy Agony co-agonize.

UPON a Mount near Salem, whose fat Soil
Cheers Judah's Face with soft distilling Oyle,
Which shrowds its Head in Olive-Groves from
[Hear,
And in cool Kedron bathes its parched Feet,

There

There is a Garden in whose solemn Bowers,
 Our Lord oft spent his consecrated Hours;
 He thither with his Faithfull Train repairs,
 And from the Altar leads them to their Pray'rs,
James, John and Peter thither with him go,
 While the rest waited his return below:
 You three, said *JESUS* shall my stay attend,
 In Pray'r, and Watching those choice Minutes
 [spend,
 Then heavy, and afflicted He complain'd,
 As if already He Death's Pangs sustain'd;
 Grief infinite, and dire internal Pain,
 Forc'd his warm Blood to gush from every Vein.

CURS'D *Invida* her Summons strait diffus'd,
 And all the Fiends at *Salem* rendezvous'd;
 The leading Devils waited by her side,
 Whose Malice had in Mischief long been try'd;
 In Arts of tempting most minutely vers'd,
 The rest she o're *Jerusalem* dispers'd
 As a tir'd Traveller, who slumbring lies,
 Near *Zembra's* Lake, starts up in dire surprize,
 When Unicorns, who tread the neighb'ring Ground,
 With taper'd Horns his mossy shade surround;
 Insultingly the Wretch they toss, and gore,
 He wounded is, and bruis'd, and bleeds all o're;
 Hell pow'rs, and furious *Jews* were thus intent
 In Flesh, in Spirit *Jesus* to torment;
 For ev'ry Passion they their batt'rys built
 To raise by Force, or by Vexation, Guilt.

His

His Father's Anger, Sin, the bitter Cup,
 Whose Dreggs he was devoted to drink up,
 His Spirit gor'd, Hell the Advantage weigh'd,
 And general Assaults upon him made;
 Horror, his Dangers, and his Pangs suggests,
 Impatience, with repinings him, infests;
 Jealousy, oft his Father's Love would blame,
 Disdain, urg'd of the Cross, the Smart, and Shame;
 Hate, mov'd him to detest outrageous Jews,
 Revenge, Retaliations would infuse,
 Fear, tempted him approaching Pains to fly,
 Despair, his cruel Father to deny,
 Incessantly they toss'd Him, gave no rest,
 Yet no ill Thought upon his Soul impress,
 Amidst the Horns of Unicorns He pray'd,
 And GOD dispatch'd a Seraph to his Aid
 Swift flew the glorious Envoy from the Throne,
 Saw JESUS sad, and made for JESUS moan;
 The blisfull Spirit who ne'er griev'd before,
 Into Compassion melted was all o're,
 His Vehicle into bright Tears condens'd,
 While thus his heav'nly Message he commenc'd.

GOD Filial Second of the Glorious TRINE,
 To who we Adoration pay Divine,
 For you, though thus debas'd, my GOD I stile,
 Your Heav'nly Joys suspended seem a while,
 GOD ne'er abandons His Beloved Son,
 GOD and You co-eternally are One,

'Tis Your good Father's Will, and 'tis Your own;
 That You for human Guilt should thus atone.
 Since cursed Sin the Righteous God disclaims,
 And daringly at God's Destruction aims;
 For ev'ry hardned Sinner has the Will,
 To murder God; could he his Wish fulfill.
 You the Suspence of Deity must bear,
 For nothing less the Outrage can repair;
 You still to God immutably are dear,
 God is not to his Son, but Sin severe,
 Man's Guilt, and God's fierce Wrath to Sinners

[due,
 By God's Decree translated are on You:
 The greater Load is on your Spirit laid,
 God will be more commensurately paid;
 All the vicarious Vengeance you sustain,
 And all your un-imaginable Pain,
 Will God's Essential Attributes adjust,
 Purchase immortal Life for mortal Dust;
 Make Sinners in your Name for Pardon plead,
 Infernal Powers subdue, and captive lead,
 Make faithfull Souls You their Redeemer own,
 Exalt your human Nature to God's Throne
 At God's Right Hand eternally to reign,
 All Heaven in Hymns will worship the Lamb slain.

Thus spake the Seraph; and to Bliss re-flew,
 He scarce reach'd Heav'n, but Jesus griev'd anew;
 Sin, and God's Anger were a mighty Weight,
 Which no Seraphick Comfort could abate.

Thus

Thus griev'd, from his three Vot'ries He withdrew,
 His awful Face on Earth He humbly threw;
 Address most ardent to his FATHER made,
 And with unutterable Passion pray'd.
 If, FATHER, it consists with Thy Decree,
 Set me from this outrageous Anguish free;
 Yet, FATHER, not my Will be done, but Thine;
 My Will, I wholly to Thy Will resign.
 With that, Blest JESUS rising from the Ground,
 Chid his three Vot'ries, whom he sleeping found;
 Cou'd you not for one Hour forbear your Sleep,
 And with Devotion this short Vigil keep?
 O watch and pray, lest Satan you assail,
 The Spirit willing is, the Flesh is frail.
 From them the second time He then retreats,
 With double Fervor the same Pray'r repeats?
 Then coming back, their Eye-lids fast were clos'd,
 Strong Grief to Stupor had their Souls dispos'd;
 Again with trebled Ardor He retires,
 Reiterating still the same Desires.
 The three He then re-visits, and was griev'd,
 That Sleep again of Sense had them bereav'd.
 Ah! can you sleep, says He, when Trouble is near,
 The Traytor soon will raise a wakeful Fear;
 Arise, I'll the approaching Danger meet,
 Saints when Go'd wills the Suff'rings, ne'er retreat.

FOUL Invida, who took no Rest at all,
 But liv'd self-tortur'd ever since her Fall;

Her

Her black Design to full Perfection brought;
 And *Jews* to her own Height of Malice wrought;
 Even Elders and High Priests ambitious were,
 In all the envious Cruelties to share;
 All arm'd with Swords and Instruments of Rage,
 And Envy, which no Yielding could assuage.
 The Moon in Clouds had veil'd her Orb of Light,
 The Stars withdrew from the detested Sight;
 And to supply their Room, the savage Bands
 With Lanthorns came, and Torches in their Hands.
 And *Judas*, lest the Soldiers should mistake,
 His Kiss, the Sign would to direct them, make.
 Meeting our LORD, Hail Master, Hail, he cry'd,
 Then kiss'd him, and the Band the Foe descry'd.
 Friend, said Meek JESUS, why such Force as this?
 Canst thou betray thy Master with a Kiss?
 Whom seek ye, said our LORD, his heav'nly Breath
 Strait Thunder-struck the Band, as pale as Death;
 They trembling, backward fell upon the Ground,
 His heav'nly Rays the armed Force confound.
 Meek JESUS suff'ring them to rise again,
 Demands, Whom seek ye, with this armed Train?
 JESUS, they cry, if Me ye seek, said He,
 Let these my faithful Vot'ries then go free,
 Fulfilling what He spake, That the Elect,
 Whom GOD had given, He would from Force pro-
 [tect.

Peter, his Master's Champion to appear,
 Drew out his Sword, and cut off *Malchus* Ear.

Our

Our LORD rebuk'd his rash, revengeful Zeal,
 And by his Touch vouchsaf'd the Wound to heal.
 Shall I, said He, from that dire Potion shrink,
 Which 'tis my FATHER's Pleasure I should drink?
 Twelve arm'd Angelick Legions ready stand,
 Wou'd I use Force, to come at my Command.
 Why as a Thief, said JESUS to the Crew,
 Do you thus arm'd my Innocence pursue?
 I daily in the Temple taught, and there
 None to commit this Violence would dare;
 But I must suffer, 'tis my FATHER's Will,
 And by my Sufferings Holy Writ fulfill:
 For Jew and Hell, 'tis the insulting Hour,
 You to afflict me, have permitted Power.
 With that, the armed Rabble him surround,
 While with rude Cords his Sacred Hands they bound;
 Accus'd *Invidia* in every Breast
 Her Fury so indelibly imprest,
 That nor his God-like Look, his heavenly Tongue,
 (Which to the Earth the trembling Warriours flung)
 Nor the kind Miracle on *Malchus* wrought,
 Could raise so much as one relenting Thought;
 So wholly unreclaimable are they,
 Who Love immense with Outrages repay.

LIKE thy Blest Self, LORD, teach me to submit;
 To all my Heav'nly Father shall think fit;
 To yield the full Subjection of a Son,
 Pray, Father, not my Will, but thine be done.

146 On the Arraignment

He ever lives unviolenc'd by ill,
 Who to His God devoted, has no Will;
 Since Thou my Father art, O God, I right
 Claim in Thy boundless Goodness, Wisdom, Might:
 Thy Wisdom will my Soul in doubts direct,
 Thy Might will in Calamities protect,
 Thy Goodness ne'er will causelessly afflict,
 With all the Three I'll keep a Union strict;
 They'll me proportion what for me is best,
 In their Disposals I entirely rest;
 I into Thee refund my borrow'd Mind,
 To center in Thee by a Will resign'd.

*ALL Praise to JESUS! who our Grievs to cure,
 Would Agonies unspeakable endure.*

*Glory to JESUS! ran the Mountain o're,
 Whose Limbs were bath'd in his own Tears and Gore.*

Simon the Zealot, who saw Jews Arraign
 Incarnate God, express'd his just Disdain.

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## On the ARRAIGNMENT of JESUS.

**J**ESU, who Man in bliss to re-instate,  
 Wouldst be the Object of Judaick hate,  
 Help me to sing of the unbounded woes  
 Which in thy Soul at thy Arraignment rose.

CURS'D

CURS'D *Invidia* now thought her Plot secure,  
Yet that the JESUS's Death might more insure,  
She orders gave to all the Fiends that Night,  
Anew to irritate the Jewish Spite.  
The Guard, our LORD now bound, to *Annas* led,  
His Envy with that wish'd for Sight was fed,  
And having took his diabolic fill,  
Sent Him to *Caiaphas* to compleat the ill.

Soon as they at the Palace gate arrive,  
The Council meet, His Ruin to contrive.  
Some perjur'd Wretches studiously they sought,  
Whose Testimonies might with Bribes be bought.  
O're all *Jerusalem* they search'd in vain,  
His very Foes durst not his Virtue stain;  
Till *Invidia* with Avarice combin'd,  
And two base Villains to the Fact inclin'd,  
Who swore that JESUS offer'd in three Days  
The Jewish Temple to destroy, and raise,  
But yet in circumstantiating the Deed,  
They in their Depositions disagreed.  
*Caiaphas* strove the Crime to aggrandize,  
Which yet to Capital could never rise:  
Then asks his Answer. JESUS the Mistake  
Well knew, disdaining a Return to make.  
Next he adjures him, in GOD's Name to shew,  
Whether he were the CHRIST, GOD's Son or No?  
You, JESUS said, the Son of Man shall Eye,  
Enthron'd one Day at GOD's Right Hand on High,



## 148 *On the Arraignment*

And in a Cloud of Glory thence descend,  
To judge those Judges who his Death intend  
That Answer Sacerdotal Rage foment,  
His sacred Vesture he in Madneſs rents;  
What need, he foam'd, of witneſs? ye all hear  
The Blaſphemy which deſecrates our Ear.  
Worthy of Death all J E S U S then conclude,  
And treat him with insults profane, and rude,  
They buffet, ſcoff, ſpit in His ſacred Face,  
All Ways they ſtrive to grieve him, or diſgrace;  
They ſmite him blindfold, and then urge to know,  
By his prophetick Skill, who gave the Blow;  
A Thouſand more bold Blaſphemies they ſpoke,  
Yet not the leaſt Impatience could provoke.

BUT our dear LORD was more by *Peter* griev'd,  
Than by the Wrongs he from his Foes receiv'd.  
Getting Admittance at the High-Prieſt's Gate  
He curious was to learn his Maſter's Fate;  
While with the Rabble at the Fire he ſtay'd,  
And ev'ry Paſſage punctually weigh'd,  
*Apoſtles* urg'd him J E S U S to abjure,  
Who nor himſelf, nor Vot'ries cou'd ſecure.  
Fear, next ſtrove frightful Fancies to inject,  
That J E S U S Vot'ries muſt his Fate expect:  
*Apoſtles* cou'd not Unbelief perſuade,  
But Fear prevail'd Confeſſion to evade.  
Thou waſt with J E S U S, then a Damsel cry'd;  
The Man you name, I know not, he reply'd:

And

And for a while into the Porch withdrew,  
While his first Crow, the Cock at Midnight crew;  
A second Damsel the same Charge repeats,  
And with like obstinate Denial meets.  
Some boldly him a *Galilean* nam'd,  
And that his Dialect his Birth proclaim'd:  
One vow'd, that Man he with the Prisoner saw  
Against State Officers his Sabre draw;  
And he by Terror the third Time attack'd  
With Oaths and Curses his Denial back'd:  
As from his Lips his third Denial came,  
The Cock began the Morning to proclaim:  
Our LORD, whose Heart by that Denial gor'd,  
Laps'd *Peter*, next to his own Pains deplor'd,  
Cast on his guilty Lover standing by,  
Such a soft, chiding, sweet, endearing eye,  
Which penetrated with a Force so kind,  
Each Power of his Love-violating Mind,  
That hast'ning out, a lonely Place he spys,  
And there unfluc'd the Cat'racts of his Eyes.

WHILE JESUS, worried by the *Pagan* crew,  
Storm'd by Hell Powers, and the co-hellish *Few*,  
In piercing Cold, void of Friend, Comfort, Rest,  
With Grief incomprehensible oppress'd;  
With patient Meekness his Tormentors tyr'd;  
Curs'd *Invida* afresh their Malice fir'd.  
Early the Council met, the second Time  
Consult how they may charge him with a Crime,

# 150 On the Arraignment

But could no credible Invention frame,  
And the High-Priest was forc'd to ask the same,  
Art Thou the CHRIST, the Son of GOD; or no?  
Yourselfes, said JESVS, often Style me so.  
Hear the tremendous Blasphemy, they cry,  
And the Blasphemer by our Law must dye.

Satan, who in false Judas kept abode,  
And in his Heart fix'd his malicious goad,  
Since he had now play'd all the Traitor's Parts,  
A fierce Despair into his Conscience darts;  
With Horror tortur'd, and confounding Shame,  
Too great to lay to any Pardon Claim,  
He to the Council hastes, Confession made,  
That he had spotless Innocence betray'd,  
His Bribe he wou'd refund, which they reject,  
Treating him with contemptuous neglect.  
Swell'd up with Rage he to the Temple goes,  
And on the Floor the Thirty Peices throws,  
'Twas the vile Price of a despis'd Slave,  
Which vilest Jews for GOD Incarnate gave,  
All there conclude, the Price of Blood, not fit  
Into the hallow'd Treasure to admit,  
And bought with that curs'd Summ the Potters  
[Field,  
Which shou'd a burying Place to Strangers Yield,  
Now styl'd the Field of Blood, that all might own,  
'Twas the Event by Prophecy foreshewn.

Judas

*Judas* of Mercy having lost the Hope,  
 Resolv'd his Life to shorten by a Rope ;  
 A sliding Cord he threw his Neck around,  
 One end upon a lofty Bough was bound,  
 Then Headlong falling, that he soon might choak,  
 His heavy Carcass the strong Halter broke,  
 And falling on a Stake, the Wretch accurs'd,  
 In horrid manner strait asunder burst,  
 And while his Limbs in Blood and Bowels roll,  
 He Devils importunes to snatch his Soul.  
 O unrepeatable, and dreadful Doom  
 Of those, who to betray their LORD, presume.

THE *Jews* to *Pilate's* Palace *JESUS* lead,  
 Resolving there the Prisoner to implead,  
 Yet enter'd not, least by impure Contact  
 Of *Gentiles*, they Uncleanneſs should Contract,  
 That they might eat the Passover unstain'd,  
 And *JESUS* was within the Hall arraign'd.  
 The Chief Priests, Scribes, and Elders in the Name,  
 Of the whole Land, against our LORD declaim,  
 Cry him a Malefactor, and demand  
 His speedy Doom, from his impartial Hand.  
 But *Pilate*, who their furious Ravings saw,  
 Remits him to be judg'd by *Jewish* Law.  
 We have no Power, they said, of Life and Death,  
 That now depends upon the *Roman* Breath.  
 Thus *JESUS's* Word minutely was fulfill'd,  
 Into his Vot'ries often pre-instill'd,



## 152 *On the Arraignment*

That by a *Roman* Crucifixion, He  
Not by a *Jewish* Death should martyr'd be.

WE to your Bar, they said, this Wretch have  
[brought,  
Who impious Doctrines o'er the Land has taught;  
Of *Cæsar's* due the Payment he dissuades,  
Styles himself King, and *Cæsar's* Throne invades.  
The Name of King made jealous *Pilate* start,  
Withdrawing he examin'd him apart;  
Art Thou a *Jewish* King, as People rave?  
But no reply determinate he gave,  
You hear, said *Pilate*, what momentous Things,  
The awful *Sanhedrim* against you brings:  
But *JESUS* silent, all Defence declin'd,  
To meet that Fate Paternal God design'd.  
*Pilate*, who by his silent Meekness guess'd  
His Innocence, Him innocent profess'd.  
With envious Rage his Persecutors Fume,  
And *Pilate* urge the Hearing to resume,  
Art Thou a King? said *Pilate*. *JESUS* spake,  
Ask you this for your own, or *Judah's* Sake?  
I am no *Jew*, said *Pilate*, nor am skill'd  
In Prophecies, they dream shall be fulfill'd;  
The Council and all *Israel* hither run,  
To charge you: say, What evil have you done?  
My Realm, says *JESUS*, waves all worldly might,  
My Subjects else wou'd for my rescue fight.  
Did ever Crown, said *Pilate*, you adorn?  
I am a King, said *JESUS*, and was born,

That

That I on Earth a ghostly Realm might sway,  
And make my Subjects heav'nly Truths obey.  
Then *Pilate* publicly declar'd his Mind,  
I in this Man no Fault at all can find.  
The *Jews* with a fresh Fury, clamour loud;  
That he had sown Rebellion through the Crowd,  
From *Galilee* to *Salem* Men amus'd,  
With pestilential Maxims he infus'd.  
*Pilate*, when *Galilee* was nam'd, wou'd know,  
Whether he *Galilean* was or no,  
Inform'd he was, he him to *Herod* sends,  
While Paschal Rites at *Salem* he attends.

THAT Tyrant had his Life in incest led,  
At his Command our LORD's Fore-runner bled,  
O're *Galilee* he cruel Tetrarch reign'd,  
And in the *Jewish* Law had long been train'd;  
Oft he had heard of JESUS's mighty Fame,  
And joy'd when JESUS to his Palace came,  
With Expectation that from JESUS He  
Should Myst'ries hear, or Miracles should see.  
Our LORD, who well their Hearts obdurate knew,  
No Answer gave to *Herod*, or to *Jew*:  
They strong Convictions had condemn'd before,  
And GOD thus outrag'd would vouchsafe no more.  
The King who saw him, resolutely mute,  
Concludes him Idiot, and of no repute,  
He, and his furious Guards our LORD deride.  
The Animal with fierce insultings ply'd,

## 154 *On the Arraignment*

In a White Robe, they the Mock King array'd,  
And to their Fill, their cruel Pastimes play'd;  
*Herod*, who thought his Majesty debas'd,  
His Indignation on a Sot to waste,  
To *Pilate* sends him to receive his Due,  
Where his malicious Foes their Rage renew,

*Rome's Justice*, *Pilate* said, this Man acquits,  
And him even *Herod* uncondemn'd transmits;  
No Crime in him, or he, or I can see,  
He shall Chastisement suffer, and go free.  
'Tis customary at this solemn Feast,  
One Pris'ner for your Sake shou'd be releas't;  
And this shall be the Man: For well he knew  
Their Envy, not his Guilt, the *Odium* drew,  
At freeing *JESUS*, they with Fury rave,  
We not this Man, but we *Barabbas* crave;  
Whose horrid Crimes to all the *Jews* were known,  
They choose the Villain, and the Saint disown.  
What shall I do with *JESUS*, he rejoin'd,  
Whom oft examin'd, I still guiltless find?  
Then with a Rage unanimous they cry'd,  
Let *JESUS* be condemn'd, and crucify'd.  
To satisfy, said he, the Nation's Cries,  
I will the Guiltless, the Oppress'd chastise.  
No sober Council cou'd allay their Heat,  
Crucify, Crucify, they all repeat.

WHILE *Pilate* thus the rapid Torrent stemm'd,  
He striving to acquit, whom they condemn'd;

His

His Wife Intreaties sent, he shon'd take care,  
 In murdering that Just Man, to have no share;  
 By a tremendous Dream, she well fore-knew,  
 That G O D the Fact with Veng'ance wou'd pursue.  
 Pilate then J E S U S spotless Life to save,  
 Command to Soldiers for his Scourging gave;  
 Within the Common-Hall the armed Bands  
 Strip him, and to a Pillar tie his Hands;  
 With knotted Cords his tender Flesh they lash'd,  
 Long gaping Furrows in his Muscles gash'd;  
 His Blood which gushing run from ev'ry Pore,  
 Bath'd him a second time in his own Gore;  
 His Head they with a Wreath of Thorns surround,  
 And ev'ry Thorn gave a peculiar Wound;  
 His Blood afresh in Showers came trickling down,  
 From the sharp, num'rous gorings of his Crown,  
 Mock-Purple Robes he on his Shoulders wore,  
 For Sceptre, in his Hand a Reed he bore:  
 With bended Knee his Patience they abuse,  
 Spit in his Face, and cry, Hail King of Jews;  
 Then smite him with his own Mock-Sceptre Reed,  
 Ev'n Jews cou'd scarce their Outrages exceed.

Thus rob'd, crown'd, scepter'd, bleeding, full of  
 [Woes,  
 Pilate to move some Pity J E S U S shows;  
 Behold the Man! whose Innocence I urg'd,  
 Yet for your Sakes have thus severely scourg'd;  
 It were a Shame, I should afflict him more;  
 Crucify, Crucify, they foaming roar.

We



## 156 *On the Arraignment*

We have a Law, with Clamour they reply,  
 And by our Law Blasphemers ought to dye.  
 This proud, ambitious Wretch, meek as He seems,  
 Styles himself God's own Son, and God blasphemes.  
 That Name struck *Pilate* with an Awe profound,  
 And he withdrew, this Question to propound,  
 Whence art Thou? *JESUS* silent stood, then he,  
 Have I not Power to crucify or free?  
 And art Thou silent? *JESUS* made Reply,  
 The Power you have, is giv'n you from on High.  
 If you that Power abuse, you *GOD* offend,  
*Jews*, who know more, your Guilt the more tran-  
 [scend.

*STILL Pilate* strove their Malice to assuage,  
 Urg'd his Release, which rais'd impetuous Rage;  
 All loudly Bellow, he himself wou'd show  
 Not *Cæsar's* Friend, shou'd he let *JESUS* go,  
 Who courts by *Magick* popular Renown,  
 Styles himself King, and aims at *Cæsar's* Crown.  
*Pilate* then *JESUS* in his royal Weed,  
 Crown'd with sharp Thorns, and scepter'd with a  
 [Reed,

In the *Prætorium* plac'd in all their Views,  
 Behold your King, said he, the King of *Jews*.  
 We no King, they return, but *Cæsar* own,  
 And you with watchful Care shou'd guard his  
 [Throne.

Away with him, away with him, they cry,  
 And let the Wretch by Crucifixion dye.

WHEN

WHEN *Pilate* saw their Malice higher swell,  
 He thought it vain, their Fury to repell:  
 But wash'd his Hands; I guiltless am, he said,  
 From this Just Person's Blood, you thirst to shed.  
 In horrid Curse their Answer they exprest,  
 His Blood on us, and on our Children rest.  
*Pilate, Tiberius* to incense afraid,  
 And by the Clamours of the *Jews* dismay'd;  
 Despairing safely to prevent the Ill,  
 Delivers JESUS to their envious Will;  
 Commands the Guards *Barabbas* to unbind,  
 And JESUS to the dol'rous Cross consign'd.  
 May I devoutly, LORD, Thy Patience weigh,  
 Oh, let no Ills me rancour or dismay!  
 On thy Support, may I in Troubles lean,  
 And keep in worldly Storms a Soul serene.

ALL Praise to JESUS! who with Sin unstain'd,  
 Was for our Guilt consent to be Arraign'd.  
 Glory to JESUS! o're the Mountain goes,  
 Who for laps'd Man, endur'd such bitter Woes.

BLESS'D *Thomas*, into *Simon's* Standing slept,  
 And all the while he hymn'd the Passion, wept.

On



## On the PASSION.

**M**ELT me all o're, Eternal, Gracious Dove,  
 Into the utmost Tenderness of Love:  
 That while I Suff'ring JESUS have in Sight,  
 Condoling Love may a soft Song indite.  
 Oh! tune my Heart to that sweet, tender Strain,  
 In which the Virgins worship the Lamb Slain;  
 While on their sympathetick Harps they play  
 To the New Song, which none can learn but they.

WHEN tim'rous Pilate JESUS Death decreed,  
 And that He shou'd by Crucifixion bleed,  
 The Jews, by *Invidia* possess'd, to please,  
 The rude, remorseless Soldiers on him seize.  
 Then his Mock-purple Robe away they tear,  
 That He might only his own Garments wear;  
 His pond'rous Cross they on his Shoulders lay,  
 With Spears they goad him through the dol'rous  
 [Way.

But JESUS spent with Loss of Blood and Pain,  
 Unable was the Burden to sustain.  
 They saw him sink, yet would no Pity show,  
 But to reserve him for his dying Woe;

Good

Good *Simon*, whom they for his Friend suspect,  
To bear his Cross, they from the Croud select.  
O happy Saint! in *JESUS* Griefs to share,  
To ease Blest *JESUS*, *JESUS* Cross to bear!  
Two Thieves they with Him couple, to imply,  
He for like Crimes with them, alike must dye.  
The Evangelick Prophet this foretold,  
That He shou'd with Transgressors be enroll'd.

His faithful Vot'ries follow'd the sad Train,  
And sympathiz'd with him in ev'ry Vein.  
The Tender Sex His View afflicting kept,  
Their Hearts bled faster, than their Eye-lids wept.  
With re-condoling Love, and melting Eyes,  
*JESUS* to their afflicted Love replies,  
Drain not your Tears, my Anguish to deplore;  
Weep for yourselves, and for your Children more.  
I by my Sufferings shall to Glory rise,  
But dreadful Vengeance shall this Land surprize.  
Ah! *Salem's* Daughters, near is the sad Day,  
When in Extremity of Grief you'll say,  
Thrice happy are the Wombs once barren styl'd,  
Thrice happy Paps which never suckled Child.  
Then to the Hills and Mountains Men shall call,  
To shelter us from Wrath, upon us fall.  
Nor Hills, nor Mountains will regard their Woes,  
Obdurate and relentless as their Foes.  
Like a Green Tree with a well-water'd Root,  
I yielded for your Food, Life-giving Fruit;

The



The Faithless, like Trees with no Moisture fed;  
 Cumbring the Ground, unfruitful are and dead.  
 God, who permits the Green shall trampled lye,  
 Justly decrees the Felling of the Dry.  
 If such Afflictions Innocence attend,  
 Think what dire Judgments over Guilt impend!

SOON as they at Mount *Calvary* arriv'd,  
 Where Malefactors were of Life depriv'd;  
 For *Anodyne*, to Criminals then us'd,  
 Of Wine, with Frankincense, and Myrrh infus'd;  
 The envious *Jews*, his Anguors to augment,  
 A Cup of Gall and Vinegar present:  
 He thirsty, of the odious Potion sips,  
 And from it strait withdrew his injur'd Lips:  
 Naked they stript him, to increase Disgrace,  
 Then on the Cross his Frame supine they place;  
 His tender Hands and Feet with Cords they retch,  
 And when extended to their utmost stretch,  
 With Nails, to fix him to the Tree, they gore  
 Of a large size, to make the wider Bore:  
 JESUS thus nail'd, the Cross on high they heav'd,  
 And that He might be with fresh Torments griev'd,  
 Each, the same Moment, letting go his Hand,  
 Into the Hole in which it was to stand,  
 With such a mighty tort'ring Jerk it fell,  
 The Malice cou'd not be outdone by Hell.  
 His Body, which His Wounds alone support,  
 Feels now of Torment the extream Effort.

It racks his Joints, unsockets all his Bones,  
Each Muscle in him agonizing groans,  
Each Artery, Nerve, Tendon, Fibre, Vein,  
Each Atome felt strong, confluent Pain.  
But midst His dire Convulsions, Pangs and Throws,  
No Wrongs his Charity could discompose;  
He Pardon begs for *Pagan* and for *Jew*,  
FATHER, forgive, they know not what they do.

THE Crime for which the Malefactor bled,  
Was by old Custom labell'd o're his Head;  
This sole Inscription, *Pilate* chose to use,  
JESUS of *Nazareth*, the King of *Jews*.  
As He in Torment hung, contemn'd and scorn'd,  
GOD with this publick Witness him adorn'd.  
Of sacred Truth, though *Pilate* nothing knew,  
He gave the Title to *Messias* due.

THE Thieves on either Hand, on Crosses  
[hung,  
And one revil'd him with a Hell-fir'd Tongue;  
If thou art CHRIST, thyself, and us now free,  
And save us from this painful, murdering Tree.  
The other made a pious, grave Reply,  
How darest thou with Words reproachful dye?  
We of our Crimes the just Chastisement bear;  
*Pilate* was forc'd him guiltless to declare;  
Of GOD's tremendous Bar, hast thou no Fear,  
At which we in few Minutes must appear?

With that, he deeply sighing for Sins past,  
 Soft, penitential Eyes on JESUS cast,  
 Ah LORD, remember me, he humbly cry'd,  
 When Thou art in Thy Kingdom glorify'd.  
 At the first Triumph which his Cross had made,  
 JESUS, amidst his Pains, was pleas'd, and said,  
 Dye with this Consolation, Thou shalt be  
 This very Day in Paradise with me.  
 One Act intense, may in GOD's mild Repute,  
 For a whole Age of Penances commute.

HIGH Heav'n, which could not the sad Sight  
 [endure,  
 To see the Source of Light Divine, obscure;  
 Its cheerful Glories on a sudden shrouds,  
 In thick, black, mournful, confluent Clouds;  
 The Sun, who of its Light then wholly fail'd,  
 The full-cheek'd Moon which hinder'd it, bewail'd;  
 The Sphears, which mov'd in Harmony before,  
 Began in Groans their Maker to deplore;  
 Sun, Moon, and Stars, withdrew their conscious  
 [Light,  
 Egypt ne'er felt such horrid, dismal Night;  
 From the sixth Hour until the ninth, the Realm  
 Of Darkness, seem'd the Land to overwhelm;  
 The Soldiers in four Parts his Vesture tare,  
 Each scoffing claims a Remnant for his Share;  
 But for his seamless Coat, they Lots would throw,  
 Fulfilling what the Prophecies foresaw.

As

As on the Cross afflicted JESUS hangs,  
 Oppress'd with strong, innumerable Pangs,  
 To heighten inward Dolours, all the Pains  
 He for his Persecutors there sustains,  
 He's contemn'd, scorn'd, mock'd, and Pastime made,  
 By those for whom He so dear Ransom paid.  
 Nothing can more Heart-breaking Grief excite,  
 Than utmost Love, repaid with utmost Spite.  
 The Jews, by Torch-light, as His Pangs they eye,  
 Wagging their Heads, in loud Derision cry,  
 Thou, who didst boast the Temple to destroy,  
 And in three Days re-build, thy Power employ  
 To save thyself; now from the Cross come down,  
 And take Possession of the Jewish Crown.  
 The Scribes, Chief Priests, and Rulers, scoffing  
 [rave,  
 Let the World's Saviour try himself to save.  
 If thou art CHRIST, GOD'S Son, and Israel's King,  
 Come from the Cross, and we'll thy Triumph sing;  
 In GOD he trusted, who no Saint forsakes,  
 GOD him abandons, and no Pity takes.  
 The cruel Soldiers at His Groans exult,  
 And with rude Mockery o're him insult.  
 Curs'd leading Ghosts, and all their hellish Train,  
 Feasted their Malice with His boundless Pain;  
 Even Envy, never sated since the Fall,  
 Stood non-plus'd, boasting, she had done her all;  
 And the damn'd Ghosts from Tophet with her flown,  
 All envy'd her the Envy she had shown.



BUT the most tender Wound our LORD receiv'd,  
 Was to behold his dearest Mother griev'd;  
 The Virgin, *John*, and Saints of either Kind,  
 Who thither came, themselves to Grief resign'd:  
 He in the Weeping Croud his Mother spies,  
 Bemoaning Him with soft, Heart-draining Eyes:  
 Maternal Pity pierc'd her through and through,  
 Up to the Hilt her Sword-like Sorrow flew,  
 At the wide-gaping Wound her Soul took vent,  
 And in out-flowing Yearnings was nigh spent;  
 When his soft, melting Eyes towards *John* he roll'd,  
 Bless'd Woman, there thy Son, said he, behold,  
 Then *John's* Regard, he towards his Mother drew,  
 Lov'd *John*, he adds, thy future Mother view.  
 Thence *John* his House the Virgin's Mansion made,  
 And always filial Duty to her paid.

OUR LORD, with Anguish infinite o're-press'd,  
 Was, with Man's Guilt, and Wrath it drew, distress'd.  
 While Godhead from Humanity withdrawn,  
 Gave him no one consolatory Dawn;  
 No Tongue His unimaginable Woes,  
 During that short Suspension, can disclose.  
 What is the Loss of Godhead? Who can think,  
 To Finite, from Infinity to sink?  
 A Loss like this, our suff'ring JESUS griev'd,  
 Of influential Deity bereav'd;  
 While in a dying Paroxysm He spake,  
 My GOD, my GOD, Why dost Thou me forsake?

Strong

Strong Dolours, not Distrust, made this Complaint,  
 My GOD, implies Assurance of a Saint.  
 Then all his Death-Predictions to conclude,  
 He cry'd, I thirst; and a Tormentor rude,  
 An Hyssop-reed, which with a Sponge was tipt,  
 In Vinegar and Gall by Malice dipt,  
 Presented, to embitter his last Breath,  
 And irritate the Agonies of Death.  
 Our LORD receiv'd the loathsome Drops, and cry'd,  
 The Prophecies are now all verify'd;  
 O FATHER, I Thy Priest, to Thy mild Eyes,  
 Present myself for Men a Sacrifice;  
 Their Shame, Guilt, Woes, concenter on my Head,  
 For them I now my Blood vicarious shed.  
 If this Thy Wrath, O FATHER, not atones,  
 O still prolong, and multiply my Groans.  
 In Pity to lost Man I'll suffer more,  
 That to Thy Favour I may him restore;  
 That I may save him from eternal Pain,  
 Tho' Love for Love he pays me not again.  
 But if I now have paid the utmost Mite,  
 O let my Pangs, Thy Pity soft excite:  
 O FATHER, to my Dolours put an End,  
 Into Thy Hands my Spirit I commend.  
 Paternal GOD declar'd His Wrath appeas'd,  
 And with the Off'ring infinitely pleas'd.  
 His Head in Adoration, He inclin'd,  
 And to his FATHER his dear Soul resign'd.

BRIGHT *Michael* with twelve Legions, who had staid  
 To give, if call'd, afflicted JESUS Aid :  
 A Squadron sent to plague apostate Ghosts,  
 Who of destroying JESUS made their Boasts ;  
 They lash'd the Fiends to Hell, with Terrors scar'd,  
 Where new forg'd Tortures were for all prepar'd ;  
 Curs'd *Invida* with her own Saws they jag,  
 And in the Furrows of the filthy Hag,  
 They her own Serpents and her Vipers cram'd,  
 And to accumulated Torments damn'd.

ALL Nature, when the GOD of Nature bled,  
 Was struck with horrid, universal Dread,  
 Despairing Filial GOD to have surviv'd,  
 From whose high Will it origin deriv'd.  
 The Rocks cleft, Earth to Hell began to quake,  
 And to increase the fiery Brimstone Lake ;  
 From its dark, subterraneous Stores to throw,  
 Whole Mines of flaming Sulphur down below ;  
 Infernal Ghosts, ne're suffer'd since they fell,  
 So hot, so insupportable a Hell ;  
 And all the tortur'd Spirits curs'd the Day,  
 When they sent *Judas* JESUS to betray ;  
 The Graves flew open, and expos'd their Store,  
 And into Bodies shook the human Ore ;  
 The troubled Sea its Bed no longer kept,  
 But o're its Shores in Inundations wept ;  
 The Temple Corner-Stones were seen to yield,  
 And to and fro the lab'ring Fabrick reel'd ;

The

The hallow'd Loaves were thrown the Floor about,  
 And the seven golden burning Lamps went out,  
 The sacred Incense lost its od'rous Scent,  
 The awful Vail was into Peices rent,  
 The trembling Priests leave holy Rites undone,  
 Affrighted *Levites*, from their Stations run,  
 Harps, Psalt'ries, Cymbals, Trumpets on the Ground  
 Lye bruis'd, and broken all the Temple round.  
*Caiaphas* hid his self-upbraiding Head,  
 The impious Council were from *Gazith* fled,  
 Black Horrors haunted the accursed Room,  
 Where envious Sinners hatch'd their Saviour's Doom,  
 The Evening Lamb which was but newly fir'd,  
 As on the Cross the Lamb of GOD expir'd,  
 Grew on the Altar, on a sudden, cold,  
 And from the Grate the dying Embers toll'd.

THE *Pagan* Soldiers trembled in their Stands,  
 Downdropt their Weapons from their feeble Hands,  
 None ever had recover'd of the Fright,  
 Had not our GOD restor'd the Solar Light.  
 Aloud the thoughtful wise Centurion cry'd,  
 The Mighty Son of GOD is crucify'd;  
 Each envious *Jew-Spectator* smote his Breast,  
 And in his Actions plainly CHRIST confess'd,  
 They all convicted at that moving Sight,  
 Deny'd *Messias* only out of Spite;  
 Tyrannick Sin of Empire lay bereft,  
 The Idol Ghosts their tott'ring Temples left,



Of their own fatal Oracles afraid ;  
 Which, forc'd by Heav'n, unwelcome Truth dis-  
 [play'd  
 Eden's bright Cherub sheath'd his two edged Flame,  
 Heav'n bid him open Paradise proclaim,  
 Fear the Old World in to hard Labour threw,  
 It groan'd till 'twas deliver'd of a New.

If Heav'n and Earth, dear LORD, Thy Passion  
 [felt,  
 Ah ! How should I with Love and Sorrow melt !  
 Thy precious Blood 'twas wicked I who spilt,  
 I griev'd, I pierc'd, I nail'd Thee by my Guilt.  
 LORD, to those very Wounds I gor'd, I fly,  
 My Hopes of Pardon in my Outrage lye ;  
 As thy dear sweetest Mother saw thy Smart,  
 Thou when the Sword went through her tender  
 [Heart,  
 With Weapon-love didst then anoint the Blade,  
 It gently cur'd, just as the Wound it made ;  
 May I in penitential Tears immers'd,  
 Contemplate Thee, my JESUS, whom I pierc'd,  
 And by sweet Sympathy thy Anguish feel,  
 Deep wound my Heart with Love, and wounding  
 [heal.

ALL Praise to JESUS ! who laps'd Man to free,  
 Hung on the painful ignominious Tree.  
 Glory to JESUS ! the whole Mount reply'd,  
 Offended GOD, who for Offenders dy'd.

The

## On the Resurrection. 169

The Son of Consolation then arose,  
Good *Barnabas*, their Spirits to compose.



## On the RESURRECTION.

**B**LESS'D JESUS, on the Cross in bound-  
[less Pain,  
In boundless Joy, when thou didst rise  
[again,  
One of thy joyful Rays be pleas'd to dart,  
Headed with Love Divine into my Heart,  
That ardent Love and Joy my Soul may raise,  
To sing thy rising in exalted Lays.

Our LORD his Dissolution had commenc'd,  
And DEITY his Soul re-influenc'd,  
Infernal Malice now had reach'd its Height,  
And GOD had to the Land restor'd the Light,  
When the Chief Priests the Governor bespeak,  
That some the Malefactors Legs should break.  
By *Pilate's* Order with a pond'rous Stroke,  
The two Thieves Bones were by the Soldiers broke,  
To hasten Death, lest hanging on the Tree  
Upon the Feast, it might polluted be,

But

## 170 *On the Resurrection.*

But seeing JESUS dead, they pass'd him by,  
 GOD watch'd him with a providential Eye,  
 That all the Prophecy fulfill'd might own,  
*Messias* should not have a broken Bone.  
 One thrust his Spear into his tender Side,  
 And from his *Pericardium* streaming ey'd  
 Both Blood and Water, and from thence we know,  
 From his Heart-love, Rites Sacramental flow.  
 The Wound was Mortal, and the spiteful *Jews*,  
 With a feign'd Death could not the World abuse,  
 The Wound predicted in the sacred Book,  
 They on *Messias*, whom they pierc'd, shall look.

THE pious *Joseph* then to *Pilate* goes,  
 Begs he of JESUS's Body might dispose :  
*Pilate* consents, and in the marble Womb  
 Of a hard Rock, where was a new dug Tomb,  
 For his own Burial in his Garden made,  
 OUR LORD took rest, where never Man was laid,  
 Left when he rose, it might suggested be,  
 Some other there entomb'd arose, not He ;  
 Or that he rose not by his Power Divine,  
 But Contact of some Saints or Prophets Shrine,  
 Good *Nicodemus* to adorn his Herse,  
 Brought Odours o'er his Body to disperse,  
 All was en-wrapp'd in a fine Linnen fold,  
 And a huge Stone upon the Entrance roll'd.

MEAN while his sep'rate Soul to *Hades* flew,  
 The Receptacles of the Dead to view,

O'er

## On the Resurrection. 171

O're ghastly Death his Triumph to proclaim,  
And make all *Tophet* tremble at his Name.  
A bright Angelick Squadron on the Wing,  
Attended on their Death-subduing King,  
With a bright Cross of Rays transversed made,  
And his Inscription at the Head display'd,  
In great resplendent Characters, like those  
Which God's celestial Book of Life compose,  
Our LORD began his awful radiant March,  
Descending first to the Infernal Arch,  
Damn'd Ghosts at his dread sight began to quake,  
Flouncing for Shelter in the burning Lake,  
He their malicious Tyranny restrain'd,  
And orders gave they shou'd be all rechain'd,  
The Prison next where Souls polluted dwell,  
Infested daily by near neighb'ring Hell,  
Where they too late impenitent bewail  
Reserv'd for Judgment in that dol'rous Jail,  
He enters, with strange Terror each was dash'd,  
And with fresh stings of guilty Conscience lash'd.

THENCE He to Paradise ascends direct,  
Where holy Souls with Languor him expect,  
There Saints are in the Interim at rest,  
Till Judgment past they are compleatly blest'd,  
There each good Soul remains in widdow'd State,  
In Longings till re-married to its Mate,  
Thither our LORD the Thief benignly brought,  
Who to the Saints the Crucifixion taught.

The



## 172 *On the Resurrection.*

The holy Souls their gracious LORD rever'd,  
 And he with sweet Supports their Languors cheer'd,  
 Advanc'd their Joys to a more rapt'rous Height,  
 And plac'd them nearer to the blissful Sight.  
 Some he for present Resurrection chose,  
 His Train at his own rising to compose,  
 Whose Tombs then open by the Earthquake lay,  
 Ordain'd a while to re-assume their Clay.  
 The third Days Dawn gave him his Rising call,  
 He pour'd out heav'nly Favours on them all,  
 Down then he flew with his selected Train,  
 That He, and they might glad Re-union gain.

THE envious *Jews* once more to *Pilate* came,  
 His Jealousy thus striving to enflame ;  
 We oft have heard that great Deceiver say,  
 That he would re-inspire his buried Clay ;  
 A Guard we for the Sepulchre implore,  
 Which Day and Night may strictly watch the Door,  
 Least his Admirers some new Fraud impose,  
 And then affirm he from his Grave arose.  
 At their Request straight *Pilate* Guards assign'd,  
 And watchful Duty to them all enjoyn'd :  
 The *Jews*, lest Vot'ries should his Body steal,  
 See the Watch set, and Stone Sepulchral Seal,  
 Wisdom Divine Judaic Malice steer'd,  
 And they, the Truth they strove to smother, clear'd.

BLESS'D JESUS's Flesh and Spirit Re-unite,  
 He rose from Death by his own boundless Might,  
 His

## On the Resurrection. 173

His Blood re-circling made his Pulses beat,  
All vital Channels felt re-kindled Heat,  
The Seventh Days *Jewish* Sabbath breath'd its last;  
And into Desuetude Eternal pass'd,  
The first Day's hallow'd Gleams were then begun,  
Illumin'd by G o d's Co-eternal Son;  
When a new Earthquake gave the awful Sign  
Of God Incarnate rising from his Shrine.

IN the first, Earth and Air at ev'ry Pore,  
Transpiring Thunders, Globe terraqueous tore,  
The frighted Sea its Channel then forsook,  
Foundations of the Globe terrestrial shook,  
The Pillars on which arch'd Heav'ns rely,  
Were on their sev'ral Bases screw'd awry:  
But in the Second, by propitious Force,  
All Things recover'd their Connat'ral Course,  
Back to their Magazine the Waters roll'd,  
Fix'd were Foundations which the Earth uphold,  
The Pillars screw'd aright which Heav'n sustain'd,  
The World, with J E S U S, Resurrection gain'd.  
His Foes alone had of the Omen dread,  
And fear'd his glorious Rising from the Dead:  
The Guard who watch'd the Tomb, in horrid fright  
To the Chief Priests took instantaneous flight,  
They told the wond'rous Truth, while envious *Jews*,  
(Convinc'd, but not converted at the News,)  
Brib'd high the Soldiers, charging them to say,  
His Vo'ries stole Him, while they slept, away:

And

# 174 *On the Resurrection.*

And if the Governour should doubt the Tale,  
They would for their Impunity prevail.  
The Soldiers took the Bribe, and could not hold,  
But all abroad, both Truth and Fiction told.

EXPLOSIONS which the second Earthquake gave,  
By Heav'n directed opened JESUS's Grave,  
They rais'd the Stone erect, while JESUS rose,  
Which streight fell down the Sepulchre to close,  
Till from high Heav'n a mighty Angel flown,  
Roll'd quite away the Monumental Stone,  
That Saints who thither came their Tears to shed,  
Might see plain Marks of rising from the Dead.  
The tender Sex got of the Men the starts,  
They first the Tribute paid of thankful Hearts,  
They, e're the Sun could gain the Morning point;  
Haste, JESUS with rich Odours to anoint.  
The Guard was fled, the Stone away was roll'd,  
And on the Stone an Angel they behold,  
His Face like un-afflicting Lightning bright,  
His Vesture than the new fall'n Snow more white,  
The Guard he struck into amazing Fears,  
But the soft Vot'ries he benignly cheers;  
'Tis JESUS whom ye seek, be not afraid,  
Come see the empty Tomb where he was laid,  
The living 'mongst the Dead ye seek in vain,  
He oft foretold that he should rise again;  
'Tis now fulfill'd, haste to his Vot'ries make,  
That they may of the happy News partake;

## On the Resurrection. 175

Two other Angels, each in radiant Vest,  
The same propitious Wonder co-attest.

THE News too good in haste to be believ'd,  
Was with Suspicions at the first receiv'd:  
Lov'd *John* and *Peter* gave them greatest heed,  
Both ran to reach the Sepulchre with speed,  
With *Magdalen* they both the Tomb survey,  
Minutely all the Circumstances weigh,  
The Grave they enter, Linnen shrowd they view  
And the Impression which his Body drew;  
The Napkin which round his Head was ty'd,  
Wrapt up, they in another Place descry'd,  
They both believe, yet Doubts were intermix'd,  
Till fresh Illuminations Faith refix'd.  
They both returning, *Magdalen* remain'd,  
Showers from her Eyes into the Tomb she rain'd,  
At Head and Feet where *JESUS* lay, she saw  
Two radiant Angels sit with humble awe:  
Why weepest thou, they mildly her bespeak,  
Ah me! She said, I here lov'd *JESUS* seek,  
But they have mov'd him from his Burial Place,  
And I alas! their Motions cannot Trace.  
Our LORD with that to her glad View appears,  
And chang'd afflicting into joyful Tears.  
*JESUS* on Love and Tears sets Value high,  
And first with his dear Sight bless'd *Mary's* eye.  
To his great FATHER in the Garden shade,  
*JESUS* first fruits of Resurrection paid,

In



## 176 On the Resurrection.

In Hymns Divine, and Eucharistick Joys,  
 And next a glorious Angel he employs,  
 To carry to his Mother the glad News,  
 Which o'er her Soul high Rapture should diffuse.  
 The Saints departed who with JESUS rose,  
 To *Salem* came the Wonder to disclose:  
*Jews* them beheld with a Surprise profound,  
 Who rose, when no last Trump was heard to Sound,  
 Known by their Bodies, they with Saints con-  
 [vers'd,  
 Each Heart they with the Love of JESUS peirc'd.  
 To Female Saints himself he early show'd,  
 Whose Tears like *Mary's* had his Tomb o'er flow'd;  
 To *James*, to *Peter*, to the Saints who talk'd  
 Of JESUS as they to *Emmaus* walk'd,  
 To his Disciples in Assembly joyn'd:  
 When *Thomas* staid by Accident behind,  
 Peace to you all, was his benign Salute;  
 Their want of Faith to chide, and to confute,  
 He shew'd his wounded Hands, and Feet, and Side,  
 That by their Sense his Body might be try'd.  
 He Food demanded, and before them eat,  
 Beyond all doubt Conviction to compleat;  
 Peace to you JESUS said, I now Decree,  
 To send you, as My Father first sent me:  
 Then breathing, adds, The HOLY GHOST receive,  
 To tender you, when I My Vot'ries leave.  
 Heav'n will the Sins, you here absolve, remit,  
 And no bold Sinners, whom you bind, acquit;

When

## On the Resurrection. 177

When *Thomas* present was, He them reviews,  
His solemn Benedictions He renews;  
His Hands into the Wounds of Spear and Nails,  
Whilst *Thomas* thrusts, past Doubting he bewails;  
My LORD, my GOD, he passionately cry'd,  
The same now risen, who was crucify'd.  
Our LORD made Visit to his Friends again,  
As on *Tiberias* Sea they fish'd in vain:  
A wondrous Draught made risen JESUS known,  
By whom a greater Miracle was shown;  
For as to Land the mighty Shoal they drew,  
A Fire, broil'd Fish, and Loaves, they had in view.  
Our LORD with them at the same Table fed,  
Or by the Angels, or Creation spread.  
For *Peter's* trine Denial, there a trine  
Profession He requir'd of Love divine;  
Bad him his Lambs and Sheep with Zeal to feed,  
Predicting, he by Martyrdom shou'd bleed;  
To heav'nly Solitude he then withdrew,  
Where Angels to congratulate him flew.

WEAK, conquer'd Death, on JESUS I rely;  
And all your whole Artillery defy;  
You of dire Terrors are no longer King,  
By JESUS disenvenom'd is your Sting;  
Our JESUS Rising, has unbar'd the Grave,  
From your insulting Horrors Saints to save;  
Your Force, which you by Sin accursed gain'd,  
Is now by his all gracious Might restrain'd;

# 178 JESUS on Tabor.

You may the Body for a while surprize,  
But from its Fall, it shall to Glory rise.  
May I, LORD, by Repentance Sin bewail,  
Sin, which arm'd Death, o're Sinners to prevail,  
And early rising from a Life impure,  
My Rising to eternal Bliss secure.

ALL Praise to JESUS! who from Death arose,  
And triumph'd over our infernal Foes.

Glory to JESUS! o're the Mountain rouls,  
Who rising, opens Heav'n to faithful Souls.

BUT here, all on a sudden cry aloud,  
See JESUS, coming in that radiant Cloud!  
Hosannab, to the Glorious Son of GOD,  
Who of GOD's Wrath, the dol'rous Wine-press trod.  
A thousand Hallelujabs, to our King,  
His Love, his Praise, eternally we'll sing.



## JESUS on Tabor.



LESS'D JESUS from his radiant Cloud  
[descends,  
Thus sweetly greeting his surrounding  
[Friends:

Peace to you all ; Peace which shall never fail,  
Peace which o're worldly Trouble shall prevail ;  
Peace at your Death, Peace in your Wills resign'd,  
Peace with your GOD, Eternal, Unconfin'd.

Over

# JESUS on Tabor. 179

Over all Heav'n, and Earth, all Power Divine  
Is now become, by Resurrection, mine:  
This of my Cross is the immortal Gain,  
I now renew my Mediatory Reign.  
Renew; for soon as Man his GOD forsook,  
I his Redemption freely undertook.  
All Saints, from *Abel* to the pious Thief,  
By my devoted Blood, had full Relief.  
What they of Old beheld in Shadows dim,  
You see compleated, and devoutly Hymn.

You, who my chosen Missionaries are,  
Must to the World all Saving-Truth declare.  
Mercy no more to *Jewry* is confin'd,  
Go out with Zeal, Disciple all Mankind;  
In Name of FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Baptize, co-hymn'd by the Celestial Host;  
Teach Saving Truth to *Gentile* and to *Jew*,  
Teach faithfully all Truths I taught to you.  
The Gracious *Paraclete* shall in short Time  
Your Spirits fill, enlighten, and sublime.  
The Truths deriv'd from the Eternal Source,  
You shall with wondrous Miracles enforce.  
You, in my Name, shall Devils dispossess,  
And in all Languages your Thoughts express;  
Unharm'd, the deadliest Serpents shall take up,  
And safely drink of an empoysen'd Cup;  
Your Hands you on the Dying-sick shall lay,  
Restore firm Health, and drive Disease away.



# 180 JESUS on Tabor.

I'll at your humble Pray'rs your Wants supply;  
 When suff'ring for my Sake, on me rely.  
 I'll influentially with you abide,  
 My Spirit always shall with you reside;  
 I'll give my Angels Charge your Souls to aid,  
 That you may ne're be conquer'd or dismay'd.  
 The World a while your Persons may oppress,  
 My Comforts shall endear your worst Distress.  
 Be valiant for the Truth, no Labour spare,  
 You are my FATHER's, and my tender Care.

WITH that, their Spirits, which till then were  
 [clos'd,  
 He open'd, and for heav'nly Truth dispos'd;  
 Their Minds were from that Moment unperplex'd,  
 They clearly understood the sacred Text.  
 Then their Illuminatour they adore,  
 Amaz'd they shou'd not see bright Truth before:  
 Their Vows of firm Obedience all renew,  
 And JESUS to his Solitude withdrew.

ALL Praise to JESUS! who from Death arose,  
 And for our Faith that strong Foundation chose.  
 Rising from Death, was an appropriate Sign  
 Of Power most incontestably Divine:  
 A Sign, which Men cou'd by their Sense discern,  
 And we by uniform Tradition learn.  
 Five hundred Saints, who in the Mount remain'd,  
 Of Virtue and Veracity unstain'd,

Who

## On the Ascension. 181

Who heard his Voice, his Wounds cou'd feel and

[see,

Affur'd that JESUS cou'd no Phantom be ;

Truths at the Spring cou'd by their Senses know,

Which down by a traduc'd Sensation flow.

Whether at *Jordan's* Fountain-head I sup,

Or at his disimboguing fill my Cup,

I quench my Thirst alike, and his whole Course  
Is but Continuation of the Source.

My Faith on this Tradition, LORD, relies,

As firm as if I saw Thee with my Eyes.

But Faith will stronger grow by ghostly Sense

Of Emanations from Thy Love immense ;

Of that dear Love, let me the Influence feel,

And with my Blood, Thy sacred Truth I'll seal.

WHEN from Ideas which bless'd *Andrew* deign'd

To shew *Philbymo*, he this Knowledge gain'd ;

By which he Evangelick Hymns perus'd,

The Saint a fresh Idea then infus'd.

The Swain from that learnt JESUS bright Ascent,

And big with Hymn, thus gave his Fervour vent.



## On the ASCENSION.

**M**Y humble Verse, LORD, Thy Ascension

[sings,

To trace thy flight, O lend my Spirit Wings,

O raise my Faith to an exalted stand,  
To see Thee now enthron'd at GOD's Right-hand.

BLESS'D JESUS, to confirm his faithful Fold,  
When they his Pomp Triumphant should behold,  
Bids them with Patience GOD's good Time expect,  
When he his gracious Realm would re-erect,  
At *Salem* their Devotions to attend,  
Till he the promis'd Paraclete should send,  
That they, when of his wondrous Gifts possess'd,  
Should over all the World his Truth attest.  
Thence he to *Oliver* his Voc'ries leads,  
Where all they saw, the flight of Verse exceeds,  
A Glory ten Times than the Sun more bright,  
Envelopp'd them in pure Celestial Light;  
They seem'd to rise to the Eternal Gate,  
And entering on the Beatifick State.  
Meek *Moses* who with GOD on *Sinab* staid,  
So great a Glory never saw display'd;  
He num'rous Farewell-Blessings on them pour'd,  
They with Congratulations him ador'd.

OUR LORD sat thron'd in Majestatick Cloud,  
The *Shechinah* ne'er had so bright a Shroud,  
Pav'd all with Sun, with starry Orbits wheel'd,  
With Hov'rings of the Dove Eternal ciel'd,  
To love Paternal by twelve Seraphs drawn,  
Swifter then Thought o'er the Etherial Lawn.  
Great *Michael* bare the Cross, and at his Head,  
In a resplendent Label might be read,

In

## On the Ascension. 183

In Stars which from the milky way were brought,  
And by the Seraphs in *Mosaick* wrought,  
JESUS of *Nazareth*, King of the *Jews*,  
Wav'd pendent-like, its Glories to diffuse.  
Down fly the Angels, and above leave none,  
But those whose Stations were the Gates or Throne:  
Some on the *Empyrean* Chariots mount,  
Transcending in their Number all account,  
Some ride on white Super-celestial steeds,  
Such as the *Paradise* supernal breeds,  
Some with their Wings the rolling *Aether* swept,  
All perfect order, and due distance kept,  
All bright'ning the Expanse as down they came,  
With their long trayling Robes of heav'nly Flame.  
The waiting Guardians JESUS to attend,  
Their Charges to Paternal GOD commend;  
They knew the living Saints would safe remain,  
While they fill'd up bless'd JESUS glorious Train,  
The twelve bright Legions next, detach'd on high,  
To JESUS's Succour all prepar'd to fly,  
Who JESUS saw when he from Death arose,  
All the *Insignia* of the Passion chose,  
Embroider'd on their Banners in pure Beam,  
Which o'er the Mount as they were flourish'd

[Stream :  
The binding Cords, Whip, Pillar, Crown of

[Thorn,  
Spear, Nails, Cross, Sponge, Reed, Purple, Robe  
[of Scorn,



On Vial of his Blood, one of his Tear,  
 Like confluent Sun adorn the Sphere.  
 Arch-Angels next, on Kings who only wait,  
 Came, scepter'd, crown'd, and in their Robes of  
 [State,  
 Thrones, Virtues, Principalities, and Powers,  
 Dominions, Cherubs, all who heav'nly Towers  
 Guard, or inhabit, rob'd in different Light,  
 Keep their due Ranges all along the Flight.  
 The Seraphs who of all love Godhead Most,  
 Had near the Throne the honourable Post,  
 Intelligences came among the rest,  
 Leaving their Orbs to move by Force impress'd.

THE Angel whose loud Trump shall wake the  
 [Dead,  
 And strike Infernal Ghosts with ghastly Dread,  
 Now sounds a joyful Signal, which when heard,  
 Themselves on Wing, the hymning Spirits rear'd,  
 The heav'nly Trumpeters their Trumpets blew,  
 Harmonious Consorts vying as they flew,  
 The splendid Populace of Heav'n began  
 The Movement first, and lead the radiant Van,  
 Through the Expanse of the Celestial Arch,  
 In goodly order flew the winged March.

Soon as they near supernal Salem draw,  
 The Van call'd to the Sent'ries whom they saw,  
 Prepare the King of Glory to revere,  
 As he in Triumph passes through your Sphere,

Eternal

## On the Ascension. 185

Eternal falling Doors fly open wide,  
Or from your radiant Hinges leap aside,  
Ye everlasting Gates your Leaves unfold,  
Rise up Portcullises of purest Gold,  
The King of Glory in his Chariot bright,  
Mounts to his Throne at our JEHOVAH's Right.  
Who is this glorious KING, the Sentries cry,  
Who with Triumphant Pomp ascends on high?  
It is the LORD of Hosts, they all rejoyne,  
Who comes to re-possess his Throne Divine,  
He who till now the LORD of Hosts was styl'd,  
Assumes a Name endearing, humble, mild,  
You now the Name of JESUS must adore,  
He is all Love, who Terror was before,  
At JESUS's Name his Knee each Seraph bends,  
The Name propitious which all Names transcends.

THE heav'nly Doors and Gates all open flew,  
Strong Angels up the great Portcullis drew,  
But Doors, Portcullis, Gates, too narrow seem'd  
For the vast Host which over *Aether* stream'd.  
Proud *Jericho's* strong Walls sank to the Ground,  
At the Seventh Sacerdotal Trumpet's Sound,  
Thus while the Host the March Angelick blew,  
They down the Battlements supernal threw,  
And the high Walls of Heav'n were level made,  
For Entrance of the glorious Cavalcade:  
God in full Splendor shin'd, and all the Way  
Was Complacential beatifick Ray:

As the High-Priest was with the Blood each Year,  
 Of the dead Goat devoted, to appear,  
 To sprinkle on the Ark, Great GOD adore,  
 And to accept vicarious Blood implore;  
 Within the heav'nly Vail thus JESUS went,  
 His own Propitiation to present,  
 There all his Pains GOD's Anger to atone,  
 Re-offering at his Father's awful Throne.  
 Next the Complacence which Paternal Love,  
 Took in Co-breathing the All-gracious Dove,  
 GOD never felt Complacence so immense,  
 GOD never felt Compassion so intense,  
 God-Man with a Celestial Body grac'd,  
 He at his own Right-hand in Glory plac'd.  
 All heav'nly Hosts in new harmonious strain,  
 Hymn'd in exalted Raptures the Lamb slain.  
 Our great High-Priest for us there intercedes,  
 And gains Supplies for all our ghostly needs,  
 His Merit is an everlasting Pray'r,  
 And moves Great GOD the Penitent to spare.  
 Till then Pray'r only had one Avenue,  
 And Heav'n stood only open to the *Jew*;  
 Heav'n now to all the World, was open laid,  
 Each faithful Soul found Entrance when he pray'd.

THE Saints with Joy ascending JESUS prais'd,  
 And after him with sweetest Languors gaz'd,  
 When two bright Angels who remain'd behind,  
 Whom JESUS had to cheer his Friends design'd,

Benignly

## On the Ascension. 187

Benignly spake, Why stand you gazing here?  
Bless'd JESUS in like Rays will re-appear,  
When the whole World he at his Bar Arraigns,  
Proportioning Eternal Bliss, and Pains.  
The Saints transported to the Temple went,  
And all their Time in hymning JESUS spent;  
The two bright Angels fetch'd a vigorous Spring,  
And trac'd the Radiance of their glorious King.

LORD, who in Efflorescence of thy Age,  
Wouldst from the World thy Spirit disengage,  
Wouldst dye, and rise, and up to Heav'n ascend,  
And tow'rs no worldly Vanity propend,  
Teach me myself entirely to deny,  
Like thee may my Affections Heav'n-ward fly.  
This World, now of thy Presence 'tis bereft,  
Has nothing in it amiable left.  
But thou, dear LORD, didst Promise, from on high,  
The Paraclete thy Absence should supply;  
O may that Comforter thy Love inspire,  
It is the Sovereign Blessing I desire;  
Though thou above dost in bright Glory reign,  
Still influentially with me remain,  
Since to thy Throne I, LORD, have open Way,  
My Love shall make thee Visits ev'ry Day,  
I'll Hymns for daily Sacrifice present,  
And my choice Hours shall in thy Praise be spent.

ALL Praise to JESUS, now from Pains releas'd,  
Our King, our Prophet, Sacrifice, and Priest.

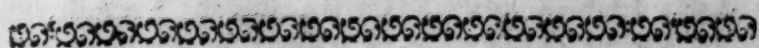
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# 188      *On the Ascension.*

BY Inspiration Prophets penn'd their thought,  
 Their Prophecies they to the Temple brought,  
 These they affix'd to the great hallow'd Gate,  
 That all might read in them their future Fate.  
 To holy Church my votive Song I bring,  
 To hymn the Love of our Incarnate King :  
 Accept, my God, this my devoted mite,  
 Shin'd on by thee, it may thy Love excite.  
 If I loose Minds to hymn thy Love allure,  
 Or move them to disrelish Songs impure,  
 If but one Soul I with thy Love enflame,  
 If but myself, I have my humble aim;  
 Thy Glory, JESU, chiefly I intend,  
 O may my Songs concenter in that End.





# H Y M N S

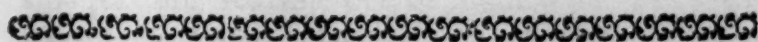
For all the

# FESTIVALS

In the Year.

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Ἐν μέσῳ Ἐκκλησίας ὑμνήσω Σὲ. *In the midst of  
the Church will I hymn Thee.* Heb. ii. 12.



1888

THE  
FESTIVAL  
OF  
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MAY  
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H Y M N S

For all the

FESTIVALS

In the Year.

By the Rev. F. J. ...  
the Church and ...

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A N  
ESSAY *on* HYMN.



The unworthiest of the sacred Quire,  
Who to contemplate, and Hymn God  
[aspire;  
In low Prostration, at his Footstool  
[pray  
For Grace of Hymn, his Goodness to display.  
Eternal Dove, of Poetry the Spring,  
Teach me thy own celestial Gift to sing.

BLESS'D Poetry! Immortal Soul refin'd,  
Pure Love with bright Illumination joyn'd,  
The Spirit lost in an Ecstatick Height,  
Imagination soaring out of Sight,  
Seraphick Ardour circling in each Vein,  
The Majestick Presence in the Brain,  
Inspir'd to make Mankind with Angels vie,  
To emulate the Anthems sung on high,  
To celebrate God's providential Care,  
His Attributes and Wonders to declare;

To



To vent the Adoration which they raise,  
 To guide the Passions with attemper'd Lays;  
 With amiable Strokes each Grace to paint,  
 To eternize the Copy of each Saint;  
 Vice in its foul Deformities to draw,  
 And Sinners with GOD's Thunderbolts to awe!

SWEET *Musick* with bless'd *Poetry* began,  
 Congenial both to Angels and to Man.  
 Song was the native Language to rehearse  
 The Elevations of the Soul in Verse.  
 The Morning Stars, when they from nothing sprang,  
 Poetick Hymns in their first Moment sang,  
 And will with sacred, unremitting Heat,  
 New Hymns to all Eternity repeat.

UNSPOTTED Man, soon as his Blood was fir'd;  
 His MAKER lov'd, and his Great GOD admir'd:  
 From Love and Admiration, Hymning flow'd,  
 To Praise Great GOD for Blessings He bestow'd:  
 Love gave it Flame, and Admiration Height,  
 To Heav'n it took connaturally Flight.  
 Till Sins which Souls untune and discompose,  
 Sank Human Race to inharmonious Prose.  
 But Great God-Man, Nature re-harmoniz'd,  
 And the lost Grace of Hymning GOD repriz'd.

WHEN by the Vertue of the Promis'd Seed,  
*Messias*, Pre-ordain'd by GOD to bleed,

Fall'n

Fall'n *Adam's* Sense of Duty had retriev'd,  
 The Hymning Spirit he from GOD receiv'd,  
 He Psalms compos'd, and to *Seth's* pious Race,  
 Was zealous to transmit GOD-hymning Grace;  
 And through succeeding Ages all along,  
 Saints prais'd the Godhead in devoted Song.

MEEK *Moses* of Great GOD, sang Songs sublime;  
 In Hymning GOD, the Patriarchs spent their Time;  
 They sacred Pastorals and Sonnets made,  
 As they their Flocks fed, or on Plain, or Glade.  
*Israel's* Sweet-Singer sang Ideas bright,  
 Illaps'd from Heav'n with true poetick Height.  
 All other Psalmists for Composures fam'd,  
 At Imitation of his Spirit aim'd;  
 His Son, who had of Wisdom the Renown,  
 Inherited his Genius with his Crown;  
 A thousand Songs he sang with sacred Heat,  
 And couch'd celestial Love in Past'ral sweet.  
 Great *Hezekiah*, for his Health restor'd,  
 Divine Benignity in Songs ador'd.  
 The very *Pagans* *Sion's* Songs admir'd,  
 And of sad Captives cheerful Song desir'd.

GOD had of Poets his peculiar Tribe,  
 From whom his Church Devotion shou'd imbibe,  
 Who for his Temple shou'd fit Songs provide,  
 With Verse they all Spiritual Wants supply'd;  
*Jehosaphat* of Hymn the Vertues knew,  
 Before his Host he up the Singers drew;

Hymns to the utmost Height their Courage rais'd,  
 Assur'd of Vict'ry from the God they prais'd.  
 Of all the Penmen of the Truth inspir'd,  
 Poetick Prophets noblest Heights acquir'd,  
 The nearer they towards Vision took their Flight,  
 The more transcendent Poetry they write.  
 Ev'n the Fair Sex, with Gift Prophetick bless'd,  
 Oft in harmonious Songs God's Praise express'd.  
 When *Moses* in an Hymn triumphant joy'd,  
 For *Israel's* Safety, and their Foes destroy'd;  
 His Sister *Miriam* on her Timbrel play'd,  
 And with like Hymn, his lofty Hymn repaid.  
 Of *Jabin's* Host the Slaughter and the Rout,  
 Wife *Deborah* recites in Hymn devout.  
 Soft *Hannah* to Great God, who heard her Moan,  
 Her Son, and Hymn devoted at his Throne.  
 And *Judith* for proud *Holofernes* slain,  
 Gave God the Glory in Poetick Strain.  
 But none cou'd ever reach the Hymn compos'd,  
 By *Mary*, when her Womb God-Man enclos'd.  
 Men at Sublime in Hymn are wont to aim,  
 The Tender Sex to Sweetness lay a Claim;  
 But *Mary*, in her God-enamour'd Mind,  
 True Sweetness and Sublimity combin'd.  
 And shou'd the Sex from her Idea take,  
 And foul, vain, trivial, am'rous Songs forsake,  
 Celestial Things wou'd elevate their Thought,  
 And since their Nature for sweet Style is  
 [wrought,  
 When

When Grace with Nature shall in them unite,  
 They'l Hymns with sweet Sublimity indite.  
 It was foretold in Evangelick Days,  
 There should be constant Joy, and Songs of Praise;  
 Celestial Hosts, who spread the Airy Lawn,  
 Sang of Incarnate God, the early Dawn;  
 And ever since those Tydings of great Joy,  
 Saints their chief Zeal to Hymn God-Man employ.  
 Blest'd *Zach'ry* sang Thanksgiving for his Son,  
 And hymn'd *Messias* whom he shou'd fore-run;  
 Old *Simeon*, while his Arms God-Man enclose,  
 Sang the Child's Glory, and his own Repose.  
 When *JESUS* enter'd *Salem* with the loud  
 And awful Acclamations of the Croud;  
 The very Babes and Sucklings, as he rode,  
 In sweet *Hosannab's* hymn'd the Son of *God*.

TH' Incarnate Word, in whose unbounded Mind  
 Incomprehensible Ideas shin'd,  
 Knew what wou'd please his Mighty FATHER best,  
 And his Devotion in a Hymn express'd:  
 And when he, risen from the Dead, was freed  
 From *Jews* and Devils Spite, which made him bleed,  
 He in the Church first Hymn'd his FATHER's Name,  
 And from God-Man Church-Hymn derives its  
 [Flame,  
 The Gracious Dove in cloven Tongues of Fire,  
 When hovering o're the Apostolic Quire,  
 That Flame fomented, Saints God's Wonders sung,  
 And spread them with a multifarious Tongue;





Ev'n Heathens taught by Nature, Verse to prize,  
 Thought Hymn to Heav'n the grateful Sacrifice,  
 And to Mankind as natural a Thing,  
 As to harmonious Nightingales to sing.  
 Their Idols Praise they would in Hymn proclaim,  
 And desecrate their noble native Flame.  
 They in their Cities chose their Worthies Prime,  
 Whom they devoted to that Work sublime,  
 They built them stately Colleges, that there  
 Recluses might make Hymn their only Care.  
 Rewards, their Emulations to excite,  
 They gave to those who could best Hymns indite.  
 Their sacred Poets they all deem'd inspir'd,  
 And them next to the Gods they hymn'd, admir'd:  
 For their Divines their Hymnodists they own'd,  
 Who while they prais'd a God, that God aton'd:  
 They thought no God in a religious Rite  
 Without a solemn Hymn could take delight.  
 The very Infants Speech no sooner gain'd,  
 But to sing *Pæans* were by Parents train'd;  
 Yet *Pagans* of true Hymn ne'er had the Taste,  
 And ev'ry God they sang, they but disgrac'd.  
 Of all their genuine Hymnodists, the best  
 To wretched mortal Sov'reign *Jove* deprest,  
 Sang how the God to whom they Hymns devote,  
 Was a poor Infant suckled by a Goat;  
 How the *Curetes* over-nois'd his Cry,  
 Lest his own Sire should to devour him fly;  
 With such becoming Decency they sing,  
 Of all their Gods the everlasting King!

Taught by the Spirit Anthems to indite,  
 They made God's awful Worship a delight,  
 In Psalm, and Hymn, and in Spiritual Song,  
 They preach'd Salvation to the list'ning Throng,  
 None sacred Verse by Study then acquir'd;  
 But Saints were on the Spot with Hymn inspir'd:  
 And ever since those sweet harmonious Days,  
 The Church in sacred Numbers sang God's Praise.  
 Still with Devotion Poetry combin'd,  
 Where this decay'd or languish'd, that declin'd.

BLESS'D *Paul* and *Silas* into Prison cast,  
 Where in the painful Stocks their Feet were fast,  
 Sang Hymns to GOD at Midnight, Hymn they  
 [chose,  
 As lenitive experienc'd for their Woes,  
 And GOD soon shew'd he with their Hymns was  
 [pleas'd,  
 A mighty Earthquake the whole Region seiz'd,  
 The Prison shook, wide open flew the Locks,  
 Off dropp'd the Fetters, parted were the Stocks.  
 The Jailor in despair himself had kill'd,  
 Had not meek *Paul* his stormy Passion still'd.  
 Strange Force of Hymn! The Saints their ease re-  
 [triev'd,  
 The Jailor and his House God-Man believ'd.

SOMETHING like Reason is in Brutes; Mankind,  
 A Creature hymning GOD is best defin'd,

Ev'n

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Sang how the God to whom they Hymns devote,  
Was a poor Infant suckled by a Goat;  
How the *Curetes* over-nois'd his Cry,  
Lest his own Sire should to devour him fly;  
With such becoming Decency they sing,  
Of all their Gods the everlasting King!



In *Pagan* Brains such sottish Fancies swim,  
Which rather should be styl'd Burlesque than Hymn,  
With various Hymns they liberally were stor'd,  
For ev'ry Idol *Dæmon* they ador'd:  
Yet tho' in Hymn all other *Dæmons* shar'd  
They for their God of Love no Hymn prepar'd;  
Lust had so rank a Savour of the Brute,  
Its very Name would sacred Hymn pollute;  
What *Pagans* blush'd to sing, foul Christians choose  
For the chief Theme of their Apostate Muse.

In this Age Men rarely Hymns compose,  
That one defect our Irreligion shews;  
Did Poets awful Sense of God retain,  
And of the Blessings which from him they gain,  
From being boundless, mighty, good and wise,  
Thoughts would to hymn connaturally rise;  
Did they the Love of God Incarnate weigh,  
Or for Poetick Inspiration pray,  
Hymn with the Christian Name wou'd co-extend,  
And Poets would in that their Vigor spend:  
But while they Souls pollute, or God blaspheme,  
Of Hymn they quite Annihilate the Theme.

We daily with condoling Eyes behold  
The Faith expiring, and Love growing cold,  
The Good, the Learn'd, from Pulpit and from Press,  
To raise them up, employ their utmost Strefs:  
No Method wanting seems, but sacred Verse,  
Hearts though obdurate to allure and pierce;

Which

Which from God's Word imbibing Heav'nly light,  
 Waves Pagan Thoughts, dim, borrow'd, sensual,  
 [trite.  
 Our Church for both those Graces fix'd a Course,  
 To keep their full, devout, primeval Force;  
 If Men the solemn Festivals would heed,  
 They lodge the Fundamentals of the Creed,  
 And all the Saints Commemoration Days,  
 Present to us Example, Duty, Praise.  
 I by that Course wou'd Faith and Love revive,  
 And keep them both in annual Hymns alive;  
 Though I fall short, I know my aim is right,  
 My aim may noble Pens to hymn excite.  
 And if it should, I have not wrote in vain,  
 While Saints fit Hymns by my deficiency Gain.

OF *Canaan* when meek *Moses* took his View,  
 He in poetick strain bid Earth adieu,  
 He God's Memorial sang to God's own Mind,  
 And to all *Israel* God that Song enjoyn'd;  
 A Song in which he God had lively drawn,  
 While standing in the Beatifick Dawn,  
 Of God he sang, whose everlasting Arms  
 His *Israel* should embrace and keep from harms;  
 Then his own *Requiem* sang with living tir'd,  
 And singing on the kifs of God expir'd.  
 When at the blisful Gate his Soul arriv'd:  
 Though the Man dy'd, the Poet still surviv'd:  
 Celestial Verse and Poets never dye,  
 The Song of *Moses* still is sung on high.

200 *An* ESSAY, &c.

My Age gives me to Heav'n a neighb'ring stand,  
 Like *Moses* to survey the promis'd Land,  
 In that transporting View I long to dye,  
 Begin a Hymn, and sing it as I fly :  
 Just as my Body shall my Soul release,  
 May I like *Moses* have God's kiss of Peace.  
 And should the well meant Songs, I leave behind,  
 With JESUS's Lovers an Acceptance find,  
 'Twill heighten ev'n the Joys of Heav'n to know,  
 That in my Verse the Saints hymn God below.

THE Bless'd in Rapture of the Blissful Sight,  
 Sing Hymns in Glory and new Songs indite :  
 Since happy Spirits sing as well as Love,  
 Heav'n for new Songs must Poets have above ;  
 There Poetry is in Perfection taught,  
 There Poets think a Hymn in ev'ry Thought.  
 All other Arts and Sciences at Death  
 Give up the Ghost with our departing Breath,  
 But sacred Poetry shall still abide ;  
 Poetry only shall be glorify'd.



On



## On the ANNUNTIATION.



WHEN GOD the radiant *Gabriel* chose,  
His will to *Zech'ry* to disclose ;  
The Saints and Angels all agreed,  
There was some gracious Thing de-  
[creed,

GOD super-effluently bright,  
Gave them additional delight.

BUT when six Moons were gone about,  
And *Gabriel* was again call'd out,  
They then beheld the glorious TRINE,  
In brighter Rays than ever shine,  
Which with Benignities immense,  
Caus'd Joys unspeakably intense.

His Robe was of a Glory made,  
Like that was on the Ark display'd;

His



202 *On the Annunciation.*

His Wings of gradual Beams were wove,  
And as with them he *Aether* clove,  
Heaven flood in Infinite amaze,  
And overflow'd in Songs of Praise.

THE Morning Stars in Mem'ry bore,  
The Ray's GOD at Creation wore,  
When pleas'd he all his Works survey'd,  
And they in Song first Homage paid,  
These unconceivably excell'd,  
The Splendor which they then beheld.

PATERNAL GOD to Blissful Sight  
Appear'd in full propitious might,  
The gracious Dove with Wings outspread,  
Stood ready on the World to shed,  
Of sweet enlivening Influence more,  
Than e'er the *Chaos* had before.

THE Angels by GOD Filial taught,  
His Chariot of Salvation brought,  
By Horses of Salvation drawn,  
Along the Beatifick Lawn;  
Unlock'd was the Celestial Gate,  
That down he might descend in State.

MEAN while bright *Gabriel* swiftly flew,  
Till *Naz'reth* open'd to his view,  
He smell'd of Pray'r the od'rous Fume,  
And trac'd it to the homely Room,

Where

## On the Annuntiation. 203

Where he a Virgin had in Sight,  
Who seem'd to blifs just taking Flight.

SUCH heav'nly Air he in her ey'd,  
Which with his own Angelick vy'd,  
Towards GOD she with such Ardours soar'd,  
With such Devotion GOD ador'd,  
That till he mark'd her well, he guess'd  
'Twas Seraph in a Female Vest,

HE then began with Aspect sweet,  
What GOD enjoyn'd him to repeat:  
Hail *Mary* best of mortal Race,  
Hail highly favour'd, full of Grace,  
The LORD will Temple in thy Heart,  
Thou happiest of all Women art.

THE humble Maid was in Surprise,  
At the bright Envoy in her Eyes,  
He mildly adds, Surprise forbear,  
You in GOD's Love have greatest share,  
You shall conceive a wondrous Child,  
Who shall, when born, be JESUS styl'd,

HE shall be great, by all rever'd,  
GOD's only Son, to GOD endear'd;  
GOD will his Father *David's* Throne,  
On him bestow, he'l Reign alone  
O'er *Israel*, and a Scepter Sway  
A Kingdom which shall ne'er Decay.

How

204 *On the Annuntiation.*

How can this be, the Saint reply'd,  
Since I a Virgin will abide.

The HOLY GHOST, he then rejoyn'd,  
Shall make Illapse upon thy Mind,  
God's gracious Power on thee shall stream,  
And Crown thee with enam'ring Beam.

THE Babe who in thy Womb shall lye,  
Shall be the Son of GOD most high,  
When thrice the Moon its Course shall run,  
*Eliza* old shall have a Son.  
Thought nothing can too hard conceive,  
For Power unbounded to atchieve.

GOD's Handmaid, cry'd she, here behold,  
May all succeed thou hast foretold.  
Then humbly *Gabriel* bad adieu,  
And while he to his Hymns reflew,  
In Heav'n below she acquiesc'd,  
Benignly deluging her Breast.

Her thought on dear *Messias* dwelt,  
To Languor she began to melt,  
While God from Heav'n a Visit made;  
Fulfilling what his Envoy said,  
The Father, Son and Holy Dove,  
Diffus'd on her Triunal Love.

Down

*On the Annuntiation.* 205

DOWN to the Virgin Filial GOD  
With Chariots of Salvation rode,  
Of her Heart Blood by Love inflam'd,  
He for himself a Temple fram'd;  
Debasement was his sole intent,  
To Heav'n his Chariot empty went.

HER Soul to dear *Messias* cleav'd,  
In a sweet Rapture she conceiv'd,  
Just in the Moment GOD design'd,  
To be in her pure Womb enshrind,  
And as he Entrance made, began  
The Union of great GOD with Man.

WHILE GOD was in her Womb contain'd,  
In constant Rapture she remain'd;  
Should all the Denizons of Light,  
Their Joys and Loves in one unite,  
Of GOD inwomb'd one gracious Ray  
Wou'd all their Quintessence out-weigh.

YET like her humble Son, that she  
His Mother dear might humble be,  
She liv'd in Silence and retir'd,  
Love blaz'd not, tho' by Godhead fir'd,  
Her Joys, her Graces she conceal'd,  
Till *Gabriel* them in part reveal'd.



# 206 On the Annunciation

HE *Mary* God's high Fav'rite nam'd;  
 He full of Grace her Soul proclaim'd;  
 Heav'n when such Titles it bestows;  
 A Sanctity transcendent shews;  
 We know she had the full extent  
 Of all which by that Style is meant.

A Love aspiring towards immense,  
 A Charity to all propense;  
 A Soul from sensual Gust refin'd,  
 Benign, Meek, lowly, and resign'd;  
 A blisful Joy, a Zeal devout,  
 All Powers towards GOD still flowing out.

FOR these, LORD, and unnumber'd more,  
 With which Thou didst thy Mother store;  
 We offer up our Hymn this Day,  
 And beg that all our Lives we may  
 Tread in thy Mother's Steps divine,  
 As she devoutly trod in thine.

THE Virgin hastes the happy News  
 Into *Eliza* to infuse;  
 Her Joy she with the News imparts,  
 They mutually transpir'd their Hearts,  
 The HOLY GHOST *Eliza* fill'd,  
 And Gratulations sweet instill'd.

*On the Annuntiation.* 207

O happy Virgin undefil'd,  
Bless'd Mother of a Blessed Child;  
Who deigns to honour my poor Cell,  
Soon as your Bliss I heard you tell,  
Your Babe inspir'd my unborn Boy,  
Who danc'd within my Womb for Joy.

FRESH Joys the Virgin then possess,  
Such which Hymn only cou'd express,  
My Soul GOD'S Praises shall recite,  
And in my SAVIOUR take Delight,  
Who on his Handmaid deigns to rest,  
And future Times shall call me blest.

THE MIGHTY works for me great Things,  
His Holy Name my Spirit sings;  
His Mercy on each Age descends,  
Which Him with filial Fear attends.  
His Sov'rain Arm brings down the Proud,  
And dissipates their Boastings loud.

HE sinks to Nought the worldly Great,  
Exalts the Humble to their Seat:  
The Hungry with good Things sustains,  
And sends Rich away with empty Veins;  
He to good Abraham's faithful Race,  
Shews to the full all promis'd Grace.

## 208 On Christmas-Day.

THE Virgin then to Naz'reth went;  
Her Ecstasies in Hymn to vent;  
As in her Womb GOD took Repose,  
O may my Heart my GOD enclose.  
In Heav'n shall centre my Desire,  
And in perpetual Hymn aspire.



### On CHRISTMAS-DAY.

**C**ELESTIAL Harps prepare  
To sound your loftiest Air;  
You Choral Angels at the Throne,  
Your Customary Hymns postpone;  
Of Glorious Spirits, all ye Orders Nine,  
To sute a Hymn, to study Chords combine.

YOU all your happy Days,  
Pay tributary Praise,  
GOD's mighty Works you fully view;  
And give your MAKER Praises due;  
This Day a nobler Theme your Powers employs,  
Deserving noblest Hymn, Chords, Love and Joys.

THIS

## On Christmas-Day. 209

THIS Day, for you well know,  
Our Time in flux below,  
You Sons of GOD together met,  
On a fixt Day which Godhead set;  
This Day GOD sent his Son to save Mankind,  
You to adore his Rising are enjoyn'd.

YOU first to humble Swains,  
Who watch'd on *Bethlem* Plains,  
Glad Tidings in sweet Song proclaim'd;  
And them with JESUS Love inflam'd;  
O may my Guardian, who then joyn'd your Quire,  
Me with like Love in a like Hymn inspire.

YOU with your heav'nly Ray,  
Guild the Expanse this Day,  
You overlooking all the Earth,  
To all sang GOD Incarnate's Birth;  
Fill with your Splendors the Expanse again,  
Re-sing this Day the same Angelick Strain.

YOU all must Hymn this Morn,  
Not the Lamb slain, but born:  
To *Bethlem* lead me now the Way,  
Help me the Wonders to survey,  
The Stable, and the Manger, where God-Man  
His Condescensions infinite began;



MY Eyes the Babe may reach,  
 You must his Godhead teach;  
 GOD there his Godhead deigns to hide,  
 Which He can never lay aside;  
 In humane Flesh his Majesty he shrouds,  
 You Godhead see, I only see his Clouds.

I, while you GOD describe,  
 Will what you sing imbibe;  
 Then stretch my Powers to utmost might,  
 Till of God-Man I Hymns indite;  
 But yet I fear you all too finite are,  
 The Love of GOD Incarnate to declare.

I'll to my Cell retire,  
 In Silence GOD admire,  
 Who vilest Sinners to redeem,  
 Thus veil'd his Majestick Beam;  
 And while I in Prostration speechless lye,  
 My Love up to the Mystery shall fly.

BLESS'D Angels, you mean time  
 Return to Bliss sublime;  
 But when at Glory you arrive,  
 The Saints in Hymn with you will strive,  
 Their Nature GOD assum'd, not yours, and they  
 Will love GOD most, and sing the noblest Lay.

## On Christmas-Day. 211

LOVE on ambitious Wing,  
Soar'd up to hear them sing;  
And though it cou'd not reach the Height,  
Yet when it met the Sons of Light,  
It irresistibly wou'd them intreat  
The Hymns of Competition to repeat.

LOVE wou'd strict Notice take  
Of a Saint's Heav'n-ward Wake,  
Watch Openings of the heav'nly Gate,  
Through that to eye the Blissful State;  
How GOD this Day in brightest Glory shines,  
Fresh Joys diffusing o're the heav'nly Lines.

GOD takes immense Delight  
In his own Glorious Sight;  
But no Perfection He esteems  
So dear as his Redeeming Beams:  
*Philantropy* this Day most bright appear'd,  
And to the GOD of Love the Day endear'd.

MY Love when back it came,  
Brought supplemental Flame;  
Yet cou'd not JESUS Love conceive,  
But my Despondence to relieve,  
Since Hymns all fell too low, said, Love wou'd best  
By copying JESUS Graces be exprest.

My Love wou'd yet incline,  
 Together both to joyn;  
 All Praise to GOD, who for our Sake,  
 Of Man's frail Nature wou'd partake;  
 Born poor, to teach us Riches to despise,  
 Which worldly Souls insensate idolize.

GOD-MAN be ever bless'd,  
 Born naked and distress'd;  
 Who all Terrestrial Glare declin'd,  
 And Tendencies of sensual Mind;  
 'Gainst Wealth, Pomp, Pleasure, earthly, transient,  
 [vain,  
 May I a like Antipathy maintain.

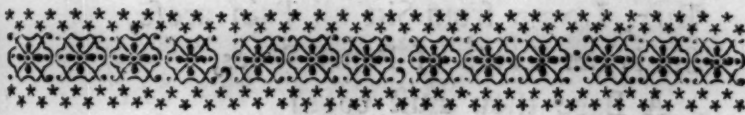
OUR great Disease was Lust,  
 Which made us Heav'n disgust:  
 God-Man be prais'd, who choose a State,  
 Our earthly Passions to abate.  
 Inspire me, LORD, with heav'nly-minded Sense,  
 Antarcick to all foul Concupiscence.

GOD-MAN no sooner rose,  
 But He began his Woes;  
 It griev'd the Babe's Omniscient Eye,  
 Mens curs'd Rebellions to descry,  
 He knew the mighty Guilt of Man's Offence  
 'Gainst boundless Love, and griev'd with Grief im-  
 [mense.  
 GOD-

*On the Circumcision.* 213

GOD-MAN I Thee adore,  
And from thy Love implore,  
Against all Sin a flagrant Zeal,  
Yet Joys of Pardon when I feel,  
Sin tempts me to rejoyce, which drew God down,  
To raise vile Sinners to an heav'nly Crown.

WITH Joy I Praises sing  
To our great humble King;  
Thou Heav'n didst leave for love of me,  
May I leave all for love of Thee,  
With Saints Above this Day I'll bear my Part,  
O may I thee Incarnate in my Heart.



*On the CIRCUMCISION.*

**U**PON the Octave of thy Birth,  
Since thou God-Man didst shine on  
[Earth,  
Thou as the blissful Light  
Immaculately Bright,  
Wouldst a Severity endure,  
Contriv'd to teach laps'd Men they were impure.



214 *On the Circumcision.*

THY heav'nly FATHER it ordain'd,  
 Love to Obedience thee constrain'd,  
 Our Spirits to incline  
 To Zeal for Law Divine,  
 From Infancy thy FATHER's Will,  
 It was thy Care devoutly to fulfill.

THOU our Affections to excite,  
 Wouldst stoop to an afflictive Rite,  
 Thou early didst foreshew,  
 What thou wouldst undergo,  
 Thy Cross and Agonizing Pains,  
 Which made thy Blood gush out at all thy Veins.

BUT, LORD from Sin all Pain arose,  
 Sin is the Cause of Penal Woes,  
 A Babe thou didst begin  
 To bear the Weight of Sin,  
 And by the circumcising steel,  
 Teach that thy Flesh our Punishment should feel.

ALL Heav'n and Earth which saw Thee bleed,  
 Saw Thee true Man and *Ab'ram's* Seed,  
 He first receiv'd the Sign  
 Of Covenant Divine,  
 And 'twas by thee from him deriv'd,  
 All dead in Sin, to Bliss shoud be reviv'd.

*On the Circumcision.* 215

THY Love sweet Babe with willing Heart  
Endur'd thy Circumcision Smarr,  
'Twas thy propitious Aim  
To take that dearest Name  
Of JESUS, at that Rite impos'd,  
Which thy Salvation to the World disclos'd.

MY Spirit makes its last Efforts,  
To think what that dear Name imports,  
One while I Sin survey,  
Which JESUS takes away,  
I see my JESUS bear the Pains  
Due to my own concupiscential Stains.

MY Love one while suggests to Thought,  
The great Salvation JESUS wrought,  
And while I JESUS see  
Hang on the Cross for me,  
My Love trajected from my eye,  
O'er-flows my Heart, I could for JESUS dye.

DEAR JESUS is a joyful Name,  
And I a part in JESUS Claim,  
Sweet JESUS dries my Tears,  
Sweet JESUS calms my Fears,  
And I from Guilt by JESUS freed,  
The very Angels shou'd in Hymn exceed.

216 *On the Circumcision.*

BLESS'D Angels! You my JESUS Praise,  
Flesh cannot reach your heavenly Lays;  
Yet since for me he deign'd,  
Not you, to be arraign'd,  
In Love with you I'll strive to vie,  
With all your Might you Love, and so will I.

My Love in this shall yours outdo,  
'Twill be the Tenderer of the two,  
Into soft Tear 'twill melt,  
For Woes my JESUS felt;  
Our Loves in different Rills will stream,  
Mine native, yours but foreigner will seem.

AT JESU'S Name all Knees must bow,  
Their Hearts for Off'rings to him vow,  
I, JESU, wou'd vow mine,  
But Thou must it refine,  
Till it to thy sole Love adheres,  
And at thy Throne fit Holocaust appears.

BUT what have I which is my own,  
To offer, JESU, at thy Throne?  
The Heart that I design,  
Is by dear Purchase thine,  
And I have nothing left in store,  
But was thy own, my JESUS, long before.

*On the Circumcision.* 217

O, my dear JESUS, 'twas Thy own,  
I now my Sacrilege bemoan,  
I stole my Heart away,  
Made it to sin a Prey.  
Thou gav'st thyself to free the Slave,  
Reject me not whom thou didst dye to save.

MY JESUS! O thy Name is sweet,  
To Sinners mourning in retreat,  
The Name by God design'd  
To ease a troubled Mind.  
GOD Love to us had ne'er been styl'd,  
Had he not been in JESUS reconcil'd.

MY JESUS! while I here remain,  
Affections vile, unruly, vain,  
Are ready to arise,  
My Spirit to surprise;  
O circumcise them from my Heart,  
That nought may me and my dear JESUS part.

DURATION the Angelick Quire  
In hymning spend and never tire,  
Eternally delight  
In Beatifick Sight,  
When JESUS has my Heart possess'd,  
O I cou'd JESUS Hymn and never rest.



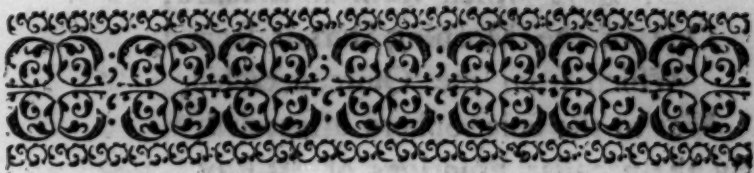
218 *On the Circumcision.*

A Thousand Years is but one Day,  
In GOD's Indivisible Ray.  
And while I JESUS sing,  
An ever-gushing Spring  
With Thought devout supplies my Zeal,  
And I in Singing no Succession feel.

MY JESUS! no Seraphick Flame  
Has Ardours fit to hymn thy Name,  
While I to hymn incline,  
I'll Love and JESUS joyn,  
And when my Hymn remits its Heat,  
JESUS my Love a thousand Times repeat.

MY JESUS! I my Spirit chide,  
When from thy thought it turns aside,  
O be thou on my Breast  
Still virtually impress'd,  
My Love will long to sing with those,  
Whose Hymns to JESUS never shall have clog,





## On the EPIPHANY.

**W**HEN God from Heav'n came down,  
 To take our Flesh in *Bethlem* Town,  
 Heav'n the transporting News  
 Declar'd at first to none but *Jews*;  
 To *Bethlem* Shepherds who watch'd o'er the Fold,  
 A Quire of Angels the glad Tidings told.

THEY saw GOD's early Ray,  
 And might keep Festival that Day,  
 From *Gentiles* God conceal'd,  
 The saving Truth to *Jews* reveal'd,  
 This Day the *Gentiles* the glad Tidings heard,  
 This Day, by all the World to be rever'd.

A Star, new, strange, and bright,  
 Appear'd by Day as well as Night,  
 And with its radiant Beam,  
 Strove with the Sun to be Supream,  
 Which *Eastern Gentiles* guess'd was to forerun  
 The wish'd for Dawn of the Eternal Sun.

By Rays which from it stream'd,  
 One of the Morning Stars it seem'd,  
 Which from the Quire detach'd,  
 Was to the Solar Sphere dispatch'd,  
 By the peculiar Pointings of its Ray,  
 To shew the *Gentiles* where their Saviour lay.

LED by the wondrous Star,  
 Three princely Sages came from far,  
 Who made all *Salem* ring  
 Of their new-born propitious King,  
 And the great Council, *Herod* call'd agreed,  
 That for his Birth-place *Bethlem* was decreed.

THIS Day the Star stood still,  
 Its Rays which brightn'd *Bethlem* Vill,  
 Towards the Poor stable veer'd,  
 Where GOD in swadling Clothes appear'd:  
 The Sages entring fell upon the Floor,  
 The Weak Almighty Infant to adore.

NEXT to the Infant, they  
 Due Honour to the Mother pay,  
 Then Cloths of State unfold,  
 Which wrap'd Myrrh, Frankincense, and Gold,  
 Those they presented to the Infant's View,  
 The noblest Gifts which in their Countries grew,

*On the Epiphany.* 221

YE *Eastern* Sages say  
When you had travell'd a long Way  
To seek a King, and saw  
None but an humble Babe on Straw,  
What mov'd you for a King that Babe to own,  
Who had a Manger only for his Throne?

KNEW you what was of Old,  
By *Balaam* of a Star foretold,  
Which should in *Jacob* rise,  
Whose Beams shou'd glad their wishing Eyes?  
Or had some long Tradition reach'd your Ear,  
Of a new King to roll the *Jewish* Sphere?

O it was Light divine,  
Which deign'd into your Hearts to shine,  
Which ghostly Clouds dispell'd,  
The Stars Effulgence far excell'd;  
Made you the Guilt of human Race descry,  
And long till a Redeener bless'd your Eye.

You Mother saw and Child,  
She sweetly yearn'd, He brightly smil'd;  
None of the Bless'd Above,  
E're had such Interchange of Love.  
'Twas heav'nly Glory which the Infant crown'd,  
Dilating his pure Mother to surround.

You



222      *On the Epiphany.*

You saw her sweet Amaze,  
How her full Soul o'reflow'd with Praise,  
And how her Eyes she try'd  
'Twixt Heav'n and Infant to divide;  
Who taught her Love to Heav'n the readiest Way  
On his Reflex of Fontal Godhead's Ray.

Rapt at the Infant's Sight,  
You in a Dream inspir'd by Night  
Were *Salem* charg'd to wave,  
From *Herod's* Rage the Babe to save,  
And to your Lands return'd by secret Roads,  
To scatter Light o're all your dark Abodes.

By the First-fruits thus bless'd,  
Of *Gentiles* hallow'd were the rest;  
And soon the Splendor spread,  
Which the sweet Dove Eternal shed;  
'Twas on this happy Day the *Gentile* World  
First saw the Banner of GOD's Love unfurl'd.

No penitential Moan  
Shou'd reach this Day the heav'nly Throne;  
But shou'd a Tincture have  
Of Joy, for him who came to save;  
And his Salvation to extend to all,  
Who o're the World for Mercy to him call:

BE

*On the Epiphany.* 223

BE GRACIOUS GOD ador'd,  
Who in pure Pity unimplor'd,  
Wou'd yet the joyful News,  
O're this my native Land diffuse;  
And whose Omniscience, which all Persons sees,  
Design'd me Share in his benign Decrees.

THOU, LORD, my Plague hast heal'd,  
By Saving-Truths by Thee reveal'd;  
While I Thy Pardon feel,  
With a compassionating Zeal,  
I beg that darkn'd Souls Thy Light may see,  
And in Thy Goodness share, which shines on me.

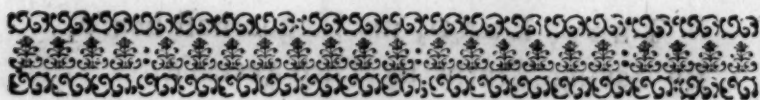
FOR Star my Soul to lead,  
Thy holy Word I'll daily read;  
'Twill shine all o're my Way,  
And shew the Right, when e're I stray:  
But when I shall approach my Heav'nly King,  
I votive Gifts, like the Wise Men, shou'd bring.

I'll, LORD, my Gold present,  
On Thy poor Brethren to be spent;  
Pray'r shall to Thee aspire,  
As Frankincense fumes up by Fire;  
For uncorrupting Myrrh, an Heart sincere  
I'll bring, from willful Putrefactions clear.

LORD,

## 224 *On the Purification.*

LORD, on my Gifts though vile,  
Let Thy Benignity but smile,  
My Love shall daily strive  
At higher Offerings to arrive;  
And for their daily Failings to atone,  
Present new Hymns to Thy propitious Throne.



### *On the PURIFICATION.*



F all the solemn Days,  
Devoted to GOD's Praise,  
This Day methinks the Church mis-  
[nam'd,  
It might have juster Title claim'd :  
No Ear can well endure  
Purification of a Mother pure.

THE Womb which JESUS chose,  
His Godhead to enclose,  
From willful Sin we guess was free,  
Fit for the GOD of Purity;  
And might have Rites declin'd,  
Which for impure Conceptions were design'd,

BUT her Great Infant, few  
Immaculate then knew,

She

## On the Purification. 225

She might the Region scandalize,  
If judg'd Law sacred to despise;  
And meekly she thought fit  
In Charity and Wisdom to submit.

SHE with like humble Thought,  
Her Babe to Temple brought,  
The stated Ransom down to lay,  
Which *Jews* for their First-born shou'd pay.  
The Mighty Child she knew,  
To all GOD'S Laws wou'd yield Submissions due.

THE holy Virgin nought  
But two young Pigeons brought,  
An Off'ring of the meanest Rate,  
To shew her humble poor Estate;  
She the vain World deny'd,  
She perfect Contradiction liv'd to Pride.

HER self and SON she there  
Devoted to GOD'S Care;  
She knew the dire predicted Woe,  
Her Son for Man shou'd undergo;  
And tho' to Tear inclin'd,  
All her soft Yearnings to GOD'S Will resign'd.

IT was the Infant's Aim  
When he to Temple came,  
To GOD himself intire to give,  
In constant Sacrifice to live,

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And



## 226    *On the Purification.*

And on the Cross to bleed,  
To work that Good his FATHER had decreed.

SAINTS to the House of Pray'r  
Wont daily to repair,  
The Glory of God-Man beheld  
In Splendor which the Ark excell'd;  
They saw the Truth foretold,  
The second Temple now out-shin'd the old.

*Simeon*, devout and just,  
Purg'd from Terrestrial Gust,  
Had waited with a longing Eye,  
To see *Messias* from on high;  
And Heav'n e're he expir'd  
Had promis'd him the Bliss so much desir'd.

THE SPIRIT, ever blest'd,  
By Force of Love impress'd,  
Was to GOD's House the Lover's Guide,  
Where GOD Incarnate he descry'd;  
At his first heav'nly View,  
He *Israel's* wish'd for Consolation knew.

THE Saint at that glad Sight,  
Rais'd to Ecstasick Height,  
With Love the whole Assembly fir'd,  
Embrac'd the Babe, to Heav'n aspir'd:  
Cou'd Earth no more endure,  
And into Hymn brake out, for Heav'n mature.

GOD

On the Purification. 227

GOD-MAN has bless'd my Eye,  
In Peace LORD let me dye,  
I the Redeemer now behold,  
Whose Love even *Gentiles* shall enfold,  
Be the Words glorious Light,  
And shed o'er *Israel* Ray's benign and bright.

NEXT he the Parents blest,  
And prophesy express't,  
That when the Babe commenc'd his Reign;  
Many shou'd fall and rise again,  
Many shou'd be averse,  
And Sword-like Grief shou'd the dear Mother pierce.

THEN the Babes Blessing He  
Imploring on his Knee,  
The Infant gave him his Release;  
And in sweet Beam a Kiss of Peace,  
His Spirit burst its Clay,  
And flew to hymn God-Man in endless Day.

PROPHETICK aged *Anne*,  
Came next to see God-Man,  
Her Life she in the Temple spent;  
On Pray'r and Fast entirely bent,  
She sang a Song of Praise,  
Soon as she JESUS saw in gracious Ray's.

228 *On the Purification.*

ALL who curs'd Sin bemoan'd,  
And for a SAVIOUR groan'd,  
She warn'd on JESUS to rely,  
And rap't at his endearing Eye,  
Cou'd Life no more abide,  
But in sweet, am'rous Liquefaction dy'd.

HOME went, when Rites were done,  
The Parents with their Son;  
At *Nazareth* abode they made,  
Liv'd in obscure, and humble Shade,  
From the vain World estrang'd,  
And Loves with their sweet Infant interchang'd.

O all ye Worldlings see,  
How happy Souls may be  
Without Wealth, Pomp, which you admire,  
And madly to your Bane desire;  
The happiest of Mankind,  
The humblest are to JESUS View confin'd.

JESU, I Thee adore,  
Who Sinners to restore,  
Wou'dst no Humiliations scorn,  
Thou Godhead's Co-immense First-born,  
Wou'dst have thy Ransom paid,  
Who wast Thyself the World's great Ransom made.

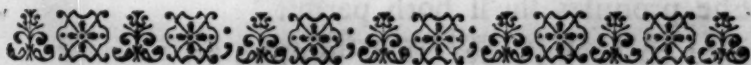
MAY

On Good-Friday. 229

MAY I in Thee delight,  
Keep Thee in ghostly Sight;  
Like Thy blest'd Parents Thee enjoy,  
On Thy sole Love myself employ;  
And from the World retir'd,  
See nothing but Thyself to be desir'd.

MAY I in Pray'r and Fast,  
Still mindful of my last,  
Like *Anna* on thy House attend,  
All solemn Hours devoutly spend;  
There my dear JESUS meet,  
And of Heaven's Joys have Prelibations sweet.

MAY I, in this laps'd State,  
For Thy Salvation wait,  
By Faith, like *Simeon*, Thee embrace,  
Make my own Heart Thy Dwelling-place,  
On Thy dear Love rely,  
And sing my own glad *Requiem* when I dye.



On GOOD-FRIDAY.



SONG of JESUS I design,  
But stumble at the leading Line,  
Of JESUS Passion I wou'd sing,  
And for this Day's Oblation bring;

Q 3

But



230      *On Good-Friday.*

But cannot the Dispute decide  
'Twixt Grief and Love, which me divide.

WHEN JESUS Suff'rings I review,  
And know myself to be the *Jew*,  
Whose Sins created all the Woe  
God Flesh assum'd to undergo;  
I dread my Guilt, and in my Eyes  
Of Tears I feel two Fountains rise.

BUT when sweet JESUS to my Sight  
Appears in a salvifick Light,  
Where on the Cross he suffers Pain,  
That I may Bliss eternal gain,  
O then my Heart with Love runs o're,  
And is inclin'd to grieve no more.

WHILE thus my Soul is at a Bay,  
Which of the Passions me shall sway;  
Mind on a sudden intervenes,  
And with sweet Temper both serenes,  
She promises she'll both permit,  
And to keep Peace, their Umpire sit.

MIND bids me Grief and Love unite,  
And then from both a Song indite;  
For hallow'd Grief from Love is bred,  
Love only grateful Tears can shed:  
Love for offending Love immense,  
Less eying Vengeance, than Offence.

To

On Good-Friday. 231

To Love intirely then my Mind,  
The Conduct of my Tears resign'd;  
And from the Garden I began  
To trace the Suff'rings of God-man,  
I felt into soft Tear devout  
Love at first Entrance bursting out.

I kept it lively in my Mind,  
That GOD and Man in JESUS joyn'd,  
That Godhead ev'ry Soul foreknows,  
For whom the Manhood suffers Woes;  
And while his Pains my Ransom bought,  
I and my Sins were in his Thought.

MIND cou'd no Pang of JESUS see,  
But still she cry'd, It is for me;  
I the Inflammative receiv'd,  
And all the Way both lov'd and griev'd;  
God-Man for me enduring Smart,  
Both delug'd, and enflam'd my Heart.

I saw Incarnate GOD at Pray'r,  
With awful, yet enam'ring Air,  
Each Tear Paternal GOD endear'd,  
He humbly lov'd, he sweetly fear'd,  
He kneel'd, fell prostrate on the Ground,  
Aspir'd with Ardency profound.

232      *On Good-Friday.*

COMPLAINT of inward Grief he made,  
I saw dire Pangs his Soul invade,  
With Tears he offer'd up strong Cries,  
Ah then I saw him agonize,  
Ah! I beheld the Surface wet,  
With Droppings of his bloody Sweat,

He his own Load foresaw, had Sense  
Of Sin, and of GOD's Wrath immense,  
And pray'd, that he the Cup might wave,  
If a less Price laps'd Man would save;  
Yet to his FATHER's Will resign'd,  
Content to suffer for Mankind.

I lov'd and griev'd at JESUS Pain,  
I saw him for my Sins sustain;  
Yet only ey'd the outward Part,  
And cou'd not reach his dol'rous Heart;  
His Sorrows there, none ever knew,  
Too infinite for bounded View.

With Grief his Pray'r grew so intense,  
Methought his Godhead in suspense;  
With-held consolatory Beam,  
That Agony might be extreme.  
Of such Suspense, what Heart can guess  
The unconceivable Distress?

God

GOD sent an Angel from the Throne,  
With sweet Supports to ease his Moan;  
And since he suffer'd in the Place  
Of *Adam's* universal Race;  
We judge his Woes proportion'd were  
To all the Guilt he deign'd to bear.

To GOD as he resign'd his Will,  
He rose to meet approaching Ill.  
I stood the Traytor to behold,  
Who for vile Price his Master sold;  
I saw God-Man from Lips impure,  
With Patience meek a Kiss endure.

I saw the arm'd inhuman Bands,  
Stretch tow'rd's God-Man audacious Hands,  
His Voice struck all to Earth with Dread,  
He suff'ring each to raise his Head,  
They him when bound to *Annas* drew,  
While from their LORD his Vot'ries flew.

With *Jews* was leagu'd Infernal Pow'r,  
Curs'd *Satan* knew the fatal Hour,  
His Legions he review'd, and all  
The Devils to revenge their Fall,  
Blaspheming vow'd with utmost Might,  
On God's lov'd Son to wreak their Spite,



My Love began fresh Tears to shed,  
 When JESUS was to Caiaphas led,  
 With the High-priest the Council joyn'd,  
 All in his violent Death combin'd,  
 With envious Rage I saw them swell,  
 All unappeasable as Hell.

With Bufferings they him assail'd,  
 His Face they spit on, and then vail'd,  
 Bid him by Prophecy disclose,  
 Which was the Hand that gave the Blows.  
 Shame mix'd with Pain in all his Woe,  
 Ills which from Sin co-eval flow.

To Pilate next they drag him bound,  
 With cruel Clamours him surround :  
 The Pagan the accus'd acquits,  
 And strait to Herod him transmits;  
 He and his Guards meek JESUS made  
 Their Scorn, and in Mock-White array'd.

To Pilate back they JESUS sent,  
 He Jewish Malice to prevent,  
 Propos'd that JESUS at the Feast,  
 Might be the Criminal releast.  
 But for a Murderer they cry,  
 Barabbas free; let JESUS die.

My Love, my Tear now higher rise,  
Incarnate God is in your Eyes,  
Ty'd to a Pillar, naked, stripp'd,  
By unrelenting Soldiers whipp'd,  
His sacred Flesh is wound all o're,  
His Blood is Streams, 'twas Rills before.

Thus bleeding, with redoubled Rage,  
They Choose the Common-Hall their Stage,  
They Crown him with a Wreath of Thorn,  
With a Mock-Purple Robe adorn,  
For Scepter they provide a Reed,  
And to insult him all agreed.

With bended Knee, hail King they cry'd,  
Spat on his Face, and Mock'ries vy'd,  
Then took the Reed, and smote his Crown:  
To make the Thorns sink deeper down,  
To *Jews* God-Man thus full of Woes,  
To move their Pity, *Pilate* shews.

The Hell infuriated crowd,  
Reit'rate, Crucify, aloud,  
On our own Heads and Race the Guilt  
Shall rest, soon as his Blood is spilt:  
And *Pilate* by their Threats inclin'd,  
The guiltless to their Rage consign'd.

236      On Good-Friday.

My Love, my Tear, your Force collect,  
 You now must on the Cross reflect,  
 There Pain and Shame are at full stress,  
 And for my Sins God-Man oppresses;  
 See, he begins the dol'rous way,  
 From Pilate's House to Golgotha.

His sacred Head with Thorn is crown'd,  
 His bleeding Furrows dye the Ground,  
 In his own Garments re-array'd,  
 His pond'rous Cross is on him laid,  
 With bleeding faint, o'erwhelm'd with Woes,  
 Beneath his Load he trembling goes.

AH! Now he sinks, and to sustain  
 His Burden, *Simon* they constrain,  
 Love wish'd herself had then been seiz'd,  
 Her suff'ring Saviour to have eas'd,  
 My Love, my Tear, you now must count  
 The Dolours felt on Calv'ry mount.

INSTEAD of the accustom'd Wine,  
 They offer a Mock Anodyne,  
 For wonted Myrrh malicious *Jews*  
 The most imbitt'ring Gall infuse,  
 No Anodyne bless'd *JESUS* knew,  
 But Will Divine, and Lips withdrew.

BETWEEN two Thieves he thither came,  
To stigmatize him with their Shame,  
Then naked to augment his wo,  
Him on the Cross supine they throw,  
Nail Hands and Feet with Gorings pain'd,  
Unstuce his Blood, till now undrein'd.

THE Cross between the Thieves they raise,  
Soon as the Crowd upon him gaze,  
They wag their Heads, mock, grin, blaspheme,  
With Ragings various and extreme,  
He patient for Tormentors pray'd,  
With gracious Yearnings hate repay'd.

OF Thieves the bad 'gainst JESUS rav'd,  
The Good his Pity meekly crav'd,  
Bless'd JESUS spake, immensely prone  
To ease a Penitential Moan.  
Thy Soul the Angels shall this Day,  
To Paradise with me convey.

WHILE JESUS on the Cross was nail'd,  
The Sun in Clouds its Splendor vail'd,  
At the Eclipse of Pontal Light,  
Fear'd it should never more be bright,  
In Shame and Pain three Hours he hung,  
Shot through with Darts of venom'd Tongue.



My Love, my Tear, you Weeping see  
 The Virgin-Mother near the Tree,  
 O learn of her to love and weep,  
 And Jesus in your Heart to keep,  
 Yet ev'n her tender Love and Tear,  
 Reach'd only Woes she saw appear.

THE Length, the Breadth, the Depth, the  
 [Height  
 Of inward Woe transcended Sight,  
 Ah could our elevated eye  
 Into his dol'rous Spirit pry,  
 A Sorrow infinite is there,  
 No Speech Angelick can declare.

MAD Dogs from the Infernal dark,  
 About the Cross at Jesus bark,  
 Their Foam they in Suggestions vent,  
 And all his inward Pangs foment,  
 And yet their studied utmost Spight,  
 No one repining could excite.

My God, My God, I agonize,  
 Why dost Thou me forsake, he cries,  
 Ne'er since the World began was known,  
 Such an immense heart-breaking Groan,  
 God-Man ne'er made Complaint in vain,  
 'Twas but proportion'd to his Pain.

# On Good-Friday. 239

REFLUX of Godhead him relieves;  
'Tis but short Time bless'd JESUS grieves,  
Yet that short Time GOD's Mercy sways,  
Man's Ransom to his Justice pays,  
Since GOD's co-equal undergoes  
The Quintessence of Sinners Woes.

PATERNAL GOD's co-boundless Son,  
For Sinners now his All has done,  
His Head he to his Father bends,  
His Soul into his Hands commends,  
And sweetly breathing out his last,  
Into his Father's Bosom pass'd.

THE GOD of Life gave up the Ghost,  
Amaz'd stood the Angelick Host;  
Curs'd Fiends were lash'd to treble Pain,  
The Temple-Veil was rent in twain,  
Earth quak'd, back flew the Ocean Waves,  
Rocks cleav'd, and open stood the Graves.

THE Good Centurion JESUS own'd,  
The very Crowd his Woes bemoan'd;  
And of his Death all Doubt to clear,  
His Side was wounded with a Spear:  
That Wound the Jewish Outrage clos'd,  
And then He in his Grave repos'd.

Soon

SOON as I saw blest'd JESUS dead,  
 I found sad Tear from Love was fled;  
 Love, left alone, with Joy beheld  
 His Shame, his Anguors now dispell'd;  
 With that, she call'd to Hymn for Aid,  
 In Song his Love she re-survey'd.

ALL Praise be to Incarnate GOD,  
 Who for my Sake the Wine-press trod,  
 Who in pure, boundless Love inclin'd  
 To give his Life for laps'd Mankind,  
 Who Miseries immense endur'd,  
 That I might live from all secur'd.

MAY I, like blessed *Paul*, to know  
 Dear JESUS, my choice Hours bestow,  
 The Cross is the sole Book I need,  
 In that all Saving-Truths I read,  
 GOD'S Attributes all harmoniz'd,  
 Evanid Wealth, Pomp, Joys despis'd.

MAN'S heinous Guilt, apparent made,  
 For which the Blood of GOD was paid,  
 Sin's curs'd Attendants, Pain and Shame,  
 With Horrors of infernal Flame,  
 Death and the Terrors of the Grave,  
 From which God-Man cou'd only save.

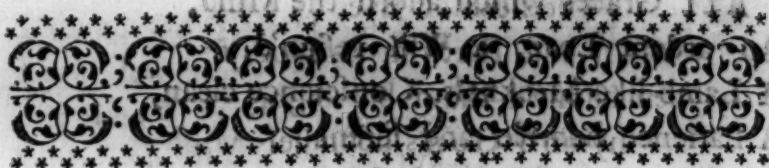
ALL Graces which adorn the Mind,  
An, ardent Love, a Will resign'd,  
A Lamb-like Meekness, Conscience clean,  
A Patience humble and serene,  
Obedience constant and sincere,  
Undaunted Courage, filial Fear;

LARGE Charity, a Temper sweet,  
All Men like Brethren prone to treat,  
Devotion fixt, a Zeal right aim'd,  
Self-Holocaust, all Passions tam'd;  
I with all these, and num'rous more,  
From JESUS Cross myself may store.

LORD, in Thy Cross is all my Trust,  
I'll crucify all sensual Gust,  
And if Thou call'st me to the Stake,  
Help me to suffer for thy Sake,  
Thy Cross I'll daily keep in eye,  
And learn from that to Love and die.







## On EASTER-DAY.

**S**AY, blessed Angels, say,  
How could you silent be to Day?  
Your Hymn the Shepherds wak'd that  
[morn,

When great God-Man was born,  
But when He rose again,  
They heard no Eucharistick Strain.

You saw God-Man expire,  
Did you his Rising not admire?  
How when his Soul at parting Breath  
Entred the Realm of Death,  
He conqu'ring forc'd his way,  
And re-inspir'd his buried Clay.

HAD you his Rise admir'd,  
Hymn is by Admiration fir'd;  
But you profoundly were amaz'd  
When you upon Him gaz'd;  
And while Amazement reigns,  
It all Poetick Force restrains.

YOUR

YOUR Intellectual Eyes  
 Saw Heav'n and Earth from Nothing rise,  
 You then admir'd the noble Sight,  
 And hymn'd God's boundless Might;  
 Yourself from Nothing rais'd,  
 In your first Moment Godhead prais'd.

WHEN you saw JESUS dead,  
 The Strangeness then was mix'd with Dread,  
 The King of Terrors had surpriz'd  
 God-Man when sacrific'd.  
 You Ghosts apostate quell'd,  
 Yet with Amaze that Death beheld.

AT JESUS dying Groan,  
 The Graves by Earthquake open thrown,  
 All the tremendous Horrors shew'd,  
 In frightful Death's Abode,  
 You with Amazement saw  
 God-Man the Tyrant over-awe.

AMAZE not long cou'd last,  
 But into Admiration past;  
 The Wonder calmly you conceiv'd,  
 And Grace of Hymn retriev'd;  
 And Hymning still remain  
 The Lamb triumphant, who was slain.

To a sublimer Height  
 That I may Faith and Love excite,  
 I *Calvary* this Morn intend;  
 As Pilgrim to ascend,  
 To see the hallow'd Ground,  
 For JESUS Sepulchre renown'd.

IMPULS'D with Zeal, my Mind  
 Soon reach'd the Mountain I design'd;  
 Two Angels there I cou'd behold,  
 Who first the Rising told,  
 Came down on radiant Wing  
 Their *Easter* annual Hymn to sing.

I heard them with Delight,  
 And as they spread their Wings for Flight,  
 In JESUS Name besought their Stay,  
 To perfect my Survey:  
 The Angel, they reply'd,  
 Who guards the Mount, will be your Guide.

MY Fervour to foment,  
 The Guardian mildly gave consent,  
 And left my Sight shou'd be oppress'd,  
 He damp'd his glorious Vest;  
 I then to ev'ry Place,  
 Cou'd ev'ry leading Footstep trace.

## On Easter-Day. 245

WITHIN, said he, the Womb  
Of this hard Rock was JESUS Tomb,  
That pond'rous Stone which on it lay,  
The Angel mov'd away,  
Descending in pure White,  
With Look like awful Lightning bright.

THE Guards his Presence fear'd,  
And like dead Men all Pale appear'd,  
The solid Earths Foundations shook,  
Down as his Flight he took,  
In open'd Graves the Just,  
Felt Life rekindling in their Dust.

CLOTH'D in Celestial Ray,  
There Heaven's two Envoys fix'd their Stay,  
Each on the Stone possess'd his Seat,  
At JESUS's Head and Feet,  
To watch 'gainst Jew and Hell,  
And to good Souls glad Tidings tell.

THE Female Saints took Care  
Embalming Odours to prepare,  
To JESUS they first Honour gave,  
They saw the empty Grave,  
And *Magdalen* took Flight,  
To tell his Votaries the Sight.



Lov'd *John*, and *Peter* ran,  
 To search the Grave where lay God-Man.  
 The Shrowd and Napkin they admir'd,  
 Yet in Suspence retir'd,  
 Diffidence vail'd their Eyes,  
 Slow to believe their LORD shou'd rise.

SOFT *Mary* there remain'd,  
 That she had lost her LORD complain'd,  
 To the Two Angels with sad Tears,  
 While her dear LORD appears,  
 At whose reviving Beams,  
 Sweet Tears of Joy flow'd down in Streams.

OF all the Truths reveal'd,  
 The Rising is most firmly seal'd,  
 Heav'n took peculiar Care, that none,  
 Who think, shou'd it disown,  
 That Love Divine to fire,  
 The Motive might remain entire.

THE Angels from the Throne,  
 Sent to the monumental Stone;  
 The Saints who risen from the Dead,  
 The Truth o'er *Salem* spread;  
 The Earthquake which expos'd  
 The Graves, and scatter'd Dust reclus'd;

THE Prophecies of Old;  
 Types which the promis'd Seed enfold;  
 Our LORD's Predictions now fulfill'd;  
 The Lye by *Jews* intill'd;  
 The Guards who Truth confess'd,  
 The Resurrection co attest.

FROM Death, Bless'd JESUS rear'd,  
 Ten several times to Saints appear'd,  
 Was undeniably made known  
 To Vor'ries when alone,  
 Oft when in Numbers joyn'd,  
 Who view'd him with considerate Mind,

FIVE Hundred you might count,  
 Who saw him on the hallow'd Mount;  
 He Forty Days with Saints discours'd,  
 Truths heav'nly re-inforc'd,  
 With them he drank and eat,  
 By Miracle created Meat.

WHEN present to their View,  
 His Voice they heard, his Shape they knew,  
 His Hands and Feet, and wounded Side  
 They felt, and nicely ey'd,  
 Infallibly assur'd,  
 'Twas JESUS, who the Cross endur'd.

FULL Power Bless'd JESUS gain'd,  
 By which o're Heav'n and Earth He reign'd;  
 The Power which Heav'n on him bestow'd,  
 From Him to Vot'ries flow'd;  
 All sent with Aid Divine,  
 To teach the Faith of Godhead Trine.

To them He promis'd Might,  
 To put infernal Ghosts to flight,  
 The Force of all Disease to break,  
 In various Tongues to speak,  
 Drink Poysons most acute,  
 Or crush the most envenom'd Brute.

THAT in cleft Tongues of Fire  
 The HOLY GHOST shou'd them inspire;  
 His Influence shou'd with them remain,  
 When He shou'd Bliss obtain:  
 All punctually fulfill'd,  
 When they began the Church to build,

SUCCEEDING Saints, who weigh'd  
 Those Motives when together laid,  
 To JESUS with firm Faith adher'd,  
 And Love which nothing fear'd.  
 Thus GOD to Saints abounds,  
 And Faith in Constellation founds.

SPITE *Pagan, Magick Skill,*  
The Devils from their Mines of Ill,  
Fierce Tyrants, who long rack'd their Brains  
For quintessential Pains,  
Though they the Saints assail'd,  
The Resurrection still prevail'd.

THIS, when the Angel said,  
In wonted Splendor re-array'd,  
He strait invisible retir'd,  
Left me with Truth inspir'd:  
I Gracious God ador'd,  
Who Faith with such bright Motives stor'd.

GOD-MAN be ever prais'd,  
Who when from Death Himself He rais'd,  
That He our Joy might not delay,  
Rose early the third Day;  
And yet entomb'd so long,  
Gave of his Death Conviction strong.

GOD-MAN be lov'd, who rose  
Victorious o're infernal Foes,  
Who Death, and Sin, and Hell disarm'd,  
That Lovers might unharm'd  
Live of their Bliss secure,  
And gladly short-liv'd Woes endure.



250 On Holy Thursday.

FROM Sin which Souls destroys,  
By Deadness to Celestial Joys,  
May I with penitential cries,  
To a new Life arise,  
And rest when I revive,  
Dead to the World, to Heaven alive.



On HOLY THURSDAY.

**M**Y Faith, and Hope, your Pow'rs unite,  
While I a Hymn endire,  
You are Twin-graces fledg'd this Day,  
And warm'd by the same Ray,  
And you my Love make up the TRINE,  
This Day you reach'd Maturity Divine.

You Faith, and Hope, till Jesus shin'd,  
Were *Embryos* of the Mind,  
Lodg'd or in dark Prophetick Schemes,  
Where Truth gave languid Gleames,  
Or with Terrestrial Promise fed,  
In which supernal hardly cou'd be read.

WHEN

## On Holy Thursday. 251

WHEN JESUS here diffus'd his Light,  
Faith was absorb'd by Sight,  
Assurance superseded Hope,  
Love gain'd a freer Scope,  
Till our Redemption was complear,  
Man scarce had full Inflammatory Heart.

ON Olivets fair lofty Head,  
His Voc'ries JESUS lead,  
That they his Glory shou'd behold,  
And to the World unfold,  
And his past Loves with Hands up-rear'd,  
By Blessing valedictory endear'd.

As the Celestial Fountain stopp'd,  
Which heav'nly Sweetness dropp'd,  
A Cloud descended, one of those,  
God for his Chariot chose,  
Which opening JESUS to surround,  
With gentle Force remounted from the Ground.

BLESS'D Moses seiz'd with sacred Aw,  
Reciev'd of GOD the Law,  
Thick Cloud the Mount then over-spread,  
Which Israel struck with dread,  
And while he there his Station fix'd,  
The Cloud with a devouring Fire was mix'd.

## 252 On Holy Thursday.

THE Cloud in which God-Man was rear'd,  
Benign and bright appear'd,  
Like what Saints saw on *Tabor* Stream,  
Enlightned by his Beam,  
GOD speaking from Effulgence clear,  
This is my Son belov'd, whom all must hear.

THE Horse and Chariots were of Flame,  
Which for *Elias* came,  
The Whirl-wind hurrying them through Air,  
Fan'd them to frightful Glare ;  
He pass'd thro' an *Aethereal* Glade,  
Steer'd and supported by GOD's gracious Aid.

BUT when to Heav'n bless'd JESUS flew,  
Cloud only was in View,  
He to accelerate his speed,  
Of Chariot had no need ;  
Incarnate GOD by his own Might,  
Both rose from Death, and took his heav'nly  
[Flight.

THE Saints the Cloud with steady Eyes  
Trac'd as it pass'd the Skies,  
But soon it reach'd Celestial Height,  
Transcending human Sight,  
And as it swift to Glory soar'd,  
Incarnate GOD devoutly they ador'd.

On Holy Thursday. 253

E'ER their Ejaculation clos'd,  
Our LORD in Bliss repos'd;  
Bless'd JESUS reassum'd his Crown,  
And at GOD's Right sat down,  
Think with what wondrous Speed he pass'd;  
In a few Moments, the expanded Vast.

SHOULD a swift Eagle Heaven-wards spring,  
With an unweary'd Wing,  
And swifter make through Heav'n his Way,  
Than when he flew for Prey,  
Scarce in a Million of Years  
He'd shoot the Gulph of the Supernal Spheres.

WHEN GOD is present in a Place,  
He passes through no Space,  
By Will, not Motion, he from nought  
Things into being wrought,  
God-Man in Bliss his Person will'd,  
Which in a Minute he himself fulfill'd.

GOOD Souls wou'd tire who Heav'n-ward fly,  
E'er they could reach the Sky,  
Or num'rous painful Ages spend,  
E'er they cou'd Heav'n ascend,  
If they on Wing were bound to keep  
All their long Passage through Supernal deep.



## 254 On Holy Thursday.

A Seraph, though on twice six Wings,  
His Message down he brings,  
And quicken'd with warm, heav'nly Zeal,  
His Message to reveal;  
Yet midst Æthereal Wave won'd fail,  
If he on unassisted Wings shou'd fail.

GOD wills just Souls shou'd mount on high,  
Wills Angels down shou'd fly,  
Almighty Will impresses Force,  
For each appointed Course:  
The Saints by that at Bliss arrive,  
And swiftly up the Waves unfathom'd dive.

WITH near an instantaneous Flight,  
Fly Rays of Morning Light;  
A Million-fold they swifter go  
Than Arrows from a Bow;  
A Myriad-fold an Angel flies,  
Swifter than Morning Splendor gilds the Skies.

THE heav'nly Orbs flew open wide,  
When they their MAKER ey'd;  
The Stars left off their Morning Lay,  
To sing that glorious Day;  
On either Hand they back retir'd,  
To clear the Road in which God-Man aspir'd.

On Holy Thursday. 255

THE Angels to the heav'nly Gate  
Flew, on God-Man to wait;  
The Saints out-flew the radiant Host,  
They took the nobler Post,  
And to attend Him to his Throne,  
Each Guardian left that Day his Charge alone.

ALL Heav'n to a new Song agreed,  
For Great God-Man decreed;  
But a sweet Emulation rose,  
Who shou'd the Song compose:  
The Angels urg'd GOD's Will, that they  
Shou'd to His First-Begotten, Worship pay.

SAINTS urg'd, God-Man his Blood resign'd  
For none but laps'd Mankind:  
Place then to Saints the Angels gave,  
Whom JESUS dy'd to save;  
Yet since for Penitent Souls they joy'd,  
With them they wou'd in Song be co-employ'd.

SAINTS on the Lamb for Sinners slain,  
Sang a new, heav'nly Strain,  
With them joynd all Angelick Quires,  
With their harmonious Lyres;  
Heav'n never Song more grateful heard,  
A fuller Concert ne're in Bliss appear'd.

## 256 On Holy Thursday.

MY Guardian, who then bore his Part,  
Trajected to my Heart,  
That he the Saints and Angels ey'd,  
How they in Singing vy'd,  
And though he both admir'd, confess'd,  
Saints the more sweet Enamourments express'd.

THEY call Bless'd JESUS Loves to Mind,  
All for their Bliss design'd,  
Take supereffluent Delight  
In his endearing Sight,  
And their new *Anthems* to compleat,  
To the Lamb slain *Doxologies* repeat.

WHEN JESUS had withdrawn his Light,  
Two Angels rob'd in White,  
Bespake the Saints in such Amaze,  
Why upwards do you gaze?  
God-Man, whom you ascending saw,  
At His return shall strike the World with Awe.

WHEN the last Trumpet sounds aloud,  
In flaming Fire and Cloud,  
He to the Judgment shall descend,  
The Dead shall Him attend,  
He'll then pronounce to all their Doom,  
The Wicked Damn, the Just to Bliss assume.

## On Holy Thursday. 257

THE Saints who Jesus saw when pain'd,  
Joy'd that he Bliss had gain'd,  
That Manhood at God's Right was plac'd,  
With highest Honour grac'd,  
That Session endless rest imply'd,  
With the Eternal Word co-glorify'd.

IN Hymns they all resolv'd to sing  
Their dear redeeming King,  
Their Course to Salem then they bent,  
Exulting as they went,  
There charg'd to stay till on them all,  
The HOLY GHOST shou'd in full Splendor fall.

THERE in GOD's sacred House they dwell,  
His gracious Presence felt,  
To Perpetuity of Praise  
Devoting all their Days,  
And waiting for the happy Hour,  
When the Eternal Dove shou'd them empow'r.

OUR heav'nly King in Glory Reigns,  
Infernal Ghosts restrains,  
All to his Throne have free access,  
To open their Distress,  
From thence he cheers each Soul who prays,  
With mighty, sweet, benign, enam'ring Rays.



## 258 On Holy Thursday

FROM thence his Goodness overflows,  
 And heav'nly Gifts bestows,  
 From thence he sends the spotless Dove,  
 The Source of Holy Love,  
 And in his own Ascent declares,  
 The Bliss of Saints who are with him Co-heirs.

OUR great High-Priest there intercedes,  
 For Sinners Pardon pleads,  
 Presents to his dread FATHER'S Eyes  
 His own dear Sacrifice,  
 And gracious GOD by that aton'd,  
 Forgives each Sin, as soon as 'tis bemoan'd.

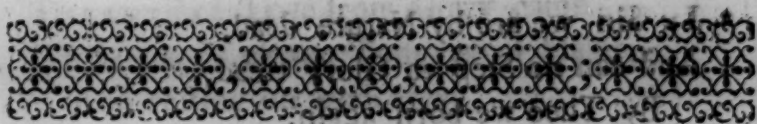
TO JESUS, though he disappears,  
 My steady Faith adheres,  
 My Hope on JESUS now unseen,  
 Shall as my Anchor lean,  
 I JESUS'S Blessing shall receive,  
 Since though I see nor, firmly I believe.

MY Love, since JESUS Love you see,  
 Rise to such high Degree,  
 Your Ardours to no Measure bind,  
 Expatiate unconfin'd,  
 Call Faith and Hope their Aids to bring,  
 Of Love Incarnate the Ascent to sing.

## On Whitsunday. 259

ALL Praise to JESUS now above,  
Below diffusing Love,  
Who Mansions for the Saints prepares,  
Makes them his tender Cares,  
Who with his Church unseen abides,  
And full Supplies for all her Wants provides.

MAY we our Souls to JESUS rear,  
While in this Vale of Tear,  
Long to our heav'nly Home to go,  
While Strangers here below;  
An heav'nly Mind can never miss,  
To sit like JESUS enthroniz'd in Bliss.



## On WHITSUNDAY.

 Fountain of all Grace Divine,  
Third of the Co-eternal TRINE,  
We on Thy sacred Day,  
To Thee devoutly pray,  
To Thy full Praise to Tune our Hearts,  
That we with Saints above may bear our Parts.

260      On Whitsunday.

FOR Thou to all the Saints above,  
Art Author of both Hymn and Love,  
Thou dost exalt their Sight  
To Beatifick Light,  
Eternal Hymn, Love most intense,  
Rise from clear View of Loveliness immense.

ON *Chaos* dark unactive rude,  
Thou with creating Force didst brood,  
Thou art to ev'ry Thing,  
Of Life and Motion Spring,  
And when the World was made anew,  
From Thee all ghostly Life and Motion drew.

IN Sin we are by Nature dead,  
And can no Step to Glory tread,  
By Thee we born again,  
Are freed from Native stain,  
We at the Font from Death arise,  
To live to GOD perpetual Sacrifice.

BLESS'D JESUS to his Promise true,  
The HOLY GHOST, when he withdrew,  
Sent from his Throne on high,  
His Presence to supply,  
His Church to form, erect, controul,  
And be his Body's Universal Soul,

GOD

On Whitfunday. 261

GOD-MAN when he his Bliss regain'd,  
The great Inflammative remain'd,  
But Sin stark Coldness wrought,  
Froze up Celestial Thought,  
Till thaw'd by inward heav'nly Fire,  
The kindled Flame to JESUS shou'd aspire.

NEXT to the Love God-Man display'd,  
When on the Cross our Victim made;  
He none to us below,  
More Infinite could show,  
Than when Essential Love he chose;  
In whose soft Care his Church he would repose.

ESSENTIAL Love from Glory came  
To Saints, in cloven Tongues of Flame,  
And resting on each Head,  
All Gifts, all Graces shed,  
Sublim'd them to Celestial Light,  
And warm'd their Love to a Seraphick Height.

HIGH Wisdom the strait Course to steer,  
Of Mysteries a Knowledge clear,  
Faith which bless'd JESUS ey'd,  
And Tortures all defy'd,  
Pow'r which Disease should put to Flight,  
Of Miracles a full commission'd Might.



PROPHETICK Prescience, God-like View,  
 Of Spirits to discern the true,  
 All Tongues which Men confound,  
 To speak and to expound,  
 That they united Truth might spread,  
 As their Division had curs'd Idols bred.

AID to the Saints high Truths to write,  
 And to the Church traduce their Sight,  
 And Priesthood to ordain,  
 Who shou'd these Truths explain,  
 That ev'ry Soul with Rule and Guide,  
 To perfect heavenly Love might be supply'd.

THESE Gifts Essential Love bestow'd,  
 When JESU'S Vot'ries he o'erflow'd,  
 Gifts which divinely shin'd  
 On teacheable Mankind,  
 And of the Mysteries they taught,  
 An irresistable Conviction wrought.

WHEN Fontal Love o'er-flow'd the whole,  
 He stream'd on ev'ry faithful Soul,  
 Love was the leading Grace,  
 Shed on the Heav'n-born Race,  
 Love which to GOD devotes our Hearts,  
 And to all other Graces Force imparts.

On Whittunday. 263

LOVE of GOD loving Joy excites,  
In pleasing the Belov'd delights,  
Sweet Peace Serenes the Mind,  
To boundless Love resign'd,  
Minds which the Joys of Love serene,  
From filthy Passions keep a Conscience clean.

A Temper sweet, long suffering, mild,  
Still yielding to be reconcil'd,  
Prone Blessings to disperse,  
To all Deceit averse,  
In Provocations Wrath restrain'd,  
All Appetites by Moderation rein'd.

THESE Fruits from Love each Soul derives,  
Who Fontal Love to copy strives,  
Love's Influential Ray  
Makes Evangelick Day,  
Love Souls enlightens and enflames,  
Love founds to Grace and Heav'n our filial Claims.

ESSENTIAL Love enlivens, leads  
With Sighs, Groans, Ardours intercedes,  
Our Frailties he relieves,  
Our Slidings he retrieves,  
Devotion fervent he instills,  
And turns to GOD the Pondus of our Wills.

THAT heav'nly *Paraclete* a Saint, to aye I  
 Supports and comforts sad or faint, in pleasing  
 From Sin the Spirit clears, sweet Peace  
 Casts out tormenting Fears, to boundless  
 With Conscience co-attests our Zeal, and  
 And of our Bliss is both the Pledge and Seal,

OF Loves which from the Spirit stream, A  
 None more illustrious Saints esteem, Still  
 None Love more vigorous darts, prone  
 More elevates their Hearts, To all  
 Than when their Souls Loves Temples are,  
 And Love vouchsafes his gracious Presence there,

OF heav'nly Gifts though Love has store, T  
 'Tis Love, Love only I implore; Who  
 Flow out thou boundless Source, Love's  
 With full enam'ring Force, Makes  
 Till thou hast delug'd all my Breast, Love  
 My Pray'rs, my Sighs shall never give thee rest.

THOU art Oyl, Water, Wind, and Fire, F  
 How can these diff'rent Pow'rs conspire? D  
 Yet they harmonious be, Our  
 May they combine in me, Our  
 Dispel all sensual Clouds like Wind, Devotion  
 When it grows languid, agitate my Mind, And

On Whitfunday. 265

WITH Oyl of Gladness me restore,  
Diffusing Sweetness through each Pore,  
Do Thou my Spring remain,  
To purge each daily stain,  
To quench my Thirst for Love Divine,  
And be Thou Fire to lighten, warm, refine.

ESSENTIAL Love, just is their Doom,  
Who Thee to grieve, or damp presume,  
Who Thy sweet Force oppose,  
With Fiends impure to close,  
Ev'n Hell itself with Hate extreme  
Shall Torture all who Love immense blaspheme.

WHEN JESUS had the *Baptist* Lave  
Upon his Head clear *Jordan's* Wave,  
And to the Bank retir'd,  
His Soul in Pray'r aspir'd,  
And Heav'n its Gates all open threw,  
Of great God-Man to have transporting View,

PATERNAL GOD proclaim'd his Love,  
Down flew the Co-essential Dove,  
And hov'ring o'er his Head,  
His Beams Celestial spread,  
Which on his human Nature staid,  
And boundless Love co-breath'd his Conduct sway'd.

FROM

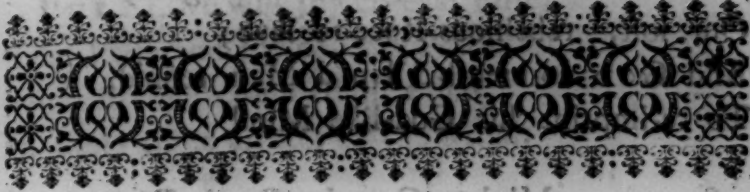


FROM this Idea we derive  
 The Grace which keeps our Souls alive,  
 We on God's Love rely,  
 His gracious Promise eye,  
 And when we for the SPIRIT pray,  
 We ne'er are with Denial sent away.

TEN Days from great God-Man's Ascent,  
 His Vor'ries in the Temple spent,  
 E'er to their Pray'rs devout,  
 Effential Love flow'd out,  
 Love who endearing his Delays,  
 Can Acquiescence with sweet Languor raise.

MAY we, Thou God of Love, in Pray'r,  
 Persist, till in Thy Love we share,  
 Thou canst no Filth endure,  
 Dost dwell in Spirits pure,  
 O may we wash'd in Tears contrite,  
 To Temple in our Souls Thy Love invite.

FROM Thee the Grace of Hymn proceeds,  
 Its Streams Thy Fontal Effluence feeds,  
 All Love, all Praise to Thee,  
 Since we Thy Temples be,  
 Within Thy Hallow'd Temples bound,  
 Heav'n-emulating Hymns shall daily sound.



## On TRINITY-SUNDAY.

**G**REAT God Triune, enthron'd Above,  
 Thou Trine Co-effluential Love,  
 Of all the Powers Thou hast impress,  
 Our Love can comprehend Thee best.

IMMENSELY Thou Co-lovely art,  
 To love Thee with Soul, Mind and Heart,  
 Our Bliss, our Duty is, both joyn  
 To make us love the Loves Divine.

THE Sacrifice for Loves immense,  
 Is to re-love with Love intense,  
 Though Knowledge soon may soar too high,  
 Yet Love without Restraint may fly.

THY Loves to us in Exile here,  
 At Distance and in Clouds appear;  
 Remote and distant as they be,  
 We Trine Irradiations see.

## 268 On Trinity Sunday.

PATERNAL GOD, GOD Filial gave,  
Our lost, rebellious Race to save;  
And GOD co-breath'd laps'd Man refin'd,  
To re-imprint his God-like Mind

SHOULD Mighty GOD by Pow'r Divine,  
Will Three co-eval Suns to shine,  
From the Trine Fountain there wou'd stream  
All o're Expanse Triunal Beam.

TRINE Beams to us wou'd one appear,  
And undistinguish'd gild the Sphere;  
But GOD by his Omniscient Eye,  
Distinctly cou'd the Three descry.

GREAT GOD thus Unity displays,  
In sweet co-penetrating Rays,  
And Co-benignities Divine  
Gush out on us from Godhead Trine.

THUS coalesce in sacred Lays  
A Trinity, Love, Joy and Praise,  
All co-deriv'd from GOD the Source,  
Mix and reciprocate their Force.

IN this Co-eval Three the Bless'd,  
Duration spend, and never rest;  
Triunal Loves all Three excite,  
In Saints they co-exert their Might.

PURE

## On Trinity Sunday. 269

PURE Love will Joy co-eval raise,  
That Love and Joy co-eval Praise,  
Saints strange co-inexistence find,  
In those three Graces of the Mind.

THE greater Height these Graces reach,  
The clearer they the Myſt'ry teach;  
Saints beſt in their own Souls may read  
The Illuſtration of their Creed.

THREE Worlds ſhou'd the ALMIGHTY Will,  
His Godhead all alike wou'd fill;  
To all the Three He might diſpenſe,  
Diſtin&, co-eval Influence.

NEW Men he might create in this,  
In that raiſe Souls to heav'nly Blifs,  
And in the third, diſfuſe his Grace,  
On an impure, degenerate Race.

ONE GOD thus to Three Worlds below,  
Wou'd in Three diff'rent Acts out flow,  
At the ſame Moment there wou'd be,  
Triunal Co-infinity.

SHOU'D there exiſt a boundleſs Space,  
Great GOD unlimited to place,  
Wou'd o're the vaſt Effulgence ſhed  
With an Indiviſible Spread.

GOD'S



## 270 On Trinity Sunday.

GOD'S Presence is himself; for none  
Unbounded is but GOD alone;  
Alike communicable be  
GOD'S Presence and his Deity.

GOD a pure Act, all Men define;  
And 'tis con-nat'ral to assign  
To an eternal boundless Might,  
Communication Infinite.

THE Mode transcending human Thought;  
Is by no Revelation taught;  
The Thing in its true Light rever'd,  
Is from all Contradiction clear'd.

WE firmly GOD Triune believe,  
Admire what we can ne'er conceive;  
The less we can conceive, the more  
We Love immense Triune adore.

SAINTS Love in Heav'n has reacht its Height;  
Who have of GOD Triune the Sight;  
We here with infinite Desire  
Towards blissful View and Love aspire.

LORD, when Thou *Adam* didst create  
In his Primæval God-like State,  
Soon as he cou'd be said to be,  
He was a co-etaneous Three.

LIFE

## On Trinity Sunday 271

LIFE, Thought, and Breath in him combin'd,  
All Three distinct yet not disjoyn'd,  
All three though they co-eval are,  
Yet Order and Relation there.

LIFE is the first in Order stild,  
Thought is of Life co-eval Child;  
Both Life and Thought by Breath subsist  
Three thus related, co-exist.

IN Likeness of the Godhead Trine,  
Since to form Man was Heav'n's Design;  
We guess from Man's co-eval Three,  
At GOD's ador'd Trinnity.

GOD is essential Life, and gives  
Its Life to all every Thing that lives;  
God is Essential Thought, and knows  
All that his Attributes enclose.

SELF-HAPPY Life and Thought excite  
A co-eternal, Self-delight;  
GOD feels Himself in Thought immense,  
And breathes Self-complacential Sense.

ETERNAL Word, GOD's Image bright,  
Is Source of Intellectual Light;  
The hovering of the Gracious Dove,  
Creates in Saints a joyous Love.

## 272 On Trinity Sunday.

CO-INFINITE Life, Thought, and Joy,  
Distinct Co-une Great GOD employ;  
If Infinite, then GOD must be,  
And Godhead is a boundless Three.

PAUL who had in his rapt'rous Flight  
Of Heav'n pre-beatifick Sight;  
That Bliss remember'd, thought, desir'd,  
Three Acts at once in him conspir'd.

REMEMBRANCE ever Thought implies,  
From both Desires co-eval rise;  
All Three in Spirits co-unite,  
Illumin'd by Celestial Light.

AN Angel when for Guardian chose,  
In Three co-eval Acts out-flows;  
Remembers, thinks, desires the Joys,  
Which Earth immensely over-poize.

THUS Godhead seems Three Acts distinct,  
In Unity essential link'd;  
GOD's Word as Persons them displays,  
We to Three Persons offer Praise.

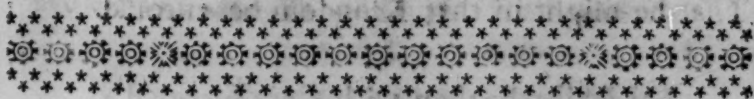
GOD's Word! for it is GOD alone  
Makes his mysterious Essence known;  
Our feeble Thought can ne're explain  
A common Insect, Weed, or Grain,

ONE

ONE Self-originated Mind;  
Immutable, and unconfin'd,  
Is Mystery as great, as high;  
As Trine, Eternal Deity.

LET Curiosity then strive,  
In GOD Triune in vain to dive,  
O may I feel the Influence Trine  
Of Life, and Thought, and Joy Divine.

I by Experience more shall know,  
Than Speculation e're can show;  
And by Trine Grace inflam'd, shall sing  
Trine Hymn to the Triunal King.



On St. A N D R E W.

**B**LESS'D *Andrew*! in your Call we trace  
The Conduct of Preventing Grace,  
While we recount the happy Steps you  
[trod,  
To be the Fav'rite of Incarnate GOD.

YOU to hard Toil and Care intr'd,  
A common Fisher's Life endur'd,



On *Galilean* Waves, you Night and Day  
Expos'd to Cold, Heat, Storm and Billows lay.

LONG had the *Galilean* Name  
Been reprobated and infame,  
Till GOD convinc'd the *Jews* contemptuous Eyes,  
That Good might out of *Galilee* arise.

HEAV'N which God-man's Fore-runner sent  
To move *Judaea* to repent,  
With gracious Force meek *Andrew's* Heart dispos'd  
To taste the Truths GOD's Harbinger disclos'd.

THE awful Tidings reach'd his Ear,  
Of GOD's bless'd Kingdom drawing near,  
And he ambitious grew himself to mold,  
That he might in that Kingdom be enroll'd.

HIS Sins he then with Care survey'd,  
And ev'ry Aggravation weigh'd,  
Oft with his Tears he ballasted his Boat,  
As on *Tiberian* Lake it was afloat.

WHILE for his Sins his Heart wou'd bleed,  
He of a SAVIOUR saw the Need;  
And GOD who always tenders Hearts contrite,  
Took care to bless him with his SAVIOUR's Sight.

ONE Day which JESUS well fore-knew,  
He pass'd in *John* and *Andrew's* View,

And

On St. Andrew. 275

And *John* cry'd out, Behold the Lamb of God,  
Who Sinners saves from Heav'n's avenging Rod.

MEEK *Andrew*, and his humble Mate,  
Wont on the *Baptist's* Lips to wait,  
Joy'd at that dear Discovery, grew intent  
To follow *JESUS* wheresoe'er he went.

SWEET Longings in their Hearts they felt,  
To see the Spot where *JESUS* dwelt;  
And he vouchsaf'd the Vot'ries to invite  
To lodge in his blest'd Mansion all the Night.

O Favour! not to be express'd,  
To be of GOD Incarnate Guest,  
Their Hearts were at each Word with Rapture fill'd,  
While from his Lips Salvifick Truths distill'd.

MEEK *Andrew* by lov'd *JESUS* fir'd,  
To Copy *JESUS* Love aspir'd,  
His Brother *Peter* out with Zeal he fought,  
And to obtain like Bliss to *JESUS* brought.

BOTH then returning to their Trade,  
Heav'n more their Care than Fishing made;  
Till *JESUS* gave them Apostolick Call,  
And both to follow *JESUS* left their All.

FROM Toil Marine good *Andrew* freed;  
To fish for human Souls decreed,

Vast *Scythia* was his Lot, where 'twas his Aim,  
Men fierce as Fiends they worshipp'd, to reclaim.

PAINS, Labours, Persecutions dire,  
All that cou'd fright, torment, or tire;  
He meekly bore from *Pagan* and from *Jew*,  
As Evangelick Nets he o're them threw.

IN spite of Hell, he mighty Shoals  
Caught in his Net of *Scythian* Souls;  
O're *Grecia* next, to Pride and Idols bred,  
His Ghostly Nets with like Success he spread.

HE Truth with heav'nly Vigor taught,  
Confirm'd by Miracles he wrought;  
Ne're ceas'd his Labours, till with Age oppress'd,  
GOD saw it time to give him endless Rest.

HE travers'd the *Achaian* Land,  
At *Patras* made a ghostly Stand,  
Whose Altars yearly reek'd with Virgin Gore,  
When they conven'd, *Diana* to adore.

THEIR Idol-Temples down he cast,  
Forc'd Oracles to breath their last;  
Till *Pagan* Zeal, with hellish Fury fum'd,  
The Saint to die upon a Saltire doom'd.

WITH Cords his Hands and Feet they ty'd,  
That long he might in Pain abide;

Unnail'd

On St. Andrew. 277

Unnail'd he Strength retain'd, and from their Spire,  
Advantage took to shed Celestial Light.

Two Days he on the Cross, aloud \*\*\*\*\*  
Preach'd JESUS to the listning Crowd,  
Conversions num'rous made, while thus he hung,  
Till he in Transport his own *Requiem* sung.

ALL Praise to GOD, who lifts on high  
Souls who are lowliest in his Eye;  
Who humble *Andrew* for great Things design'd,  
And first to penitential Tears inclin'd.

FROM Penitent, to Saint he rose;  
From Saint he was Apostle chose;  
The Martyr's Crown, he when Apostle, gain'd,  
And ever since with Blessed JESUS reign'd.

MY GOD, may I with Faith behold  
The Lamb of GOD for Sinners sold;  
In Holy Writ, Hymn, Meditation, Pray'r,  
And Eucharist may I his Presence share.

When JESUS calls, with ready Mind  
May I leave all the World behind;  
May I, like *Andrew*, never once look back,  
But forward tread in my Redeemer's Track!

MAY I with JESUS fix my Stay,  
And languish when he goes away;

T 3

Till



Till *Andrew*-like, I others shall enflame,  
Prepar'd to die a Martyr for his Name.

\*\*\*\*\*

On St. THOMAS.



WHEN JESUS Notice gave  
Of *Lazarus* Sleeping in his Grave ;  
And that to wake his Friend,  
His Course shou'd tow'rds *Judea* tend ;  
His Vor'ries to dissuade him strait combin'd,  
Since there the *Jews* his Stoning had design'd.

BLESS'D *Thomas*, who well knew  
The Rage of the Malicious *Jew*,  
Who in like Fate resolv'd  
His Vor'ries all shou'd be involv'd ;  
To run the Danger with his LORD was bent,  
Rather than hinder his benign Intent.

THIS was his brave Reply,  
O let us go and with him die ;  
Him we for Master chose,  
And of our Lives let him dispose ;  
The radiant Gates of Heav'n are open set,  
Thrice happy those that early Entrance get.

BLESS'D Saint by JESUS taught,  
Of Things below to value nought,

With

On St. Thomas 279

With Love, which casts out Fear,  
To your Redeemer to adhere;  
May I, like you, the World and Life despise,  
And Live to God perpetual Sacrifice!

OUR LORD, with melting Heart,  
Had warn'd his Friends he shou'd depart  
To Fontal GOD, and they  
Were told, the Cross shou'd be the Way;  
That when he made his Re-ascent, he there  
Celestial Mansions wou'd for them prepare.

BLESS'D *Thomas* deeply griev'd,  
Of JESUS Sight to be bereav'd,  
Beg'd, that the Way he went,  
He wou'd more clearly represent;  
He who before with JESUS wou'd have died,  
Wou'd tread all Paths where JESUS was the Guide.

OUR LORD was pleas'd to say,  
I am the Truth, the Life, the Way,  
None can accepted be  
With my Dread FATHER, but by me:  
Me, whom you know with GOD Paternal One,  
The FATHER shines in his Co-equal SON.

MAY I, dear LORD, resign  
My Faith to all Thy Truth Divine;  
Make it my daily Aim,  
Conform to Thine, my Life to frame,

280      *On St. Thomas.*

That I, with *Thomas*, may that Realm obtain,  
Where Saints with Thee in Mansions bright remain.

WHEN JESUS Death subdu'd,  
And his desponding Friends review'd,  
The Saint, then absent, heard  
That JESUS had to them appear'd,  
Yet doubted of the Thing he most desir'd,  
And free Sensation for his Faith requir'd.

OUR LORD saw Joy devout  
At the good News had caus'd the Doubt,  
And his next View contriv'd,  
When Doubting *Thomas* was arriv'd.  
He who our human Frailties deign'd to bear  
Of Souls sincere, though weak, has tender Care.

OUR LORD the Saint enjoyn'd  
By Sense to satisfy his Mind;  
With Trembling he drew nigh,  
Into his SAVIOUR'S Wounds to pry,  
Search'd his gor'd Hands, and Feet, and gaping Side,  
And loud, my LORD, my GOD, in Rapture cry'd.

MY LORD, Thy Love be prais'd,  
Thou by the Doubt which *Thomas* rais'd,  
Our Doubting didst prevent,  
We without Sight give firm assent,  
With Joy Thy Benediction we receive,  
They blessed are, who see not, yet believe.

ALL

ALL Glory be to Thee,  
Thou who didst Hereticks foresee,  
With lying Ghosts wou'd strive  
Thee of Thy Godhead to deprive;  
Didst fix such Faith on Thy Apostles Breast,  
Which shou'd to Death Thy Deity attest.

THAT Saving-Truth his Zeal,  
To *Gentiles* labour'd to reveal  
Round the vast *Parthian* Coast,  
He vanquish'd the infernal Host;  
Preach'd *Ethiopia* and all *India* o're,  
And made them JESUS, his LORD GOD, adore.

THE Idols then enrag'd,  
Their Vor'ries in his Fall engag'd;  
They on a Cross decreed,  
He, JESUS like, shou'd hang and bleed;  
And as he hung, they pierc'd him with a Spear,  
And gave his Soul to Bliss a Passage clear.

WHEN Martyr's Crown he gain'd,  
Thy Love, my LORD, his Soul sustain'd;  
Thou midst his dying Woe,  
His LORD, his GOD, Thyself didst shew;  
He who, bless'd Saint, was LORD and GOD to thee,  
My LORD, my GOD, O may he ever be.





*On St. STEPHEN.*

**S**ING, my GOD, the Saint this Day,  
Who led the Suffering Host the Way  
To rise to Glory most sublime,  
The Martyr prime.

GOD-MAN Debasesments ne're declin'd,  
To shew Compassions to Mankind;  
He Servants wou'd as Masters treat,  
And wash their Feet.

HE Joy was wont for Sinners Sake,  
In humble Charities to take:  
Bless'd *Stephen* kept God-Man in view,  
And Copy drew.

IN JESUS Love the Saint up-train'd,  
Wou'd humble Deacon be ordain'd,  
To all Mens Woes to condescend,  
And poor attend.

GOD with the Zeal benign was pleas'd,  
Which had the Saint entirely seiz'd,

An

## On St. Stephen.

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And Grace superlative design'd,  
To store his Mind.

THE Gracious Dove upon him came,  
And kindled in him heav'nly Flame;  
He full of Faith, Bless'd JESUS taught,  
And Wonders wrought.

FIVE Synagogues at once combin'd,  
Of various Lands to storm his Mind;  
He stood their fierce, confederate Spite,  
With humble Might.

No Wit of Men, no hellish Band,  
His heav'nly Wisdom cou'd withstand;  
Their greatest Sages fear'd the Force  
Of his Discourse.

THE *Jews*, who in his Death conspir'd,  
False Witnesses against him hir'd,  
Who shou'd what Malice cou'd suggest,  
With Oaths attest.

THE People, Elders, Scribes, enrag'd,  
To seize his Person then engag'd,  
And to the Council drag'd the Saint  
With loud Complaint.

THE Villains falsely him accus'd,  
That he had dangerous Points infus'd,

There

Their venerable Law decry'd,  
And God deny'd.

THEY swore, That he had spread the Fame  
All *Salem* o're of *JESUS* Name,  
To darken *Moses*, and erase  
Their Holy Place.

BUT GOD, the injur'd Saint to clear,  
Made Saintship in his Looks appear;  
The Council in his Face saw Light,  
As Angels bright.

GREAT *Moses*, when for Forty Days  
He was ingulf'd in awful Rays,  
Did not with Splendor more Divine  
Than *Stephen* shine.

THE High Priest then the Saint bespake,  
Some Answer to the *Jews* to make,  
Who with celestial Zeal began  
To preach God-Man.

HE taught them Shadows to despise,  
And on the Substance fix their Eyes,  
Truth in those Vehicles convey'd,  
Was now display'd.

HE Provocations high, yet true,  
Laid to the Unbelieving *Jew*,

Their

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Their harden'd Heart he durst upbraid,  
Which Truth gainsaid.

HE charg'd on them their Fathers Guilt;  
And Blood of all the Prophets spilt,  
Sins cherish'd, which they shou'd bemoan,  
Became their own.

HE them reproach'd, who set at nought,  
All that God-Man or did or taught,  
That GOD's bless'd Spirit to repell,  
They leagu'd with Hell.

THAT to the Cross God-Man they led,  
Blasphem'd him while his Blood they shed,  
Had whilst he tortur'd hung for those  
Who caus'd those Woes.

THAT they GOD's holy Laws transgress'd,  
Clear Prophecies fulfill'd, suppress'd,  
And shut their Eyes against the Light,  
In love with Night.

STRAIT to the quick their Hearts were gash'd,  
Their Teeth against the Saint they gnash'd,  
They of their Crimes Reproof sincere  
Abhorr'd to hear.

HEAV'N at that Moment open flew,  
The Saint had heav'nly Blifs in View;



A Thousand Deaths he cou'd have dy'd,  
When Bliss he ey'd.

ANGELICK Hosts together flock'd,  
To Heav'n's bright Gates, just then unlock'd,  
To see a Christian Martyr's Gore,  
Ne're seen before.

LOVE shin'd so bright in Martyr's Pains,  
They ready were to with for Veins,  
That Love they might with Stephen vie,  
And Martyrs die.

THEY JESUS saw his Posture quit;  
He at GOD's Right though wont to sit,  
'Then stood, prepar'd to help with Speed  
The Saint in Need.

THROUGH open Heav'n the Martyrs Sight  
Cou'd reach to Majestatick Height;  
'Thus rap't, he cou'd not Speech with-hold,  
But Vision told.

STOPPING their Ears, the furious Crowd  
Doom' him to Death with Ravings loud;  
Out of the City they him cast,  
To breath his last.

THERE they the Proto-Martyr Ston'd,  
Who them, more than himself, bemoan'd;  
Midst

On St. Stephen 287

Midst stony Show'rs he kneel'd and pray'd,  
Still undismay'd.

At ev'ry Stone they at him threw,  
Ejaculations from him flew;  
JESUS, he cry'd, to Thee I cleave,  
My Soul receive.

FORGIVE, O LORD, my causeless Foes;  
Love then put to his Life the Close;  
He sank, and on the stony Heap  
Fell fast asleep.

THE *Jews* the Murder to compleat,  
Their Garments plac'd at young *Saul's* Feet;  
He to like Fury then was mov'd,  
And Crime approv'd.

SAINTS in his Grave the Martyr laid,  
And all due Honour to him paid;  
Joy'd for his Bliss, for Loss they griev'd,  
The Church receiv'd.

GOD at the Force of *Stephen's* Pray'r,  
Decreed their Losses to repair;  
To an Apostle raising *Saul*  
By heav'nly Call.

To JESUS Praise, who midst the Stones,  
Eas'd all blest'd *Stephen's* dying Groans;  
Who

Who deign'd for Martyrs Aid to stand  
At GOD's Right Hand.

HEAV'N sent Angelick Squadrons down,  
To guard the Martyr to his Crown;  
Saints joy'd that GOD had rais'd his Throne  
Above their own.

RAYS to that Crown for ev'ry Stone  
Which *Jews* had at the Martyr thrown,  
Were added to reward his Woe,  
And Honours show.

MAY I, my GOD, by Faith have Sight  
Of JESUS standing at Thy Right:  
And ready when this World I leave,  
Me to recieve.

MAY I, like him, the Influence feel  
Of Faith, Love, Patience, Courage, Zeal;  
Forgive my Foes, for Heav'n prepare,  
And die in Pray'r.

FOR Love of JESUS, O may I,  
Like *Stephen* live, dispos'd to die;  
And gladly Joys of Love to reap,  
Lay Flesh asleep.

On



On St. JOHN.

**F**AITH, Hope, and Tear within my Breast;  
 Shall, LORD, this Day in silence rest,  
 O raise my Love upon the Wing,  
 While I the lov'd Disciple sing;  
 For Love can best the Song endite,  
 Love only can of Lovers write.

BLESS'D *John*, you young the World forsook,  
 E're you too deep Infection took;  
 The less Souls have of worldly Taint,  
 The sooner they grow up to Saint;  
 A Soul towards Heav'n which early streams,  
 Is th' Off'ring which GOD most esteems.

To GOD's high Friendship, Love ascends,  
 And dear Communion us'd by Friends;  
 Love gave you noblest Heat and Light,  
 You seem'd below to live by Sight,  
 You lessen'd in self humbling View  
 The more, the loftier Heights you flew.



YOU when by JESUS Love inflam'd,  
 Was yet a Son of Thunder nam'd;  
 O how cou'd Love soft, gentle, mild,  
 Be with dread Thunder reconcil'd?  
 When GOD shines out in gracious Rays,  
 He then aside his Thunder lays.

O 'twas not Thunder of the Cloud,  
 'Twas heav'nly, and benign, though loud;  
 Form'd to awaken, not to scare,  
 Such as was heard at JESUS Pray'r,  
 When a Voice sweet, yet mighty, came  
 From Heav'n, GOD's Glory to proclaim.

BLESS'D *Daniel* was to Rapture us'd,  
 Had Evangelick Truth infus'd,  
 He taught by Heav'n, *Messias* knew  
 Shou'd be cut off by impious *Jew*.  
 But he no further cou'd aspire,  
 Than Man of languishing Desire.

INCARNATE GOD, who bless'd your Eyes,  
 Made you to Man of Love arise;  
 You the Inflammative beheld,  
 Which all but JESUS Love expell'd;  
 Great *Moses*, when GOD gave the Law,  
 Sight so endearing never saw.

I. You

You had of dying JESUS View,  
 On his dire Cross remembring you,  
 His dearest Mother, deeply griev'd,  
 He will'd by you shou'd be reliev'd;  
 His Mother He, your Mother styl'd,  
 And in his Room yourself her Child.

NEXT to the Mother, ever-blest'd,  
 Who gave the GOD of Love her Breast,  
 She melting, while he sweetly shin'd,  
 To co-enamourments inclin'd,  
 None to such Height of Love attain'd,  
 As JOHN on Top of Calv'ry gain'd.

ALL gracious Wonders JESUS wrought;  
 All his dear Loves absorb'd your Thought,  
 You well the Sinner's Merit weigh'd,  
 With Blood of GOD for Ransom paid,  
 And taught by the Eternal Dove,  
 Gave GOD the proper Name of Love.

TO GOD alone your Love inclin'd,  
 The freer 'twas, the more confin'd;  
 In GOD vast Amplitude you found,  
 And Loveliness, which had no bound;  
 O're Love's Expanse it took its Flight,  
 Imbibing Sweetness infinite.

GOD-MAN who in pure Love decreed  
 For Sinners on the Cross to bleed,  
 In you excited a fresh Flame,  
 For all who from laps'd *Adam* came;  
 A Love which copy'd Love Divine,  
 Of JESUS Lovers made the Sign.

GOD Filial, e're he stoop'd to Clay,  
 In his lov'd FATHER's Bosom lay,  
 And from his infinite Repose,  
 Came Truth Salvifick to disclose;  
 You most belov'd, lov'd JESUS best,  
 You lean'd on lov'd GOD Filial's Breast.

WHAT Loves, what Heights you there attain'  
 Cou'd ne're be by yourself explain'd;  
 If Envy on a Saint cou'd seize,  
 All Saints wou'd envy you that Ease;  
 If Earth with Heav'n in Joy can vie,  
 'Tis next to JESUS Heart to lie.

You with the GOD of Love convers'd,  
 From Fontal Love you Streams dispers'd,  
 You Saving Truth o're *Jewry* shed,  
 Glad Tydings you o're *Asia* spread,  
 Seven Mother-Churches there you steer'd,  
 To JESUS Love all co-endear'd.

YOUR

YOUR Love, which Terrors all defy'd,  
 Was yet by Martyrdom untry'd;  
 But GOD, who raises Good from Ill,  
 Made Hell subservient to his Will,  
 Turn'd from its Aim infernal Spite,  
 To give your Love its perfect Height.

By Hell the *Pagans* set on Fire,  
 Enkindled the Proconsul's Ire,  
 He sent you bound with Guards to Rome,  
 To fierce *Domitian* for your Doom;  
 He you into a Caldron cast  
 Of boiling Oyl, to breath your last,

BUT GOD, who Furnace-Fire restrain'd,  
 While Saints in Flame unsing'd remain'd,  
 The raging, fiery Force o're-rul'd,  
 And to kind Heat the Liquor cool'd:  
 GOD Martyr's Crown for you contriv'd,  
 Tho' you your Martyrdom surviv'd.

YOUR Limbs decrepid, stiff, and cold,  
 Just crumbling tow'rs primæval Mold,  
 By suppling Oyl, and gentle Heat,  
 Soon felt Invigoration sweet,  
 Heav'n made you vital Force regain,  
 By what Hell meant shou'd be your Bane.



AT Bliss delay'd, you ne're repin'd,  
 GOD for your Love more Work design'd;  
 The Tyrant at your Scape inrag'd,  
 In a fresh Cruelty engag'd,  
 He sent you bound to *Patmos* Isle,  
 To a disconsolate Exile.

GOD Suff'rings there for you ordain'd,  
 Which num'rous Souls to JESUS gain'd;  
 But when the bloody Tyrant fell  
 To his imperial Pains in Hell,  
 Mild *Nerva* chosen to succeed,  
 You by divine Direction freed.

AT *Ephesus* Abode you made,  
 Where neighb'ring Churches you obey'd,  
 You with Illumination stor'd,  
 When *Asian* Guides your Help implor'd,  
 The Church from Hereticks redeem'd,  
 Who rais'd by Hell, God-Man blasphem'd.

IN all your Writings ev'ry Line  
 Was dictated by Love Divine;  
 Your Love the more vivacious grew,  
 The nearer it to Glory drew;  
 When you a Century had reach'd,  
 Love was the only Thing you preach'd.

## *On the Innocents.* 295

IN vain no Lover ever pray'd,  
You gain'd a super-effluent Aid ;  
And GOD's Perfections all combin'd  
To further what you had design'd ;  
The Miracles which made you fam'd,  
Your Love as well as Truth proclaim'd.

YOUR Love on Heav'n fix'd vig'rous Aim,  
Tho' you had spent your vital Flame ;  
Haste, O my Love, your longing Heart  
Cry'd, as it felt the welcome Dart :  
Love heard, and sent a Seraph down  
To waft you to a Martyr's Crown.

PRAISE, LORD, to Thee, who didst outstream  
On *John* a sweet enam'ring Beam,  
Whose Love diffusing heav'nly Flame,  
Made *Pagan* Nations love Thy Name ,  
O may I feel Love's gracious Might,  
And all I can to Love excite.



## *On the INNOCENTS.*

**S**OON as Great GOD in Flesh enshrin'd,  
Began Salvation of Mankind,  
Hell utmost Spite disclos'd,  
GOD's boundless Love oppos'd ;

296      *On the Innocents.*

And num'rous Fiends to *Salem* sent,  
*Judaick* Malice to foment.

THE Fiends saw *Herod* deeply griev'd,  
 That the Wise Men had him deceiv'd,  
 And wou'd no Tydings bring  
 Of *Jewry's* new-born King;  
 And they a strong Detachment made,  
 Which shou'd the Tyrant's Soul invade,

A Legion strait the Wretch possess'd  
 Strong, jealous Terrors to suggest;  
 Ideas dire they wrought,  
 To haunt his troubled Thought;  
 Amidst his Slumbers he wou'd start,  
 In Dream, the Babe had Stabb'd his Heart,

THE jealous Fears which Tyrants seize,  
 Diabolize them by Degrees,  
 Fierce *Herod* swell'd to Rage,  
 Which nothing cou'd assuage;  
 For Infant Blood remorseless rav'd,  
 And the Arch-murderer out-brav'd,

BUT Heav'n to *Joseph* Warning gave,  
 The Mother and the Babe to save;  
 To take to *Egypt* Flight  
 From *Herod's* murd'rous Spite;  
 Strange Land, the Babe, long dangerous Way,  
 They urge not; but with Zeal obey.

WILLIS

WILLS which to GOD surrender'd are,  
He makes his own peculiar Care,  
His Wisdom, Goodness, Pow'r,  
Still nigh in needful Hour,  
Was their Support, Defence, and Guide,  
And what they wanted, still supply'd.

THE Tyrant Troops, his Rage to vent,  
To murder *Berblem* Infants sent;  
To kill one Babe alone,  
Cou'd not his Rage atone,  
A general Slaughter he decreed,  
In Hope the Rival Babe might bleed.

THE Mothers Shrieks, the Infants Cries,  
Frighted the Fiends who crowd the Skies;  
And Luciferian Pride  
The Fact with Envy ey'd,  
Swore, Since the Devils learn'd to kill,  
They ne're atchiev'd so brave an Ill.

THE Land was delug'd with a Flood  
Of Mothers Tears, and Infants Blood;  
Such an Heart-bursting Moan  
Was ne're in *Egypt* known,  
When the Destroying Angel's Blade,  
Of the First-born Massacre made.



298      *On the Innocents.*

GREAT GOD, whose Omnipresent Eyes,  
All human Actions supervise,  
Forc'd *Herod* 'gainst his Will  
Heav'n's Purpose to fulfill;  
Turn'd his Efforts of hellish Ire,  
In his own Ruin to conspire.

JUST Vengeance on the Wretch was shown,  
By Plagues and Horrors on his Throne;  
But reeking Infant Gore,  
To Vengeance cry'd for more:  
With that GOD damn'd him to like Pains,  
Which the Arch-murderer sustains.

FROM Danger when the Coast was clear'd,  
GOD back all Three to *Nazareth* steer'd:  
Praise to the Mighty Child,  
Content to be exil'd,  
And for our Sakes in tenderest Age,  
In num'rous Hardships to engage.

THERE *Joseph*, and the Virgin blest  
With her Redeemer at her Breast,  
Liv'd in sweet, awful Sense  
Of their dear Babe immense,  
Both by Angelick Hosts rever'd,  
Above all Saints to GOD endear'd.

BOTH

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BOTH by their humble Infant taught,  
No worldly Joy, Wealth, Honour sought;  
To Raptures n'ere aspir'd,  
Liv'd humble, and retir'd,  
In Love, Pray'r, Meditation, Praise,  
Form'd by his imitable Rays.

MAY I, like them, in blest'd Retreat,  
On Heav'n employ residuous Heat,  
Meek, humble, and serene,  
From willful Outrage clean,  
Keep to GOD's Will, my own resign'd,  
And fix on JESUS Love my Mind.

BLESS'D JESUS on the Babes, who bled  
For his sole Sake, high Favours shed;  
By happy Deaths secure,  
From Ills they might endure;  
Of losing Heav'n from Danger freed,  
To Heav'n by making early Speed.

THE Guardians, Children wont to aid,  
In Vehicles like Doves array'd,  
Their Innocence to paint,  
Took each his Infant Saint;  
'Twixt their soft Wings to Heav'n they swam,  
Like Cygnets on a feather'd Dam.

HEAV'N joy'd to see the Speechless Flight,  
 All wash'd in Blood of Martyr White;  
 Saints and Angelick Quires  
 To their resplendent Lyres  
 The Firflings of Salvation sung,  
 Who joyn'd them with their loosen'd Tongue.

ALL Praise to GOD, whose gracious Might  
 Ev'n Sucklings can to Hymn excite:  
 O may I born anew,  
 Keep Heav'n in longing View,  
 From ghostly Child, bless'd Manhood gain,  
 Till ripe for Heav'n, I Heav'n obtain.



## On St. PAUL.

 F all the Conquests which Thy Grace  
 E're gain'd, dear LORD, o're *Adam's* Race,  
 I none more glorious can recall,  
 Than that of *Saul*.

HE reeking with bless'd *Stephen's* Gore,  
 Had still a raging Thirst for more;  
 His very Temper seem'd on fire  
 With Hell-bred Ire.

THAT

THAT Ire, by Pharisaick Pride,  
Which censur'd, hated, scorn'd, decry'd  
All but themselves, more fiercely burn'd,  
To Madness turn'd.

HE threaten'd, griev'd, imprison'd, bound,  
And doom'd to Death all Saints he found,  
Compell'd the Tim'rous to blaspheme,  
With Rage extreme.

No Tyrant 'gainst the Christian Name,  
Cou'd kindle more devouring Flame;  
He Evangelick Truth deny'd,  
And CHRIST defy'd.

SENT by the Priests to bring the Saints  
To Salem from remote Restraints;  
He strove to execute with Speed  
The Ills decreed.

BUT Gracious GOD stopp'd his Career;  
Light than Meridian Beams more clear,  
Round him, and all who with him joyn'd,  
At Mid-day shin'd.

THE Light, which dazled all their Eyes,  
Struck them to Earth, with strange Surprise;  
Saul heard plain Words, while on the Ground,  
They only Sound.

WHY



WHY, *Saul*, shou'd I thy Fury feel?  
 'Tis hard to kick 'gainst pointed Steel.  
 Who art Thou, LORD, soon as he cry'd,  
 The Voice reply'd,

I JESUS am, griev'd with each Woe,  
 Which my dear Brethren undergo;  
 Arise, I thee from *Embryo* chose,  
 Truth to disclose.

HE Rising, the o'repow'ring Light,  
 By Heav'n's Appointment, damp't his Sight,  
 That to *Damascus* led, he there  
 Might fix in Pray'r.

THREE Days he fasted, and was blind,  
 With an illuminated Mind;  
 On JESUS Voice he only mus'd,  
 With Tears infus'd.

SWEET JESUS Wrongs his Spirit gor'd,  
 He them with bitter Grief deplor'd,  
 To cause God-Man, his SAVIOUR Smart,  
 Quite broke his Heart.

HE GOD's Benignity admir'd,  
 Midst all his Outrages untir'd,  
 Love penitential at that Thought,  
 Was sweetly wrought.

HIS Faith up to Assurance grew,  
 Since he by glad Experience knew  
 God-Man; O none to that Degree  
 Cou'd love, but he.

To ease his Vot'ry, well nigh spent,  
 GOD *Ananias* to him sent,  
 Sight by his Blessing was restor'd;  
 Both GOD ador'd.

THEN in the Wave of his own Tear  
 He was baptiz'd, his Guilt to clear,  
 Renounc'd the Name of Raging *Saul*,  
 For Milder *Paul*.

THERE with the Saints a While he stay'd,  
 For the Divine Assistance pray'd,  
 There GOD gave Faith and Love full Height  
 By rapt'rous Flight.

IN Vision, or in Soul he flew,  
 Of the third Heav'n to take a View,  
 And the Sublimities heard there,  
 Durst not declare.

LEST he thus rap't, with Pride shou'd swell,  
 GOD loos'd a Tempter, who from Hell  
 Temptations thorny with him brought,  
 Which Weakness taught.

But

BUT Pray'r procur'd sufficient Grace;  
 To quell the Fiend, and self debase;  
 He seem'd improv'd by Trial more,  
 Than Flight before.

HIS Faith and Love, when thus refin'd,  
 In mutual Actuations joyn'd,  
 Faith Light imparted, and Love Heat,  
 In Union sweet.

Of those bright Graces when possess'd,  
 He with Apostolate was bless'd,  
 All Climates round the Solar Course,  
 Soon felt their Force.

FIRM was his Faith, and lively Hope,  
 Yet Charity had greatest Scope;  
 The last, though lovely all appear'd,  
 Was most endear'd.

No other Knowledge he desir'd,  
 But what the Love of JESUS fir'd;  
 All worldly Things he counted Loss  
 For JESUS Cross.

TO the Great GOD of Love he pray'd,  
 And never fail'd of gracious Aid;  
 He sweetly felt that Love constrain  
 To love again.

HE

HE liv'd by Faith, but more by Love;  
Had Foretastes of the Bliss Above,  
Not to be thought by human Mind,  
For Love design'd.

THE boundless Length, Breadth, Depth and Height  
Of JESUS Love, was his Delight;  
In ev'ry Track he strove to tread,  
Where JESUS led.

HE of past Sins kept humble Sense,  
A Conscience void of all Offence:  
No Wrongs his Love, when storm'd by Foes,  
Cou'd discompose,

HE own'd himself of Sinners chief;  
Yet Ignorance and Unbelief,  
When on God's gracious Balance weigh'd,  
His Guilt allay'd.

HE Flesh subdu'd by Pray'r, Tear, Fast,  
Of Vot'ries deem'd himself the last;  
Though super-effluently grac'd,  
Was most debas'd.

ILLS, when God's Lovers here sustain'd,  
He knew were for their Good ordain'd;  
Love which on him the Spirit shed,  
Was void of Dread.



HE single seem'd a martyr'd Host,  
 Cou'd more than all Apostles boast;  
 Not in himself, but in the height  
 Of heav'nly Might.

STRIPES, Labours, Prisons, Stonings, Blows,  
 Deaths frequent, confluent Woes,  
 Thieves, *Pagans*, the Apostate Crew,  
 And spiteful *Jew*.

FATIGUES, and Shipwrecks on the Deep,  
 Cold, Nakedness, and want of Sleep,  
 Thirst, Hunger, all the grievous Ills,  
 Which Hell instills.

ALL these, whose Number, Crowd, and Weight,  
 'Tis hard to their full Pitch to rate,  
 For Lustres Seven, the Saint endur'd,  
 To Pains inur'd.

HE of all Churches bore the Care,  
 In all Saints Sorrows, felt a Share;  
 For Lapse of all who Truth believ'd,  
 Was deeply griev'd.

MIDST Perpetuity of Woe,  
 Joy wou'd his Heart co-overflow,  
 Hymns in the Stocks he wou'd recite  
 In dead of Night.

To

To all the Saints he Hymns enjoyn'd,  
In Suff'rings not to be declin'd,  
Love to the Cross his Soul impuls'd,  
And Griefs adulc'd.

A long, fierce Fight, his Love maintain'd  
Against the World, and Conquest gain'd,  
And to Hell-pow'rs, which Souls invade,  
This Challenge made.

FORGE all the Terrors which you can,  
To damp my Love of Great God-Man;  
Your Darts shall unsuccessful fall,  
I'll stand them all.

SHOU'D Tribulation, or Distress,  
Dire Persecution, Nakedness,  
Sword, Famine, Peril, me assail,  
Love shall prevail.

MY JESUS, out of Love to Thee,  
I all Day long wou'd murder'd be,  
Die Deaths, more than a num'rous-fold,  
For Slaughter sold.

MY Love shall to an higher Name  
Than Conqueror, advance my Aim,  
I'll triumph, in GOD'S Love exult,  
And Hell insult.

NOR Death, Life, Tyrants, Devils Might,  
 No Depths of Wo, no Honours Height,  
 No present, nor no future State,  
 Shall Love abate.

OFt thus he JESUS Love revolv'd,  
 And sweetly long'd to be dissolv'd;  
 Yet his sweet Longings wou'd resign,  
 To Will Divine.

AT last the GOD of Love was pleas'd  
 His aged Lover shou'd be eas'd;  
 And nobler to attest his Creed,  
 At Rome shou'd bleed.

BY Nero doom'd, he lost that Head,  
 Which o're the World Salvation spread;  
 His Soul had all he wish'd before,  
 And long'd no more.

GOD, gracious Wonders by him wrought,  
 Whatever touch'd him, Virtue caught,  
 To heal the Sick, Fiends dispossess,  
 And ease Distress.

THE World his Diocese was stil'd,  
 He conquer'd Nations fierce and wild;  
 And ready was more Worlds to crave,  
 Which he might save.

ALL Praise to GOD for blessed *Paul*,  
For his Grace, Gifts, Conversion, Call,  
Example, Labours, Wonders, Pains,  
Religious Gains.

THE HOLY SPIRIT be ador'd,  
Who him with Revelations stor'd,  
That Light to us he might transmit  
In Sacred Writ.

MAY I from his own Writings learn  
His Love, and Saving-Truths discern,  
Till Thirsting for the Joys on high,  
I long to die.



*On King CHARLES the Martyr.*

**T**HE Saints and Angels who rejoyce,  
When Penitents make Heav'n their Choice,  
In a more rapt'rous Joy conspire,  
When Souls ascending joyn the Quire;  
God's Vo'ries here, despis'd and griev'd,  
Are with an Hymn on High receiv'd.

THE greater Saintship Souls attain,  
Their Bliss requires the loftier Strain;



310      *On King Charles*

But of all Souls who Heav'nward tend,  
The Martyr's Hymns the rest transcend;  
They Conquest gain in fiercest Fight,  
Their Triumphs noblest Hymn excite.

THE Hymn by all the Blest was known,  
For Kings who left their earthly Throne  
To live in a devout Retreat,  
And spend on Heav'n residuous Heat,  
That Hymn full oft in Heav'n was heard,  
When Royal Anchorites appear'd.

BUT when the *Anglian* Monarchs Veins  
Were open'd by the bloody *Danes*,  
The Bless'd were at the View amaz'd,  
When on a martyr'd King they gaz'd,  
No stated Song cou'd reach that Height,  
Which made them a new Hymn indite.

BUT when *Mustrious CHARLES* laid down  
For Church and Realm his Life and Crown,  
Heav'n *Edmund's* Hymn remember'd well,  
Saw *CHARLES's* Triumphs far excell;  
All his heroick Grace admir'd,  
Which new triumphant Song inspir'd.

EDMUND by foreign Outrage bled,  
The Blood of *CHARLES* his Natives shed;  
King *Edmund* fell by Foes propress'd,  
King *CHARLES* by Subjects was distress'd;

He

He Victim was to *Pagan* Might,  
This to apostate Christian Spite.

HE was in Heat of War subdu'd,  
Bless'd CHARLES was in cool Blood pursu'd;  
He overpow'r'd, by Conquest dy'd,  
CHARLES by Mock-form of Law was try'd;  
He had a Martyr's causeless Hate,  
Bless'd CHARLES a Malefactor's Fate.

HIS Virtues were to *Danes* unknown,  
Those of bright CHARLES obscure to none;  
At *Edmund* num'rous Darts were flung,  
CHARLES felt the sharper of the Tongue;  
Both lost their Heads; he in the Field,  
This to the Ax was forc'd to yield.

THE *Pagans* with bless'd *Edmund's* Gore  
Were sated, thirsting for no more;  
But Christian Regicides their Rage  
Strove to transmit to future Age;  
To murder CHARLES's glorious Name,  
And render all his Race infame.

EV'N Loyal Poets who shall sing  
The Graces of their martyr'd King,  
A Persecution must expect  
From the traduc'd, King-murd'ring Sect;  
But 'twill their Honour be to bear  
In the bless'd Martyr's Wrongs a Share.

312      *On King Charles*

IN Spite of that rebellious Tribe,  
To GOD due Glory we ascribe,  
And celebrate each Grace Divine,  
Which made bless'd CHARLES eclips'd to shine;  
Thou, LORD, didst cheer him with Thy Rays,  
And we Thy Goodness tow'rs him praise.

KING *Edmund* when he breath'd his last,  
Had all his Persecution pass'd;  
And since his Bliss he first obtain'd,  
No supplemental Glories gain'd,  
CHARLES still is martyr'd every Day,  
Which adds a new Quotidian Ray.

BUT still Quotidian Guilt provokes  
GOD's Wrath to multiply his Strokes;  
Men with Reproach the Martyr treat,  
And oft his Martyrdom repeat:  
O that our Sighs might drown the Cries  
Of Royal Blood, which rend the Skies.

THEY both Kings, Heroes, Martyrs, Saints,  
Felt the like Outrage, like Restraints;  
Both humble, patient, meek, resign'd,  
Of a serene, undaunted Mind,  
Both sat wise Pilots at the Helm,  
And tender Fathers to the Realm.

BOTH

BOTH had for GOD Heav'n-kindled Flame,  
And on GOD's Glory fixt their Aim;  
To GOD like Mercy both propense,  
Wou'd yet impartial Right dispense;  
Both had warm Zeal for Law Divine,  
True Vot'ries were of Godhead Trine.

BOTH for their Persecutors pray'd,  
And all forgave who them betray'd;  
Both for GOD's Sake, GOD's Spouse rever'd;  
And were alike to GOD endear'd;  
Both after JESUS Copies drew,  
CHARLES seem'd the likest of the Two.

BOTH in this happy Isle fate crown'd,  
Which grew by them in Heav'n renown'd;  
What Lands among their martyr'd Host,  
Cou'd of two martyr'd Monarchs boast?  
Both were Originals esteem'd,  
But CHARLES the more afflicted seem'd.

CHARLES his dear Consort's Griefs endur'd,  
Had all his Royal Line abjur'd;  
He reign'd the Isle *Britannick* o're,  
Three Realms to him Allegiance swore;  
He had the more malicious Foes,  
More multiply'd and lasting Woes.

CHARLES

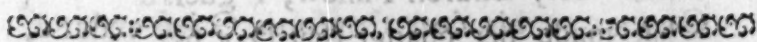


## 314 On Ash-Wednesday.

CHARLES with the higher Throne is grac'd,  
Next him in Heav'n is *Edmund* plac'd;  
The Heart of CHARLES while living here,  
Flew hourly to the heav'nly Sphere;  
'Tis now a monumental Star,  
Bright Rays diffusing wide and far.

MAY I in Bliss obtain a Seat  
At our bless'd, martyr'd Sov'reign's Feet;  
His Foes will have the same Desire,  
If penitent, when they expire:  
My GOD, indulge them when they die,  
To be as near bless'd CHARLES as I.

'T WILL super-effluent Joys create,  
To see his Foes in happy State;  
His Tears in Life on them he spent,  
He'll sing an Hymn at their Ascent;  
They'll GOD adore, who made their Crime  
Th' Occasion of their Bliss sublime.



## On ASH-WEDNESDAY.



ARK, O my Soul, the Trumpet blows,  
The Sound each Mind consid'rate knows;  
It is a grave and solemn Note,  
Fit, serious Passion to promote,

It

On Ash-Wednesday. 315

It warns the Faithful to repair,  
Devoutly to the House of Pray'r.

THE Sound, methinks, comes from on High,  
My Soul, toward Heav'n erect your Eye;  
Soon as my Eye tow'rd Heav'n I rear'd,  
A Woman in the Air appear'd,  
A comelier Face I never saw,  
She struck sweet reverential Awe.

SHE came thro' the Ætherial Globe,  
Array'd in a long, mourning Robe,  
On a thick Cloud her Stand she took,  
And all the World cou'd overlook,  
Down her Archangel with her flew,  
And it was he the Trumpet blew.

UP then I saw the Angel take  
His Speaking-Trump, dull Souls to wake,  
Then sounded, To the Church give ear,  
Whom GOD commands all Souls to hear.  
When Holy Church I knew, I guess'd  
What made her change that Day her Vest,

HER Mantle was the Sun till now,  
A Crown of Stars adorn'd her Brow;  
But off her Glories all were thrown,  
When she was cloth'd for sacred Moan,  
The darkest Solar Spot she chose,  
Which shou'd her goodly Form enclose.

THE

## 316 On Ash-Wednesday.

THE Saints their Mother all rever'd,  
The Angel strait the *Medium* clear'd,  
His Wings away the Vapours swept,  
Lest they her Voice shou'd intercept,  
To Souls below she thus address'd,  
While Tears ran down her mourning Vest,

DEAR Children, whom with Pain I bore,  
To People Heav'n, and GOD adore,  
I grieve to see the ghostly Foes,  
Who your Eternal Bliss oppose,  
How you to damn yourselves combine,  
And Hourly dare the Wrath Divine.

MY tender Bowels tow'rd's you yern,  
While your sad Dangers I discern;  
I oft your Ruin to prevent,  
Gave you loud Warnings to repent;  
But you at nought my Warnings set,  
Or heed them not, or soon forget.

To make you heed, and to retain  
Repentance, which prevents your Bane,  
I solemn, Annual Fasts enjoyn'd,  
For you Restoratives design'd;  
But my Injunctions you reject,  
And sick of Guilt, your Cure neglect.

How

## On Ash-Wednesday. 317

How have Hell-pow'rs their Empire spread!  
How are my Children Captive led!  
Ah me! their Arms they throw away!  
Did they devoutly fast and pray,  
Shou'd all Apostate Ghosts unite,  
One Saint wou'd all to *Tophet* fright.

*Jews* kept of Fasts a Yearly Round,  
Though by no heav'nly Precept bound,  
GOD no Command for Fasts wou'd lay  
But on their Expiation-Day;  
In Sin you Daily persevere,  
Which you shou'd expiate all the Year.

YOUR Nature, when you suffer Woes,  
Of Course your usual Meals foregoes;  
Did you for Sin but truly grieve,  
Though you shou'd no Command receive,  
You Fasting wou'd esteem a Rite,  
Con-natural to Hearts contrite.

YOUR *Kalendars* for Fasts present  
*Rogation, Vigil, Ember, Lent,*  
While you to keep those Names contend,  
Licentious Guides loose Volumes vend,  
Their real Substance to evade,  
And have their Force frustraneous made.



### 318 On Ash-Wednesday.

AN had you them devoutly kept,  
For your own Provocations wept,  
And publick Guilt on them bemoan'd,  
You then GOD's Anger had aton'd,  
You had the Growth of Sin restrain'd,  
And penitential Zeal maintain'd.

ALL my First-born with sacred Heat,  
Their Stations weekly wou'd repeat,  
The more they curs'd Sin bewail'd,  
The more celestial Truth prevail'd.  
But now alas! throughout the Year,  
I few can find who shed a Tear.

On publick Fasts Saints heretofore  
Were wont Transgressions to deplore,  
Those sacred Days they n'ere ordain'd,  
But signal Benedictions gain'd;  
Read the *Memoirs* of Ages past,  
They conquer'd by their Pray'r and Fast.

O'RE *Benjamites*, Fast got the Day,  
O're *Philistines*, and Hosts of *Ai*,  
Made *Moab* and proud *Ammon* bleed,  
All *Israel* from Massacre freed,  
And to repent Great GOD inclin'd  
Of Plagues for *Nineveh* design'd.

WHEN

## On Ash-Wednesday. 319

WHEN they the publick Guilt confest,  
Sackcloth with Ashes was their Vest;  
They sadly mourn'd, their Garments tore,  
Fell prostrate, Mercy to implore,  
Earth was the Covering of their Head,  
As if unworthy Earth to tread,

THEIR Souls they with afflicting pain'd,  
Ev'n from fair Water they abstain'd;  
The Breasts to Infants were deny'd,  
The Beasts were up from Pasture ty'd,  
Whole Nights and Days their Hearts they rent,  
In penitential Rigor spent.

IF *Jews* 'gainst Sin such Zeal exprest,  
Much more shou'd Christians it detest,  
Like Motives in you both conspire,  
Like Sins, and like impending Ire,  
Like Ghostly, and like Temp'ral Ills,  
Like worldly Minds, and sensual Wills.

IN publick Guilt you both partake,  
Both GOD, the Source of Good, forsake;  
Yet on both States while I reflect,  
In you I greater Guilt detect;  
You 'gainst the greater Light rebell,  
Your Grief shou'd Jewish far excel.

YOUR

## 320 On Ash-Wednesday.

YOUR Sins contribute to fill up  
Of GOD's dire Wrath the bitter Cup,  
And to the Part of Guilt you bear,  
Proportion'd Draughts will be your Share ;  
But Mourners by GOD's Angel sign'd,  
Midst Thunder-bolts shall Safety find.

My Watchmen all my Lines around,  
Shou'd on this Day their Trumpets sound,  
If to sit silent they presum'd,  
They'l for your Blood to Flames be doom'd ;  
If you neglect them when they blow,  
On your own Heads will fall the Woe.

YOU, dearest Saints, who sympathize  
With all the Tears which waste mine Eyes,  
Assist my Grief while I bemoan  
All Outrage 'gainst JEHOVAH's Throne,  
And o're your Land with Sorrow deep,  
Like JESUS o're the City weep.

OF Sin you'l have the livelier Sense,  
If Fasts in secret you commence.  
Bless'd JESUS in devout Retreat,  
Full Forty Days abstain'd from Meat,  
There He devout, ideal *Lent*,  
In Pray'r and Contemplation spent.

SHOUD

On St. Matthias. 321

SHOU'D you from JESUS kindle Flame,  
And now at like Retirement aim,  
Wich humble Fasts, Pray'r, Alms and Tear,  
Though mixt with Frailties, yet sincere,  
A penitential Sabbath keep,  
Heav'n on your Heads wou'd Blessings heap.

YOUR Souls from Dross you wou'd refine,  
To Copy Purity Divine.  
When the last Trump shall wake the Dead,  
You'l then exulting raise your Head;  
And when at Judgment you appear,  
Joy you obey'd the Trumpet here.

THIS said, the Church to Heav'n reflow,  
I keep her still in ghostly View.  
All Praise to GOD, whose Trumpets sound,  
To waken Souls from Sleep profound,  
O may I all GOD's Warnings take,  
And rais'd from Sin, die broad awake.

~~~~~

On St. MATTHIAS.

NEXT to the Name of Devil, none
Than Judas we more odious own,
It seems Song sacred to pollute,
And best may with Invective sute.

BUT I, since I *Matthias* sing,
And Story little Aid can bring,

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322 *On St. Matthias.*

In his curs'd Character immerse,
To draw the Saint by his Reverse.

THE Gospel which our Pastors chose,
Seems the Saints Likeness to enclose,
And while my Song his Draught designs,
May furnish supplemental Lines.

BOTH seem'd in Grace alike to share,
Devoted to blest'd JESUS Care,
And both that call propitious heard,
Which Souls to JESUS most endear'd.

COME all who sink with Load and Toil,
I'll you from Pressures disembroil;
I'm meek and lowly, learn of me,
Take my light Yoke, 'twill set you free.

To take CHRIST's Yoke they both profess'd
To him 'twas Pain, to this 'twas Rest.
He ey'd the Man, and this the GOD,
Both in Antarctick Footsteps trod.

HE JESUS easy Yoke forfook,
And Sins much heavier on him took;
Without this Yoke of his never slept,
Which lighter grew, the longer kept.

HE more Retainer might be deem'd,
This a true Votary esteem'd;
He sought to be enrich'd by Stealth,
This to renounce Pomp, Pleasure, Wealth. HE

HE of Disciple had but Paine,
 This was sincere, and real Saint,
 He for great Favours was ingrate,
 This highly wou'd the meanest rate.

HIS Call he to Bless'd JESUS ow'd,
 On this GOD Call by Lot bestow'd,
 Yet when we both their Calls review,
 His seems the happier of the two.

HE was Apostle to the Light,
 While in the Flesh, and liv'd by Sight;
 This walk'd by Faith, and Call obtain'd,
 While JESUS absent Heav'n regain'd.

HE Truth drew from the heav'nly Source,
 But clos'd his Heart against its Force;
 This from the Rills Instruction drew,
 And practis'd all the Truths he knew.

BOTH to Height Apostolick reach'd,
 Both Myst'ries Evangelick preach'd;
 He with a Coldness, this with Zeal
 Which seem'd the Truths he taught, to feel.

HELL into him dire Thoughts instill'd,
 His Heart was with curs'd Satan fill'd;
 Illapses of the Gracious Dove,
 Fill'd this with a victorious Love.

HE JESUS with a Kiss betray'd,
 This faithful Duty to him pay'd;
 He thirsted JESUS Blood to shed,
 While this for JESUS wou'd have bled.

BOTH to Repentances inclin'd,
 His made him worse, this grew refin'd;
 His drove him to a fierce Despair,
 This Pardon gain'd by Tear and Pray'r.

HE felt anticipated Hell,
 At last the Devil's Martyr fell,
 Was his own Hangman, burst in twain,
 By Furies drag'd to endless Pain.

A Life of Love and Joy this led,
 And Martyr's Crown adorn'd his Head;
 Had Foretastes of Eternal Bliss,
 And gladly cou'd his Soul dismiss.

HIS Crime predicted was of Old,
 His Name in Book of Life enroll'd,
 Was by Bless'd JESUS quite eras'd,
 And in Infernal Records plac'd.

THIS all his Life, abroad when sent,
 In charitable Labours spent;
 This Wonders wrought, this Hell controll'd,
 This added Flocks to JESUS Fold.

THIS

On St. Matthias. 325

THIS with fierce *Pagan* Lands convers'd,
Salvation far and wide dispers'd,
Had his Name wrote in Beams, and shines
Indelible in heav'nly Lines.

SOON as the Saint to Heav'n took flight,
All the Inhabitants of Light,
Gave him of Peace the rapt'rous Kiss,
And sung GOD'S Praises for his Bliss.

SOON as he had his glorious Crown,
He on his radiant Throne sat down,
Assessor to God-Man ordain'd,
When the Twelve Tribes shall be arraign'd.

THAT Throne for *Judas* once design'd,
E're from his Duty he declin'd,
To bless'd *Matthias* was ensur'd,
Reward for Woes he had endur'd.

CURS'D *Judas* at last Day shall see
Matthias, who his Judge shall be,
And hear his Doom at that bright Throne,
Which once he might have styl'd his own.

IN Hell the heav'nly Throne and Call,
Eternally his Soul will gall;
The greater Grace he here receiv'd,
The more he will below be griev'd.

WITH a feign'd Saintship for a while,
Curs'd Traytors may the World beguile;
But Death will Counterfeits expose,
And damn to undissembled Woes.

O Gracious GOD! how apt are we
To prove like *Judas* false to Thee?
We call Thee LORD, but little mind
Obedience to Thy Laws enjoyn'd.

FALSE *Judas*, LORD, when Thee he sold,
Had Thirty Pieces to him told;
His Gain he but ten Hours possessest,
Disturb'd with Horrors in his Breast.

WE sell Thy Favour ev'ry Day
For Trifles which soon fade away;
Which fresh Vexations still create,
And which provoke Thy boundless Hate,

THE Traytor grudg'd the Ointment shed
By humble *Mary* on Thy Head;
We on our Lusts profuse, repine
To give Thee Tenths of what is Thine.

IF *Judas*, when Apostle made,
His LORD, and his own Soul betray'd;
We from our proneness to backslide,
Self-jealous, shou'd in Thee confide.

ALL

ALL Praise to Thee, who didst assume
Matthias in the Traytor's Room,
 An Envoy after GOD's own Mind,
 Whose Pref'rence GOD himself design'd.

MAY I, LORD, like *Matthias*, strive,
 From Thee my Copy to derive;
 O may the World me never sway,
 My GOD, like *Judas*, to betray.

ALL Praise to Thee, who didst extract,
 Good from the Traytor's foulest Act,
 His Kiss Thy Passion introduc'd,
 And all the Joys of Heav'n unfluc'd.



On St. MARK.



OR your Conversion, holy *Mark*,
 Though Story leaves us in the dark,
 Yet humbly we conclude,
 When Heav'n your Soul subdu'd,
 The Light celestial shin'd
 In full Meridian Splendor on your Mind.

You by *Levitical* Descent,
 Your Age on Legal Shadows spent.

Priests long to Shadows train'd,
 Pure, solid Truth disdain'd,
 And when they Faith profess'd,
 Were with Convictions super-effluent bless'd.

GOD his Apostle *Peter* chose,
 Who shou'd your Heart to Truth dispose;
 His Ghostly Net he threw,
 And up your Spirit drew;
 GOD mov'd his Hand, that he
 From the Tempestuous World shou'd set you free.

HE, when his Master he deny'd,
 By JESUS was benignly ey'd;
 By that Attractive dear
 Was melted into Tear,
 Was taught your Soul to treat
 With Zeal obliging, and Compassion sweet.

OF all the Converts which he gain'd,
 You most his tender Passion drain'd;
 You his beloved Child,
 Endearingly he stil'd,
 You he Companion made,
 And Co-adjutor, where he Truth display'd.

To *Rome*, you with your Patron steer'd,
 That JESUS there might be rever'd;
 By your unweary'd Care,
 You reap'd glad Harvest there.

Then

Then spread the Truth Divine
O're all the wide *Suburbicarian* Line.

By *Roman* Converts you besought,
The heav'nly Truths which *Peter* taught,
And you from him imbib'd,
You from your Heart transcrib'd;
Your Gospel he perus'd,
And recognis'd the Truth he had infus'd.

When *Rome* with Profelytes was fill'd,
Egyptian Fields remain'd untill'd.

God there your Zeal decreed,
Shou'd sow supernal Seed,
And by your gracious Toil,
You more than *Nile* soon fertilis'd the Soil.

You all great *Alexandria* o're,
Made *Infidels* God-Man adore;
Your Zeal no Limits knew,
It o're rude Countries flew,

Marmorica it tam'd,
And out of *Libyan* Chaos, Churches fram'd.

You Men, than savage Beasts more wild,
Cou'd sweeten to a Temper mild;
No Monsters *Africk* bred,
No Brutes which Venom shed,
No scorching Heats you fear'd,
Zeal to save Souls, all you sustain'd endear'd.

YOUR

YOUR Miracles, Example, Zeal,
 Salvifick Myſt'ries to reveal,
 O're Multitudes prevail'd,
 They all their Sins bewail'd,
 Abjur'd curs'd Satan's Reign,
 When in the hallow'd Laver born again.

BACK to your *Alexandrian* Seat,
 You from your Travels made Retreat,
 Saints who with Hymn o'reflow'd,
 For Aids on you beſtow'd,
 Your Paſſ'al Chair rever'd,
 Plac'd in the Mother-Church which there you
 [rear'd.

OF all the Thrones for Learning fam'd,
 Your City the Precedence claim'd,
 All Scientifick Light
 There reach'd its utmoſt Height;
 Yet when your Rays they felt,
 They found they in *Egyptian* Darkneſs dwelt.

THE Joyful Day when JESUS roſe,
 Began its Luſtre to diſcloſe,
 Saints riſing GOD ador'd,
 Their Riſe from Sin implor'd,
 And with immortal Bread
 Were by your Bleſſing at the Altar fed.

CURSD

CURS'D *Satan* made a fierce Essay,
 To defecrate that sacred Day,
 The *Pagans* he conven'd,
 From Hell the Rabble glean'd;
Serapis up they cry'd,
 And you, High Heav'n's Ambassador, defy'd.

THE spiteful Fiend above the rest,
 Who the foul Idol long possess'd,
 The *Infidels* enrag'd,
 And in your Death engag'd,
 Left you shou'd him expell,
 And from his Temple, drive him back to Hell.

YOUR Body o're the Streets they dragg'd,
 Where ev'ry Flint your Muscles jagg'd,
 You confluent Wound
 With Blood bedew'd the Ground,
 Till into Prison thrown,
 To spend the Night in agonizing Moan.

BUT Gracious GOD soft Pity took,
 He never his dear Saint forsook,
 He in that dol'rous Night,
 Gave you of Bliss a Sight,
 That Sight your Spirit cheer'd,
 And all the Torment you sustain'd endear'd.

THEIR

THEIR Rage renew'd at Morning-dawn,
 You o're the Streets again were drawn,
 And Praying for your Foes,
 Oppress'd with num'rous Woes,
 You fetch'd your dying Groan,
 By Angels wafted to your heav'nly Throne.

OF Life the Furies you depriv'd,
 Their Madness yet your Fate surviv'd;
 Your Corps to Flame they doom'd,
 To Ashes strait consum'd,
 Your Ashes, though dispers'd,
 Omniscience counts, till to their Sites revers'd.

FOR you, blest'd Saint, be GOD ador'd,
 Who you with Gifts and Graces stor'd,
 May I your Volume read,
 My Life like you to lead,
 As of Incarnate GOD,
 You in the imitable Footsteps trod.



On St. PHILIP and St. JACOB.



WHEN *Solomon* the Temple rear'd,
 Where 'twixt the Cherubs GOD appear'd,
 At Entrance he two Pillars plac'd,
 Which the fair Porch upheld and grac'd,
 Renown'd

Renown'd for their Diameter and Length,
Jachin and *Boaz*, Stablishment and Strength.

THUS JESUS when his Church he form'd,
Which should by Hell in vain be storm'd,
Two Saints for sacred Pillars chose,
Who Hell's first Onsets should oppose,
Philip and *James*, Stability and Might,
With Zeal to raise, and keep Salvifick Light.

WITH Apostolick Call first blest'd,
Philip gave Pattern to the rest;
James the first Bishop they decreed,
The Heav'nly Bishop to succeed,
With Force endearing *Philip* Truth display'd,
James fix'd the Church on sure Foundations laid.

HIS heav'nly Might first *Philip* try'd,
When to *Nathanael* he was Guide,
He saw the *Israelite* sincere,
To JESUS at first View adhere;
He gave to GOD for that great Convert Praise,
And in Conversions vow'd to spend his Days.

WHEN Gentiles led by JESUS Fame,
To visit him at *Salem* came,
To *Philip* they themselves address'd,
To make to JESUS their Request;
His Zeal for Converts was illustrious grown,
That all with him their SAVIOUR'S Love might own.

WHEN

WHEN JESUS of his FATHER spake,
 To whom he an Ascent wou'd make,
 Shew us the FATHER, *Philip* cry'd,
 That Faith and Love may firm abide;
 Great GOD was 'twixt the Cherubs wont to shine,
 Vouchsafe us of his Presence now a Sign.

OUR LORD reply'd, In seeing me,
 You my co-glorious FATHER see,
 He with his co-eternal SON,
 Is an Indivisible One;
 And Godhead brighter shines in Flesh enclos'd,
 Than when the Glory on the Ark repos'd.

BLESS'D *Philip*, when the Gracious Dove
 Rain'd down full Showers of Light and Love,
 In *Phrygia* settled his Abode,
 Which he with Seeds immortal sow'd,
 There in short Time he for the Realm of Peace,
 Of Converts reap'd a thousand-fold increase.

WHEN spent with Toil, by Heav'n's Decrees,
 Hell e're aware procur'd his Ease,
 Fiends which he from their Temples drive,
 Conspir'd to lodge him in the Grave,
 The *Pagan* Ruler by their Rage possess'd,
 Sent the old Martyr to his wish'd for Rest.

JAMES

As *Philip Pagans* to convert
Was wont his Vigor to exert,
Bless'd *James*, the Brother of God-Man,
Of Church establish'd drew the Plan
At *Salem*, when committed to his Care,
He rais'd his Past'ral and Ideal Chair.

JAMES on the Cross saw *JESUS* dead,
And made a Vow to taste no Bread;
Till *JESUS* risen he beheld,
And when our *LORD* Death-Shades dispell'd,
To his Disciple early He appear'd,
Dissolv'd his Vow, and his sad Vot'ry cheer'd.

BLESS'D *Peter*, by an Angel freed,
Dispatch'd a Messenger with Speed,
Who shou'd to holy *James* relate
The opening of the Iron Gate;
He to the Mother-Church due Deference taught,
And the first News was to the Bishop brought.

IN the first Synod *James* alone,
Who sat in the Archshepherd's Throne,
The last Decisive Vote express'd,
In which the Saints all acquiesc'd.
'Twas *JESUS* Chair, not *Peter's*, which then sway'd,
And *Peter* to bless'd *James* Submission made.

You happy Saint in JESUS Chair,
 OF JESUS Grace had lib'ral Share;
 You from Bless'd JESUS borrow'd Light,
 And shin'd in an Example bright,
 Ev'n envious *Jews* your Sanctity wou'd own,
 You by the Name of *James the Just* were known.

You ev'ry Day took up your Cross,
 Esteem'd this World but Dung and Dross;
 From Wine and Flesh you still abstain'd;
 You all your Appetites restrain'd;
 You on mere Necessaries taught to live,
 And the Superfluous to the Poor to give.

You liv'd in a Quotidian Fast,
 In lively Prospect of your last;
 Your Flock had your Paternal Care,
 Your Business was perpetual Pray'r;
 Your Forehead and your Knees were callous grown
 With long Prostrations at the heav'nly Throne.

WHEN at the Paschal Feast your Eye
 Cou'd the whole *Jewish* Race descry,
 You on the Temple took your Stand,
 You JESUS preach'd to all the Land;
 Till by a rude, and Hell-directed Blow,
 You were forc'd Headlong to the Ground below.

BRUI'S'D by the Fall as down you fell,
 Your Stoning was contriv'd by Hell,
 And while the Flints were at you aim'd,
 With CHRIST-like Charity inflam'd,
 For self and Foes, with like devout Effort,
 You beg'd their Pardon, and your own Support.

YOU Bruise, and Pain, and Wound all o're
 Kneel'd, agonizing in your Gore,
 While a Wretch cruel in Intent,
 Deterr'd by Heav'n to kind Event,
 Dash'd out your Brains, and you flew up in State,
 Convoy'd by Angels to the blissful Gate.

BLESS'D *James* and *Philip* on one Day,
 When martyr'd; met upon the Way
 In *Aether* as they soar'd to Bliss,
 They joyn'd in mutual, holy Kiss;
 The Bless'd receiv'd them in Embraces dear,
 And Joy was doubled o're the heav'nly Sphere.

WE double Praises, LORD, this Day,
 To Thee for Thy two Pillars pay,
 For Strength the Faith in *Asia* gain'd,
 When *Philip* Saving-Truth explain'd;
 For *James* by Saints most worthy judg'd to be
 First Bishop of the first establish'd See.

338 *On the Restoration.*

IN Preaching *Philip* spent his Might;
 And little Leisure had to write;
James a divine Epistle penn'd,
 Both had the same Salvifick End.
 May we, like them, Thy sacred Truth embrace,
 With Strength of Faith, and Stablishment in Grace.



On the 29th of May, being the Day of the KING's Restoration.

THE Prince of Air, who from the Clouds
 Infuriates all rebellious Crowds,
 With a malicious Eye look'd down,
 Impetuous to disturb a Crown;
 His View at last on *Albion* stay'd,
 Where Pious CHARLES the Scepter sway'd.

HE summon'd his aereial Ghosts,
 Who watch for Mischief at their Posts;
 To him they flew with utmost Speed,
 Expecting some new Ills decreed;
 On all he belch'd out Curses dire,
 Who shou'd not with his Rage conspire.

THAT

On the Restoration. 339

THAT Fav'rite Spot of Heav'n behold,
By which the Ocean is controll'd,
Obsequious Waves its Banks surround,
No foreign Force can it confound,
We must our Wiles and Pow'r employ,
To make them their ownelves destroy.

OUR Balaam to curse *Israel* bent,
Heav'n quite inverted his Intent,
But in our spiteful Curses, we,
As Heav'n in Blessings are as free,
This Privilege our Fall has gain'd,
Which we must practice unrestrain'd.

CURS'D be that CHARLES, who on a Throne,
God's Laws for Sovereign, stoops to own,
Who Courage wants to be unjust,
Profuse on Heav'n, and starving Lust,
Who strives more to be Good than Great,
And Subjects Father-like to treat.

CURS'D be that Church, from Dross refin'd,
Form'd by the Model Heav'n design'd,
In Rites, in Government, and Creed,
From old, and modern Errors freed;
Shou'd they their Lives, as Faith reform,
All Hell cou'd ne're the Fabrick storm.

340 *On the Restoration.*

CUR'S'D be that Island on whose Shores;
The World unlades its precious Stores,
Where Health, Peace, Plenty, overflows,
Where choicest Blessings Heav'n bestows;
If they their Happiness but knew.
No Airy Pow'rs cou'd them subdue.

BUT they Preservatives abuse,
We Poyson may with Ease infuse;
People and Priests ungrateful are,
And seem God's Thunderbolts to dare;
JEHOVAH yet a Remnant keeps,
Which for the Land in secret weeps.

YOU Spirits most in Lyes expert,
Must Evangelick Truths pervert;
You who in Slander most are vers'd,
Take care that Libels are dispers'd;
You to Rebellion who incline,
Make them abjure the Royal Line.

THESE must Hypocrisy instill,
With Saints the most infernal ill;
Those *Latitudinarian* Ghosts,
Must raise Confusion o're the Coasts,
Let Rage Enthusiastick loose,
Error and Wickedness unfluce

On the Restoration. 341

MY Force is for that Tribe design'd,
Who, but themselves, damn all Mankind;
Of their Salvation they are sure,
Their Pride will them to me secure;
With Ease I can excite their Will,
The Reprobates it damns, to kill.

THE King and Prelate first assail,
Together they advance or fail;
They undermin'd, the tott'ring State,
Will follow their disastrous Fate;
Your Talents to work Evil try,
And Malice with each other vie.

THIS said, all to their Posts withdrew,
Consulted Mischiefs to pursue;
Unnatural Swords were then unsheath'd,
War, Blood and Devastation breath'd;
The Sheep's Disguise away was laid,
Their native Fieceness Wolves betray'd.

THE Nurfing Father of the Land,
For Tyrant they began to brand;
Priests zealous rightly Souls to guide,
Were for Rome's Prostitutes decry'd;
Their martyr'd King then lost his Head,
Both Nobles and Archshepherd bled.

342 *On the Restoration.*

THE Regal Line were then exil'd,
And all who Loyal were, revil'd;
Pastors were of their Flocks depriv'd,
New Errors broach'd, and Old reviv'd;
All Faithful Souls their Woes bemoan'd,
And under Persecution groan'd.

CURS'D Sacrilege the Church devour'd,
Strange Cant, God's Worship overpow'r'd;
Temples and Altars down were cast,
Religion gasping out its last;
The Mourners little Hope descry'd,
Their flowing Tears shou'd e're be dry'd.

BUT GOD, who in the needful Time
Extracts a Blessing out of Crime,
Turn'd ev'n the Weapons of our Foes,
To Instruments of our Repose:
On this Glad Day knock'd off our Chains,
For which we offer grateful Strains.

OUR King exil'd, was now restor'd,
GOD with true Worship was ador'd,
Fal'n Temples built, the Shut unlock'd,
The Pious to our Altars flock'd;
The Loyal Sufferers were reliev'd,
And Priests their Portions due retriev'd.

THE Church and State seem'd both to have
A Resurrection from the Grave;
The Mourners wip'd away their Tear,
Their Joy reach'd the supernal Sphere,
And all the Angels with them joyn'd,
By Heav'n in *Albion's* Guard combin'd.

FULL Praise to Thee, Great GOD, we sing,
For Laws, Deliv'rance, Church and King;
The Hearts of the Rebellious Land,
Were all in Thy Almighty Hand;
The Turn was wrought by Thee alone,
All Praise to Thy Propitious Throne.

THE proud Archfiend, with all his Crew,
Baffled by Heav'n, to Air reflew;
All at their Disappointments griev'd;
Their Trouble *Lucifer* perceiv'd,
Heard ireful Murmurs o're the Air,
And spake to temper their Despair.

GRIEVE not, damn'd Ghosts, at your Defeat,
Heav'n's Victory is not compleat,
Our hellish Tares are sown so deep,
We shall in Time an Harvest reap;
They'll sick of their Deliv'rance grow,
Renew their Guilt, and court their Woe.

LORD, on thy Goodness we rely,
 With gracious Aids the Land supply,
 Apostate Spirits all restrain,
 May Tares ne're choke the heav'nly Grain;
 May no Relapse excite Thy Hate,
 And mortal prove to Church and State.

*On St. BARNABAS.*

ALL who to JESUS came,
 And felt the Force of that dear Name,
 The more they JESUS knew,
 The more enamour'd still they grew,
 Each Grace which in him shin'd,
 With Zeal they copy'd in their Mind.

EACH Grace though they rever'd,
 Yet some one Grace was more endear'd;
 As in a Sinner's Breast,
 The darling Sin o'repow'rs the rest;
 Thus in the Saints we trace
 Indulgence of a darling Grace.

OUR LORD, benign and mild,
 Was *Israel's* Consolation stil'd;

And

On St. Barnabas. 345

And *Joses*, o're whose Soul
Lov'd JESUS had entire controul,
Revolv'd with most Delight
Our LORD's Consolatory Might.

THE Saint of Temper sweet,
Wont Souls endearingly to treat,
With sympathizing Heart,
Wou'd gladly the Supports impart,
From JESUS Love receiv'd,
Whene're he felt his Spirit griev'd.

SAINTS him for Sweetness fam'd,
The Son of Consolation nam'd;
They *Barnabas* decreed
The Name of *Joses* to succeed;
And ever since by none
But that sweet Name the Saint is known.

WHEN Holy Church first rose,
To triumph o're infernal Foes,
Bless'd *Barnabas* for Gold,
His plentiful Possessions sold,
And the vast Sum compleat
Laid down at the Apostles Feet.

THUS eas'd of Clogs terrene,
With Conscience from Pollution clean;
Himself he daily spent,
Of Saints the Number to augment;

With

346 *On St. Barnabas,*

With holy *Paul* he joyn'd,
To GOD alike both co-inclin'd.

IN Missions, Dangers, Cares,
And Suff'rings, they went equal Shares;
Vast Regions they survey'd,
Foundations there of Churches laid,
With Alms their Wants supply'd,
Confirm'd them, lest they shou'd back-slide.

FROM Union with bless'd *Paul*,
The Saint had Apostolick Call;
Paul, when they *Lystra* taught,
A Cure miraculously wrought,
A Cripple he restor'd,
And *Lystra* wou'd have both ador'd.

BOTH Gods to *Pagans* seem'd,
Paul, *Mercury* they all esteem'd;
But *Barnabas* they took
For *Jove*, when they observ'd his Look;
In him was Mixture rare,
Benign, majestick, graceful Air.

SOON as they Gods were thought,
The *Pagans* Sacrifices brought;
But both their Vestures rent,
The Profanation to prevent;
Took Item from false Zeal,
True GOD their Maker to reveal.

No

No Saints were better pair'd,
 When Truths salvifick they declar'd;
Paul with a sacred Heat,
 Wou'd down the Realm of *Satan* beat,
 But *Barnabas* in meek
 And gentle Style, wou'd all bespeak.

HE the Foundation clear'd,
 And of the Church the Fabrick rear'd;
 This wou'd the Frame secure,
 That all rude Shocks it might endure,
 He Saving-Faith inspir'd,
 This with soft Love Believers fir'd.

WITHIN this Vale of Tears
 Temptations, Sorrows, Frailties, Fears,
 The faithful Soul infest,
 Raise Agonies in human Breast,
 And a fierce, stormy Ill
 None but a *Barnabas* can still.

SHOU'D we the Topicks guess,
 On which he laid prevailing Strefs,
 Yet how he them enforc'd,
 With what sweet Energy discours'd,
 And troubled Hearts compos'd,
 Can never fully be disclos'd.

DEAR

348 On St. Barnabas.

DEAR Soul, he oft wou'd cry,
While Tears ran down from either Eye,
Your deep afflictive Moan,
By Sympathy becomes my own,
I know your painful Sore,
And by GOD's Aid will you restore

No Grief can you surprize,
But comes from GOD, Just, Pow'rful, Wise;
As Just and Wise, in vain
He ne're inflicts a causeless Pain,
His Pow'r controuls its Source,
Its Progress, and confines its Course.

GOD sends instructive Woes,
That they for Heav'n may Souls dispose;
All aiming at our Good,
When their Design is understood;
And when an Heart is broke,
Paternal Pity gives the Stroke,

THAT Pity gives Relief,
It joyns a Comfort with each Grief;
You have in all Distress,
To Love Immense a free Access;
That Love to cure your Wound,
By Promise, and by Oath is bound.

YOUR

YOUR Strength, Love nicely weighs,
And Load too heavy never lays;
All Woes are short and light,
When Joys Eternal are in sight;
And when GOD's Word you read,
You Sov'reign Cordial never need.

ALL the Co-glorious THREE
In Consolations sweet agree;
You GOD in ev'ry Groan.
COMFORTER, FATHER, SAVIOUR own,
O then, your Will resign,
To that Co-amiable TRINE.

GOD-MAN our Miseries felt,
When He on Earth afflicted dwelt;
By Woes which He sustain'd,
He pities ev'ry Saint when pain'd:
With such Supports as these,
We guess, our Saint gave Spirits Ease.

WHEN he and Paul agreed,
They from each other wou'd recede;
Bless'd Barnabas took Sail
For Cyprus with a prosperous Gale,
There to his native Clime
To consecrate his Care and Time.

TILL now, that fertile Isle,
Men cou'd not justly Happy stile,
Lust there appear'd bare-fac'd,
Laws were promulg'd against the Chaste;
'Till GOD employ'd the Saint,
To keep the Devils in Restraint.

AMONG the Fiends of Hell;
Unclean are hardest to expell;
With inbred Lust they side,
And Poyson in soul Pleasure hide;
The Saint soon clear'd the Coasts,
And drave to Hell reluctant Ghosts.

HIS Light we guess was spread
Beyond the Isle where he was bred;
But his congenial Air
Remain'd the Centre of his Care;
And thither he return'd,
In his Birth-place to be inurn'd.

THOUGH the foul Devils fail'd,
When fiercely they the Saint assail'd;
Yet into harden'd Jews,
When Truth he labour'd to infuse,
They murder'd him with Stone,
Kind Spite advanc'd him to his Throne.

On St. John Baptist. 351

ALL Praise to GOD Above,
For our soft Saint's Condoling Love;

May we our Passions chain,
Strive his sweet Temper to obtain,

And on the Christian Race
Shed like Consolatory Grace.



On St. JOHN BAPTIST.



ABRIEL to *Daniel*, when at Pray'r,
Was sent *Messias* to declare,
And then to Heav'n reflow'n,
Attended at the Throne,
Till Seventy annual Weeks ran-out,
In Hymn devout
He never ceas'd; yet in that bless'd Imploy,
He cou'd no *Tedium* feel, but unsucceffive Joy.

AGAIN, GOD call'd him from on High
With Evangelick News to fly;
To *Zech'ry* he appear'd,
A Priest to GOD endear'd;
As with the Fume of Incense fir'd,
His Pray'r aspir'd,
To promise him from Heav'n a sacred Son,
Who the so long desir'd *Messias* shou'd fore-run.

352 *On St. John Baptist.*

O wondrous Boy! by Heav'n foretold,
 Of Parents Childless, barren, old,
 Who had by Dumbness seal'd
 The happy News reveal'd,
 Whose Birth restor'd his Father's Voice,
 Made Saints rejoyce
 With dear *Eliza*, while with loos'n'd Tongue,
 Bless'd *Zach'ry* of his Babe an Hymn prophetick
 [sung:

O wondrous Child! by Heav'n decreed,
 The World's REDEEMER to precede,
 Elias to outshine
 In Gifts and Grace Divine;
 Of Prophets chief of all Mankind,
 The most refin'd!
 When *Embryo* you Incarnate GOD foreran,
 And leaping in the Womb, your Prophecy began:

WHEN *Herod Bethlem* Infants flew,
 None scap'd but Infant-GOD and you;
 In desert you secur'd,
 Were in a Cave immur'd,
 Your Parents by kind Heav'n inspir'd,
 With you retir'd,
 They of GOD's Law gave you sweet early Taste;
 Which to the Love Divine kept your Affection
 [chaste.

THE

On St. John Baptist. 353

THE aged Saints taught you GOD's Will
With Resignation to fulfill,
Each imitable Grace
In the Angelick Race;
To love Great GOD with utmost Might,
In GOD delight,
In Meditation to employ your Days,
In ministring to Souls, and in incessant Praise.

THEY taught on Heav'n to fix your Aim,
This World evanid to disclaim,
Your Flesh subdu'd to keep,
In Clothes, Food, Pleasures, Sleep,
Devout, pure, humble, in Retreat
With GOD to meet,
Zeal void of Dread, habitual Fast and Pray'r,
All Virtues for God-Man fit Entrance to prepare.

YOUR Habitation from a Child,
Was 'mongst the Beasts, fierce, rav'nous, wild,
You them familiar made,
They all your Voice obey'd.
What Changes shou'd by you be wrought,
GOD early taught,
That you shou'd Men from brutish Sins reclaim,
A Labour much more hard than savage Beast to
[tame.

354 On St. John Baptist.

You, e're your Parents Bliss obtain'd,
 The Height of heav'nly Wisdom gain'd,
 You to Repentance then,
 Were call'd to waken Men,
 An active Life God you enjoyn'd,
 But yet design'd
 No Power to you of Miracles to give,
 Fore-seeing you yourself a Miracle wou'd live.

In Vest of Camel's Hair array'd,
 With Leather girt, you Entrance made,
 The humble Garb you chose,
 This World's Denial shews :
 You Locusts and Wild-Honey eat
 For daily Meat.
 The less you on external Aids rely'd,
 The more you Aid Divine, unrival'd glorify'd.

You God's great Harbinger were sent,
 To move all Sinners to repent,
 With future Wrath to scare
 Hard Hearts to humble Pray'r,
 And Gleams of cheerful Hope to shed,
 To mix with Dread;
 You taught God's gracious Kingdom drawing
 [nigh,
 In which none liv'd, but they who to the World
 [wou'd die.

You

On St. John Baptist. 355

You suited Rules to all Degrees,
To set all Consciences at Ease,
To beg of Heav'n Recruits,
And bring forth heav'nly Fruits,
You Crowds baptiz'd in Tear and Wave,
Their Souls to save;
You shew'd yourself to all where-e're you came;
A shining, burning Light to lighten and enflame:

You Great God-Man baptiz'd, and ey'd
The *Empyreum* opening wide,
Saw the supernal Quire,
In lofty Hymn conspire;
The heav'nly Dove his Wings out-spread
O're JESUS Head,
You heard a Voice descend from blissful Height;
This is my Son lov'd, in whom I take Delight.

To JESUS you oft Witness gave,
The Lamb of GOD, who came to save;
Fierce Herod you rever'd,
Your Warnings gladly heard;
And he from various Sins abstain'd,
By you restrain'd,
Till his adult'rous Incest you reprov'd,
Which to fierce Female Spite, his lewd Adulteress
[mov'd.

You shew'd that Saints may Martyrs bleed,
For Moral Truths, as well as Creed;
The Sword your Soul set free
That glorious State to see,
Of which you oft to list'ning *Jews*
Gave lively Views,
You in both Realms had the same honour'd,
[Place,
Fore-runner of God-Man in Bliss as well as Grace

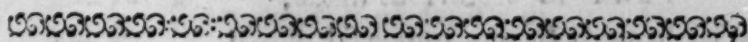
ALL Praise to GOD, whose tender Care
The Way for JESUS to prepare,
Sent *John* all Guilt to clear,
By penitential Tear,
To raise of JESUS Love immense
A previous Sense.
All, who for Sin excited were to grieve,
With open Arms and Hearts a Saviour wou'd re-
[ceive.]

Teach me, my GOD, by Thy dear Saint,
To keep my Passions in Restraint,
By penitential Moan,
To break my Heart of Stone,
Thy Love will make it whole again,
And ease my Pain ;
Thou for Thy Mansion wilt my Heart endure,
When made for Thee by Tear preparatory Pure.

MAY

MAY I, with a Devotion due,
Fix on the Lamb of God my View;
That lovely, gracious Sight
Will cast enam'ring Light,
My Soul will Love for Love return,
Will shine and burn.

LIKE *John*, this World I'de trample under Feet,
And but for doing Good, ne're leave devout Re-
[treat



On St. PETER.



OUR LORD, when *Simon* to him came,
To *Cephas* chang'd his Name,
In his All-comprehending View,
He Hell's Assaults foreknew,
And of a Fisher form'd a Rock,
To stand infernal Shock.

To raise a Realm o're Human Kind,
When, LORD, Thou hadst design'd,
Sure such an high heroick Deed
Shou'd some great Monarch need,
Whose Conduct, Wealth, and num'rous Hosts,
Shou'd clear the adverse Coasts.

BUT GOD, to baffle human Might,
 And raise to him our Sight;
 The Pow'rfull, Rich, Wise, Noble, Brave,
 was wholly pleas'd to wave,
 He Mean, Unarm'd, Illiterate chose,
 The Scorn of all his Foes.

HIS Foes, who saw the Weak repell,
 The Force of World and Hell,
 How GOD in Weakness Pow'r display'd,
 Pow'r so notorious made,
 Which with Beams universal shin'd,
 Too bright to be declin'd.

WHEN near the *Galilean Lake*,
 Our LORD Truth heav'nly spake,
 That he from Crowd might sit remote,
 He entred *Simon's Boat*,
 And soon as it was launch'd in Wave,
 From thence Instructions gave.

OUR LORD to Miracle inclin'd,
 To fix each doubting Mind,
 Bad *Simon* to cast down his Net,
 Who nought all Night cou'd get;
 He and his Brother stood amaz'd,
 When on the Draught they gaz'd.

DEPART from me, LORD, *Simon* cry'd,
 Since sinfull I abide,
 Of GOD offended, the sad Thought,
 Deep Self debasement wrought,
 He from Humility took flight
 To Apostolick Height.

OUR LORD to both spake, Follow me,
 Of Men you'l Fishers be,
 Both at his gracious Look and Voice,
 Made his sole Will their Choice,
 And with supernal Power endow'd,
 Thence fish'd among the Crowd.

OUR LORD the future State to shew
 His Church shou'd undergo,
 Enjoyn'd his Vot'ries to embark,
 And in the dismal Dark,
 The Ship was by the Billows toss'd,
 In Danger to be lost.

IN the fourth Watch Incarnate GOD
 On the rude Billows tread;
 To meet him *Simon* only dar'd,
 But cry'd by Tempest scar'd,
 LORD save me; JESUS him sustain'd,
 Till both the Vessel gain'd,

BUT GOD, to baffle human Might,
 And raise to him our Sight;
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 On the rude Billows trod;
 To meet him *Simon* only dar'd,
 But cry'd by Tempest scar'd,
 LORD save me; JESUS him sustain'd,
 Till both the Vessel gain'd,

OUR LORD, whom Wind and Sea obey'd,
 The Tempest soon allay'd :
 Church Militant, the Vessel paints,
 And *Simon*, all the Saints;
 In Storms which Church or Souls endure,
 OUR LORD will them secure.

To Unbelievers *Peter's* Ray
 Made Truth as clear as Day,
 While *Simon* taught each faithful Soul,
 How we tow'rd's Frailty roul,
 To humble, yet support Mankind,
 GOD Grace and Weakness joyn'd.

EVEN *Peter*, though a Rock ordain'd,
 Yet *Simon* still remain'd,
 The Man was with Apostle link'd,
 Yet both were still distinct,
 Curs'd *Satan* *Simon* had betray'd,
 Had not lov'd JESUS pray'd.

IN JESUS *Peter* Faith profess'd,
 And was by JESUS blest'd ;
 His Church he wou'd on *Peter* rear,
 No Force of Hell to fear,
 The Keys to *Peter* he consign'd,
 With Power to loose and bind.

BUT *Simon*, when our Lord declar'd,
The Cross for him prepar'd;
From the dire Cross which him dismay'd,
Try'd JESUS to dissuade;
But JESUS, warm'd with sacred Ire,
Bad *Satan* strait retire.

HIS Fall, to *Simon* was foretold,
When scatter'd was the Fold;
But *Peter* vow'd, he'd rather die,
Than his dear LORD deny;
Yet *Simon*, e're the Cock crow'd twice,
Deny'd his Master thrice.

BUT JESUS, who sweet Pity took,
On *Simon* cast his Look,
The Cock his second Crow began,
Apostle chid the Man,
Unutterably *Simon* griev'd,
And *Peter* soon retriev'd,

OUR LORD, when risen, he appear'd,
And his sad Vot'ries cheer'd;
To *Peter*, pain'd with broken Heart,
A Visit made a-part,
His mournful Tears he clear'd away,
By sweet, absolving Ray.

THRICE *Simon's* Love blest'd *JESUS* try'd,
Since he had thrice deny'd ;
Thrice *Simon* had express'd his Flame,
And *Peter* thence became ;
Our *LORD* relov'd him, and decreed,
He Sheep and Lambs shou'd feed.

WHEN *JESUS* Charge to *Vot'ries* gave,
The World to teach and save ;
And then ascending, from Above,
Sent down the gracious Dove,
Blest'd *Peter*, not supreme, but prime,
Shar'd in the Gifts sublime.

HE then, Rock *Peter*, persever'd,
The Church was on him rear'd ;
He the first pow'rful Sermon preach'd,
Which various Nations reach'd,
And full three Thousand whom he taught,
At but one Draught he caught.

HIS Net strait took Two thousand more,
Of Souls he gain'd such Store,
That in our *LORD's* late little Fold,
Were Multitudes enroll'd,
Lov'd *John* with *Peter* bore a Part,
But *Peter* had the Start.

HE

HE Truth with Wonder first assur'd,
When he the Cripple cur'd ;
His Voice struck *Ananias* dead,
And the whole Church with Dread ;
And at his Shadow passing by,
Disease away wou'd fly.

HE *Simon*, the Magician, quell'd,
And hellish Charms dispell'd ;
All Quarters of the Land he view'd,
And Souls to Heav'n subdu'd ;
Rais'd weak *Eneas* from his Bed,
And *Dorcas* from the Dead.

BY Vision GOD to him reveal'd
High Truths, till then conceal'd,
That *Gentiles* shou'd in GOD believe,
The HOLY GHOST receive ;
Fulfill'd he saw it in Event,
When to *Cornelius* sent.

HE, when a Pris'ner doom'd to bleed,
Was by an Angel freed ;
His treble Love spread Love divine,
Of the Co-lovely TRINE ;
He o're all *Abraham's* num'rous Race,
Showr'd Apostolick Grace.

To *Rome* at last he Visit made,
 The *Gentiles* Guide to aid,
 Both numerous Flocks to *JESUS* gain'd,
 To Love of *JESUS* train'd,
 There to the Cross by *Nera* doom'd,
 He was to Bliss assum'd.

With previous Scourgings he was lash'd,
 And as his Joynts they gash'd,
 He humbly to hang downwards pray'd,
 Reverse to *JESUS* made;
 He deem'd it Honour much too high,
 Upwards, like him, to die.

His Consort had her daily Shares
 In all his Woes and Cares;
 When she to Martyrdom was drawn,
 He saw her Glory dawn,
 And sweetly put his Saint in mind
 Of Joys for her design'd.

When he eclips'd, left heav'nly Light
 Shou'd not continue bright,
 He lodg'd in Writings what he taught,
 To store devoted Thought,
 Which still sweet, pow'rful Influence shed,
 When with Devotion read.

FOR

FOR *Peter* GOD be ever prais'd,
 On whom the Church was rais'd,
 Who ghostly Nets for Sinners cast,
 And drew up Numbers vast,
 Who left to Saints in heav'nly Lines,
 Of Truth two wealthy Mines.

THE Saint each Day his Fall review'd,
 His Cell with Tears bedew'd;
 Like him, we daily CHRIST deny,
 When we his Laws defy;
 May we, like him, to Love and Tears
 Devote residuous Years.



On St. JAMES.

WHEN GOD in Flesh wou'd be enshrin'd,
 He took a Form the meanest of Mankind,
 And meanest Instruments He chose
 The World to conquer, and Hell-pow'rs oppose,
 The Foolish to confound the Wise,
 The Weak to humble haughty scornful Eyes,
 To teach Antipathy to Pride,
 In Aid Divine, not Human, to confide.

FROM

FROM a mean Toil, and Land infame,
 Bless'd JESUS Fishers call'd to spread his Name,
James, Andrew, Simon, John, all Four
 Inhabitants of the *Tiberian* Shore,
 In Grace all Partners, as in Trade,
 All saw God-Man's Omnipotence display'd;
 When they in vain all Night had wrought,
 Unnumbred Shoals at JESUS Word they caught.

THEY call'd by Him, their Ships forfook,
 Charm'd by his gracious Pow'r, and heav'nly Look,
 As when dry Bones the Vale bestrow'd,
 Out the Four Winds, call'd by the Prophet, flow'd,
 With Vital Breathings to restore
 Skin, Life, Flesh, Sinews, which they had before;
 God-Man on *Jews* in Sin long dead,
 Thus call'd out Four enlivening Truths to shed.

JAMES and his Brother *John* inclin'd
 To JESUS, left their aged Sire behind,
 They early, if GOD call'd them, knew
 To Nat'ral Ties they were to bid *Adieu*;
 Yet Parents had their filial Prayer,
 Both strove for Heav'n their Father to prepare,
 Their Mother *Salome* both rever'd,
 Who liv'd a Saint, by their Direction steer'd.

THOUGH *John* was the Belov'd declar'd,
 With him and *Peter*, *James* in Favour shar'd,

On St. James.

367

All Three, Bless'd JESUS with him led,
When He rais'd *Fairus* Daughter from the Dead.
All Three ascending *Tabor's* Height,
Beheld him shine in Beatifick Light,
All Three as dearest Friends he chose,
Who shou'd attest his agonizing Woes.

BOTH *James* and *John* with Zeal inflam'd,
By JESUS were the Sons of Thunder nam'd,
Zeal wou'd to Indignation rise,
When they saw Sinners Love immense despise;
For GOD they jealous Rage transpir'd,
And wish'd by Heav'n a stubborn Village fir'd;
But JESUS taught, that his sweet Pow'r
Sent Fire to melt Mankind, but not devour.

THEIR Mother, LORD, pray'd that they
[might
Sit in Thy Realm enthron'd on Left and Right.
Ambitious Love the Thought inspir'd,
Which to be nearest Thy dear Love desir'd;
Ambition was by Thee restrain'd,
The Love divine its vig'rous Force retain'd;
Both vow'd the dol'rous Cup to drink,
And neither, when 'twas offer'd 'em, wou'd shrink.

JAMES oft wou'd with lov'd *John* contend,
Which of their Loves the other shou'd transcend;
GOD'S

GOD'S Lovers never jealous are,
 When they together Loves Divine compare;
 They to each other yield Contest,
 An humble Love still thinks another's best;
 Their Loves in Strength were equal deem'd,
John's, of the Two, the Tenderest was esteem'd.

BLESS'D *James* around the *Jewish* Line,
 Diffeminat'd Truth and Love divine,
 While JESUS here on Earth convers'd,
 His Apostolick Mission Light dispers'd;
 When JESUS re-enthron'd on High,
 His SPIRIT sent, his Presence to supply;
James then with wond'rous Gifts endued,
 His Labours with a treble Force renew'd.

LIKE Fire, within his Bowels pent,
 His ard'rous Zeal for JESUS forc'd a Vent;
 He threat'ned *Jews* with Vengeance dread,
 For precious Blood of GOD Incarnate shed;
 Pronounc'd all damn'd for boundless Guilt,
 Unless wash'd clean in that dear Blood they spilt;
 To mournful Penitents he taught,
 Grace, Pardon, Bliss, by JESUS Suff'rings bought.

HIS Miracles, endearing Force,
 Admir'd Example, and divine Discourse,
 Made num'rous Souls their Sins deplore,
 And GOD, whom they had crucify'd, adore.

To

To Truth he Vot'ries daily gain'd;
 Confounded *Jews*, infernal Pow'rs restrain'd,
 Till faithless Men, and Fiends of Night,
 His Life assaulted with confed'rate Spite.

To King *Agrippa* both address'd;
 They storm'd his Ear, and these enrag'd his Breast;
 Cries and Injections never ceas'd,
 His Hate of *JESUS*, hourly they increas'd;
 Bless'd *James* he into Prison cast,
 And final Sentence on the Guileless past;
 And he had empty'd *Peter's* Veins,
 Had not High Heav'n the Tyrant kept in Chains.

As to the Scaffold *James* was led,
 The first Apostle who for *JESUS* bled,
 A *Pagan* Soldier, who the Saint
 Had guarded during his severe Restraint,
 And with Heav'n-brighten'd Eyes had seen,
 His patient, humble, gracious, heav'nly Mien
 While in the Way, fell at his Feet,
 With Tears the Martyr's Pardon to entreat.

THE Saint with Joy the Soldier rear'd,
 The Penitent with *JESUS* Merits cheer'd,
 Gave him spiritual Release,
 Embrac'd him with a tender Kiss of Peace;
 He deeply all past Sins bemoan'd,
 Himself a Christian publicly he own'd,

Till his last fatal Doom was read,
And he, with *James* co-martyr'd, lost his Head.

THE Saint beheld the brandish'd Blade,
And in ecstasick Joy his *Exit* made,
To think that at the Scaffold he
A Convert gain'd, as *JESUS* on the Tree;
At parting, he renew'd his Kifs,
Assuring him, they both shou'd meet in Blifs;
The Soldier promis'd Life despis'd,
And gasp'd for Heav'n, in his own Blood baptiz'd.

HEAV'N sent the Convert guardian Aid,
Just at the Moment when he wept and pray'd,
His Angel watch'd, away to chase
All Tempters who would storm his Infant-Grace.
When *Satan* shot a fiery Dart,
'Twas quench'd and blunted, ere it reach'd his Heart.
Of Martyrs Love, one Minute may
Ten Lustres spent in Penance over-weigh.

DEATH to their Souls full Freedom gave;
Both with their Guardians shot ætherial Wave;
With Angels Speed they upwards div'd,
All Heav'n with Joy receiv'd them, when arriv'd;
James his Apostle's Throne possess'd;
Both had a Martyr's radiant Crown and Vest;
Heav'n *JESUS* hymn'd, in lofty Strain,
By whom Saints triumph over Death and Pain.

On St. Bartholomew 371

HIGH Praise to GOD for all the Woes
 Bless'd *James* sustain'd, Salvation to disclose,
 We Thy triumphant Grace adore,
 For Saints baptiz'd in their own Purple Gore;
 May I, like *James*, spread Saving-Light,
 And to the Love of JESUS Souls invite:
 With Joy I Death-pangs shall endure,
 If but one Soul I can for Heav'n secure.

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## On St. BARTHOLOMEW.

**T**HIS Morn, bless'd Saint, our Zeal devout  
 May seem encumbred with a Doubt;  
 But we through Cloud discover Day,  
 When Probabilities we weigh;  
 We justly guess, though under double Name,  
*Nathanael* is with *Bartholmew* the same.

BLESS'D *Philip*, in Divine Record,  
 Brought dear *Nathanael* to our LORD,  
 Who still by *Bartholmew* is meant;  
 When he to preach Abroad is sent:  
 Say then, bless'd Saint, why chose you to be known  
 More by your Father's Name, than by your own.



# 372 On St. Bartholomew.

To Three Evangelists we fly,  
And they all pass *Nathanael* by;  
Lov'd *John* of good *Nathanael* wrote,  
And *Barthol'mew* seems there forgot;  
Say, holy Church, how may the Doubt be solv'd,  
In which your Sons have been so long involv'd?

Of all who near to *JESUS* drew,  
None was so happy at first View,  
To come to the Physician whole,  
Who came to save the sickly Soul,  
As bless'd *Nathanael*, who a Saint appear'd,  
And was by *JESUS* honour'd and endear'd.

BLESS'D *JESUS*, whose All-seeing Eye  
Cou'd Secrets of the Heart descry,  
Seem'd at first Sight to canonize  
*Nathanael* with a sweet Surprise,  
Behold, said he, an *Israelite* indeed,  
Whose peaceful Soul from willful Guile is freed.

THE Saint by *JESUS* thus renown'd,  
In an Humility profound,  
Mens Admiration to decline  
Shou'd they have known that Voice Divine,  
The Splendor of his Sanctity to cloud,  
In *Barthol'mew* *Nathanael* strove to shroud.

THOUGH

On St. Bartholomew. 373

THOUGH Story then gives no Supplies,  
When this Saint's Life we supervise,  
Since him God-Man was pleas'd to stile,  
An *Israelite* exempt from Guile,  
He lives eternally Characteris'd,  
More than if Volumes had his Acts compris'd.

I then, *Nathanael's* Life will sing,  
Before he came to *Israel's* King:  
Great GOD of Men requires the Heart,  
With which but Few will freely part;  
When they an Heart acceptable present,  
It must be broken, soft, contrite, and rent.

NATHANAEL with oreflowing Eyes,  
And ardent penitential Cries,  
Which Mercy for his Sins besought,  
His Heart to GOD for Off'ring brought;  
It humbly panting at GOD's Footstool lay,  
And GOD shin'd on it in a gracious Ray.

THE gracious Ray his Sorrow cheer'd,  
His Heart he on the Altar rear'd:  
And in the Temple, as bright Flame,  
From Heav'n upon the Victim came:  
Thus Love divine set *Barthol'mew* on fire,  
And made him fume towards Heav'n in warm De-  
[fire.

# 374 On St. Bartholomew.

His Phylacteries to recite,  
 With fervent Zeal, was his Delight;  
 There to love God we are enjoyn'd  
 With all the Heart, Soul, Strength, and  
 [Mind.  
 Command for Love, he thought God well might  
 [spare,  
 None who God truly know, can Love forbear.

Such Love, such Heart Bless'd Jesus knew  
 Lodg'd in this Evangelick Jew;  
 The Force he of the promis'd Seed  
 Had felt, in Jesus pre-decreed;  
 But when he Blessed *Messias* had in Sight,  
 His Love aspir'd to a much nobler Height,

By Jesus Love *Nathanael* fir'd,  
 In Love reciprocal transpir'd,  
 Thou art the Son of God, he cry'd,  
 By all God's Lovers glorify'd,  
 Thou art the King of *Israel*, and to Thee,  
 All, who Thy Subjects are, must bow the Knee.

If such an Height *Nathanael* gain'd  
 When first by Jesus entertain'd,  
 Who can his Elevations guess,  
 When daily he had free Access;  
 But on the Cross when Great God-Man expir'd,  
 His Love a Martyr's Altitude acquir'd.

BUT

On St. Bartholomew. 375

BUT well he weigh'd that GOD disclaim'd  
A Sacrifice deform'd or maim'd ;  
With that he search'd his Heart anew;  
And GOD, who best the Traytor knew,  
He humbly importun'd to guide his Eye,  
That no one Sin might undiscover'd lie.

WHEN he had full Discoveries made,  
And every Labyrinth survey'd,  
Had no known Sin left unbemoan'd,  
And with fresh Tears had GOD aton'd,  
Tears which from Pardoning Love were now de-  
riv'd,  
Which, as they sweetly dropp'd, his Heart reviv'd.

HIS Heart from Sin and Guile refin'd,  
He then for *Holocaust* design'd,  
Which, while 'twas on the Altar rais'd,  
And all with Love celestial blaz'd,  
Himself, the Priest, fell prostrate on the Floor,  
And thus began Acceptance to implore.

O Gracious GOD, I at Thy Throne  
Devote my All, which is Thy own,  
My Mind Thy Holy Word to heed,  
And relish every Truth I read ;  
Thought, which to Meditation I'll enure,  
And Memory, known Duties to secure.



376 On St. Bartholomew.

PURIFY'D Fancy, to exclude  
The Ills and Errors which intrude,  
My Senses duly to be drain'd,  
From Filth, and from Excess restrain'd;  
Will, which to Thee entirely shall propend,  
And Passions on my Will to co-attend.

I all I am, to Thee resign,  
Thou art my GOD, I, LORD, am Thine,  
My Love with constant, filial Awe,  
Shall pay Regard to all Thy Law,  
And live in Languor till my Bliss commence,  
That it may be unchangeably intense.

'Tis all I have, that all accept,  
O may that all by Thee be kept;  
In my own keeping shou'd it stay,  
'Twill tempted be to go astray.  
The *Holocaust* had no Reserve of Ill,  
God ne're rejects a consecrated Will.

WHEN from his Grave Bless'd JESUS rear'd,  
To his dear *Israelite* appear'd,  
And he, with Eyes on Heav'n intent,  
Spectator stood of his Ascent;  
His Love to humble, full Assurance rose,  
And long'd for Heav'n all others to dispose.

On St. Bartholomew. 377

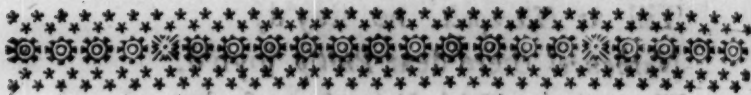
IN Story though we little read,  
Told of the *Israelite* indeed;  
Yet learn, that he the *Indians* taught,  
St. *Matthew's* Gospel thither brought,  
And left with them that Evangelick Code,  
To guide them, whensoever he chang'd Abode.

TOWARDS *Pbrygia* then he Journey made,  
Till at *Hierapolis* he stay'd,  
*Nathanael* there dear *Philip* joyn'd,  
Was overjoy'd his Friend to find;  
But both by *Pagans* soon were doom'd to die,  
Both pleas'd they shou'd to Heav'n together fly.

BLESS'D *Philip*, welcoming his Fate,  
Soon entred the supernal Gate;  
*Nathanael* on the Cross was laid,  
But *Pagans* of GOD's Wrath afraid,  
For guiltless Blood they had profusely shed,  
Spar'd him, not out of Love, but present Dread.

THE Devils next to Hell he chac'd,  
In *Lycaonian* Temples plac'd;  
His Course then to *Albania* steer'd,  
Where cursed Idols domineer'd;  
There on the Cross his Love surmounting Pang,  
He cheer'd the Saints, and his own *Requiem* sang.

ALL Praise to GOD for this great Saint,  
 Whose Heart of Guile abhorr'd the Taint;  
 May we by his Example train'd,  
 Keep Hearts by willful Guilt unstain'd:  
 At the Great Day, when all their Dooms shall  
 [hear,  
 None on the Right shall stand but the sincere.



### On St. MATTHEW.

**T**HOUGH Vor'ries, whom our LORD de-  
 [sign'd  
 To preach Salvation to Mankind,  
 Might in the World's Esteem,  
 But despicable seem;  
 Yet none was hated and infame,  
 'Till *Matthew* had enroll'd his Name.

OUR LORD, when waving worldly Wise,  
 He call'd illiterate Men to rise  
 To Apostolick Height,  
 In Weakness shew'd his Might;  
 But boundless Mercy he disclos'd,  
 When *Matthew* He for Heav'n dispos'd.

THE *Publicans* deep gor'd the Soul  
Of ev'ry *Jew*, in gath'ring Toll,  
By their curs'd Avarice sway'd,  
They on their Country prey'd;  
The *Jews* themselves from them estrang'd,  
With Sinners, Harlots, *Heathens* rang'd.

SUCH *Matthew* was, before his Call,  
When set in his extorting Stall,  
While *JESUS* passing by,  
Upon him cast his Eye;  
Soon as he, Follow me, had said,  
He rose, and leaving all, obey'd.

STRANGE Voice! which more divine appear'd  
Than that which once dead *Laz'rus* rear'd,  
He in the Grave inclos'd,  
Ne're *JESUS* Call oppos'd,  
While *Matthew's* Masters, Wealth, Account,  
Its Force contended to surmount.

BUT when Almighty Love essays,  
A Soul from ghostly Death to raise,  
It in reluctant Wills  
Propension sweet instills,  
Its Calls have a creative Force,  
Which is of Life and Love the Source,



SUCH was the Call, which at first Thought,  
 The wondrous Change in *Matthew* wrought;  
 From Earth he turn'd his View,  
 To Wealth Antartick grew,  
 His *Pagan* Masters he disclaim'd,  
 Stark cold before, was now inflam'd.

HE to the *Romans* paid their Due,  
 And satisfy'd each injur'd *Jew*,  
 Then Choice sedate to shew,  
 E're he wou'd all forego,  
 For Friends he made a Farewell-Treat,  
 Where *JESUS* deign'd to take his Seat.

THE *Pharisees*, who thither came,  
 Began our Gracious LORD to blame,  
 That he with him to sit,  
 Shou'd *Publicans* permit;  
 Sure Heav'n that Day their Tongues controul'd,  
 That *JESUS* thus might Love unfold.

PHYSICIANS needless to the Whole,  
 Are us'd by the unhealthy Soul.  
 Sin is the foul Disease,  
 Wont on Mankind to seize;  
 I Sinners to Repentance Call,  
 But none can rise, who never fall.

On St. Matthew. 381

COME Sinners, who incur the Hate  
Of GOD and Man, avert your Fate;  
Our JESUS for your Sakes,  
His Passion undertakes;  
He calls, O come, He'll give you Rest,  
You'll live, like *Matthew*, ever blest.

FROM worldly Clogs, blest'd *Matthew* loose,  
Devoted all to sacred Use,  
That, Follow me, his Ear,  
Seem'd ev'ry Day to hear,  
His utmost Zeal he strove to bend,  
Tow'rds JESUS Likeness to ascend.

HIS Zeal first in *Judea* reign'd,  
Then *Ethiopian* Conquests gain'd,  
Made Warlike *Partbian* Race,  
The peaceful Truth embrace;  
Turn'd, *Persians* from their Idol Flame,  
To worship the Triunal Name.

WHETHER with *Pagan* Rage oppress'd,  
By Martyrdom he flew to rest;  
No Certainties we find,  
But from his Will resign'd,  
We know, though he might scape the Fire,  
He liv'd a Martyr in Desire.

HIS

382      *On St. Matthew.*

HIS Body daily down he beat,  
He Sensual turn'd to Heav'nly Heat;  
On Herbs, Roots, Berries fed,  
Of carnal self in Dread;  
And he a Martyr's Death supply'd,  
By living still Self-crucify'd.

WHEN from *Judea* he retir'd,  
He wrote his Book, by Heav'n inspir'd;  
That Saints the Truth they knew,  
Might keep in lively View;  
The Church has there celestial Stores,  
And still for *Matthew* God adores.

WHEN other Saints him *Matthew* stile,  
In his own Sight he humbly vile,  
To keep of his Offence  
True penitential Sense,  
And boundless Mercy to proclaim,  
Of *Publican* retains the Name.

WHAT mighty Turns recorded be,  
When *JESUS* utter'd, Follow me!  
The same he still repeats,  
Still Wisdom walks the Streets;  
Where-e're we go, she's in our Eyes,  
Though Few attend her gracious Cries.

GOD

GOD by his Word, Priests, Holy Rites,  
And inward Movements Souls excites,  
By Promise and by Threat,  
By Woes which them beset;  
By Patience, which their Doom delays,  
By numberless endearing Rays.

GOD sweetly calls us ev'ry Day,  
Why Shou'd we then our Bliss delay?  
He calls to endless Light,  
Why shou'd we love the Night?  
Shou'd we one Call but duly heed,  
It wou'd to Joys eternal lead.

How GOD's converting Calls conspire  
With our Free-Wills, fond Men enquire?  
By Taste, we know their Force  
Much more than by Discourse;  
Each call to Beatifick Sight,  
Conveys a corresponding Might.

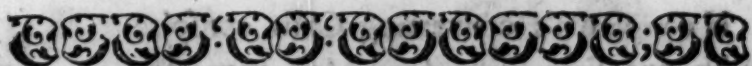
LET *Pagans* then our Saint upbraid,  
That he a Folly rash betray'd,  
That Moment to forsake,  
His all, as JESU's spake.  
Ah! had they heard that heav'nly Voice,  
They wou'd have made like heav'nly Choice.



# 384 On St. Michael.

ALL Praise to GOD, for *Matthew's* Care,  
Truth Evangelick to declare;  
When on his sacred Book,  
I fix my heedful Look,  
By JESUS Copy, which he drew,  
May I my faded Soul renew.

PRAISE, LORD, to Thee, for *Matthew's* Call,  
At which he left his wealthy All;  
At Thy next Call may I  
My Self and World deny;  
Thou, LORD, even now art calling me,  
I'll now leave all, and follow Thee.



## On St. MICHAEL.

**B**LESS'D Angels, Whether you on High  
Adore the Great TRI-UNITY,  
Or here on Saints below,  
Your Guardian Cares bestow;  
We keep this Day to take Review  
Of all the Blessings we receive by you.

YOUR Stations in the heav'nly Sphere,  
Your Spirits from dull Matter clear,  
Your Beatifick Sight,  
Your Intellectuals bright,

Your

On St. Michael. 385

Your Wills to Central God inclin'd,  
Your Love from Mutability refin'd:

YOUR Zeal devout, which never tires,  
Your Consorts on celestial Lyres,  
Your Conversations sweet,  
When you each other Greet;  
Your Hymns to glorify GOD'S Name,  
Which while you spend them, re-enforce your  
[Flame.

YOUR glorious Conquests o're damn'd  
[Ghosts,  
Who durst defy your Loyal Hosts,  
Rays supplemental gain'd,  
When you the Rebels chain'd,  
With all that God to you imparts.  
We now congratulate with joyful Hearts.

WITH grateful Reverence we own  
Your Love to GOD Incarnate shewn,  
You to the Virgin blest'd,  
The wondrous News express'd,  
You brightning Bethlemetick Plains,  
Proclaim'd his Birth in Hymn to humble Swains.

YOU in the Wasse, to him appear'd,  
You him, when Agonizing, cheer'd;  
You Worship to him pay'd,  
He in your Arms was stay'd;

# 386 On St. Michael.

Twelve Legions on the heav'nly Line,  
Drew up to aid him, had he made the Sign.

You kept the Grave where He repos'd,  
His glorious Rising you disclos'd;  
You to the Mountain went,  
Attending his Ascent,  
You shall the Trump to Judgment sound,  
And with obsequious Wings the Judge surround.

You on the Heirs of Heav'n attend,  
To comfort, counsel, warn, defend,  
You in their Infant-age,  
To tender them engage,  
You quicken Saints who grow remiss,  
And you at Death, transport their Souls to Bliss.

You Abram of a Son assur'd,  
You Lot from Sodom's Flames secur'd,  
You bless'd Elijah fed,  
You circle a Saint's Bed,  
To work our Bliss, to guard from Woe;  
You the Expanse pass hourly to and fro.

You in the Furnace cool'd the Saints;  
You kept fierce Lions in Restraints;  
You Peter freed when chain'd,  
You Paul in Storm sustain'd,  
You God's high Will in Dreams detect,  
You pious Souls to faithful Guides direct.

You

You in God's House *Trisagions* sing,  
 You veil your Rays with awful Wing,  
 Our Temples you frequent,  
 Devotion to foment,  
 God's boundless Wisdom there to hear,  
 Myfterious Truths to learn and to revere.

Your piercing Eyes inspect our Ways,  
 You sing for our Conversion Praise,  
 You, all the Saints you meet,  
 Like Fellow-Servants treat,  
 At the great Day of all the Just,  
 You shall collect the diffipated Dust.

The great Usurper in the Skies,  
 The Murderer, the Source of Lies,  
 With all his Legions dire,  
 Which in our Bane conspire,  
 By Force, Injection, Snare or Wile,  
 Souls to o'repow'r, delude, pollute, beguile.

Wou'd soon the Church in pieces rend;  
 Did not you Angels it befriend;  
 You Watchers ready stand,  
 To check the hellish Band,  
 You their outrageous Spite confine,  
 To Bounds permitted by the Will Divine.



IN Dragon's shape, when *Satan* rav'd,  
 And with his Legions *Michael* brav'd,  
 Seven-headed, and Ten-horn'd,  
 With glaring Crowns adorn'd ;  
 Bright *Michael's* Troops upon them fell,  
 And spurn'd the Monster with his Crew to Hell,

YOU execute JUST GOD'S Decrees,  
 When He obdurate Sinners sees ;  
 You low proud *Herod* laid,  
 Till Worms upon him prey'd ;  
 You down the Host *Assyrian* mow'd,  
 And *Judab's* Plains with their dead Foes bestrow'd.

GREAT GOD! for Aid, and for Defence,  
 Which Angels in our Need dispence,  
 For Blessings never known,  
 Innumerable grown,  
 Our Hymn we to Thy Altar bring,  
 O had we Angels Tongues, Thy Praise to sing!

BLESS'D JESUS! 'tis Thy Will that we  
 In Duty shou'd like Angels be ;  
 They always Thee behold,  
 They ne're in Hymn grow cold ;  
 They all Thy Attributes admire,  
 Their Love tow'rd's an Infinity aspire.

THEY

THEY live in an immense Delight,  
At Thy Command take speedy Flight;  
O may we Grace derive  
From Thee, my GOD, to strive,  
That we sincere, like Angels may  
Contemplate, hymn, admire, Love, Joy, obey.

YOU most my Love, bless'd Spirits, gain'd,  
By your adoring the Lamb slain;  
Dear JESUS dol'rous Smart,  
Lies ever next my Heart;  
When to your Consort I ascend,  
On JESUS Love, Eternity I'll spend.

THE Lamb for you ne're shed his Gore;  
Yet the Lamb slain, you all adore,  
Rap't with a just Esteem,  
Of that endearing Theme;  
Our Indevotion you upbraid,  
Who mind so little such a Ransom paid.

YOU Sons of GOD, like us, are stil'd,  
We rise above the Rank of Child,  
Great Godhead condescends  
To call the Faithful Friends;  
More Love from us to GOD is due,  
Since we are more immensely lov'd than you.

GUARDIAN, when chill my Love shall grow,  
 Up to fresh Flame the Embers blow.  
 Chide warmly my Neglect,  
 And your own Love traject;  
 Or rather sing of the Lamb slain,  
 And Love, though dying, will revive again.



## On St. LUKE.

**F**AIR *Antioch*, the Rich, the Great,  
 Of Learning the Imperial Seat,  
 You readily inclin'd  
 To Light, which on you shin'd,  
 It soon shot up to a Meridian Flame,  
 You first baptiz'd it with a Christian Name,  
 To keep your Souls on Truth intent,  
 Saints of the first Magnitude were sent,  
 When *Barnabas* and *Saul*,  
 Renew'd your heav'nly Call;  
*Luke* rap't at *JESUS* Love, who came to save,  
 Himself an *Holocaust* to *JESUS* gave.

LUKE superfluently fir'd,  
 Strait from all Worldly Cares retir'd,

To holy *Paul* adher'd,  
 Grew daily more, endear'd;  
 He his New-birth to that Apostle ow'd,  
 And filial Love to his Converter shew'd.

LUKE in your Academy train'd,  
 A mighty Stock of Learning gain'd;  
 Yet by his Genius led,  
 He chiefly *Physick* read;  
 He that one Science as his Business ply'd,  
 And all the rest as his Diversions ey'd.

OFT have I heard injurious Fame;  
 For Unbelief Physicians blame;  
 But they, of all Mankind,  
 If their own Views they mind,  
 Meet, like bless'd *Luke*, such confluent Woes,  
 As natively for serious Thought dispose.

LUKE, who Disease was wont to trace,  
 Through Hospitals of human Race,  
 Oft heard sad Wretches cry,  
 Yet cou'd no Help apply,  
 His Art, he knew Conjecture at the best,  
 And with some Ills no Medicine cou'd contest.

OFT pierc'd with agonizing Groan,  
 He study'd Topicks to ease Moan;  
 Yet found them all in vain,  
 To quell insulting Pain;



Men must, he thought, tyrannick Fate endure,  
Or by Self-Murder strive to work their Cure.

SELF-MURDER, seem'd the readiest Way,  
But shou'd there come a Judgment-Day,  
'Twere then no Ease to die,  
'Twou'd dang'rous be to try;  
Thus *Pagans* rolling on a dol'rous Bed,  
Felt Life a Torment, and yet Death a Dread.

PAUL fill'd with Wisdom from on High,  
Which cou'd the very Thoughts descry,  
With such sweet timely Force,  
Attemp'red his Discourse,  
That he his *Catechumen* to persuade,  
His own Experience, his Conviction made,

You Son, said he, by Visits know,  
The Ills your Patients undergo;  
With them you sympathise,  
When nought you can advise;  
When a Distemper baffles all your Skill,  
You never trac'd the Fountain of the Ill.

THEN he began from Man's pure State,  
His Deviation to relate,  
How soon as *Adam* fell,  
Curs'd Sin, with Death and Hell,  
O'rewhelm'd laps'd Man with coetaneous Rage,  
And ever since to plague him co-engage.

How

How Filial GOD came from his Throne,  
 Paternal GODHEAD to atone,  
 How He for Sinners bled,  
 Hung crucify'd, and dead,  
 How rose again, how back to Heav'n he flew,  
 Sin, Death, and Hell, on purpose to subdue.

How Misery, Disease, and Pain,  
 The dire Effects of Sin remain,  
 How when for Sin we grieve,  
 Full Pardon we receive,  
 For JESUS Sake, how when we JESUS please,  
 He sweetens all our Misery, Pain, Disease.

BLESS'D JESUS came to make us whole,  
 He's the Physician of the Soul,  
 He cures a wounded Heart,  
 Beyond all human Art,  
 And when he sweetly has their Grief suppress'd,  
 Translates his Patients to eternal Rest.

THAT great Physician Luke rever'd,  
 Attently the Apostle heard,  
 He in his Hearn enroll'd,  
 Each Syllable he told;  
 Oft begg'd, he that dear Story would repeat,  
 His Evangelick Volume to compleat.

WHEN

WHEN *Luke* that bless'd Physician knew,  
*Hippocrates* away he threw,  
 He learn'd sick Souls to save,  
 He ghostly Physick gave;  
 And joy'd when he one Soul recover'd, more  
 Than in a thousand Sick he cur'd before.

IN Danger, Trouble, Prison, Toil,  
*Luke* never wou'd from *Paul* recoil,  
 He lov'd Physician stil'd,  
 Through Regions vast and wild,  
 As Fellow-Lab'rer, spent with him his Days,  
 And in the Gospel has immortal Praise.

HE pray'd for *Paul*, when kneeling down,  
 To lose his Head, and gain a Crown;  
 He saw his Chariot fly,  
 Up to his Throne on High,  
 Which made through the Expanse a Wake more  
 [bright,  
 Than that *Elias* left along his Flight.

SINCE that, bless'd Saint, how long, and  
 [where,  
 You spent your charitable Care,  
 Whether you Martyr fell,  
 No certain Stories tell;  
 Yet this we know, though none your Acts attest,  
 Your Zeal for saving Souls cou'd never rest.

THE

THE Force of that unweary'd Zeal,  
 The Saints fill in your Gospel feel;  
 There JESUS Wonders stand,  
 Recorded by your Hand;  
 From that Original all Souls devout,  
 Have ever since their SAVIOUR copy'd out.

NEXT to the Life you strove to paint,  
 Your Apostolick Martyr'd Saint,  
 And to all future View,  
 The Church in Landskip drew,  
 How when the heav'nly Dove his Effluence shed,  
 In a short time the Light celestial spread.

THOUGH you your Sacred Books design'd  
 For all who Things supernal mind,  
 Yet one above the rest  
 Lay nearest to your Breast,  
*Theophilus*, for rare Example fam'd,  
 Whom justly you most Excellent have nam'd.

SOME *Antiochian*, rich and great,  
 With style of Excellent, you treat,  
*Theophilus*, implies,  
 One who for Heav'n is wise,  
 Who from evanid Things withdraws his Love,  
 To fix it on its Center, GOD Above.

BLESS'D



BLESS'D Union! where are reconcil'd,  
 The Saint, and Noble, Great and Mild,  
 Where Rich to trace incline,  
 Benignity divine;  
 Wealth when an Idol made, Hell-flame ensues,  
 When Sacrifice it heav'nly Bliss procures.

ALL Praise to GOD, who *Luke* refin'd,  
 To turn Physician of the Mind,  
 To picture in true Light,  
 Bless'd JESUS to our Sight;  
 May Truth medicinal, which he supplies,  
 Our Souls restore, our Love immortalize.



### On St. SIMON, and St. JUDE.



HOLY Church, whom we respect,  
 As Mother of all Souls elect,  
 Even Angels, who repair  
 To your Resorts of Pray'r,  
 To turn your *Catechumens*, all combine,  
 And learn the Wisdom of the Gracious TRINE.

TWO Saints this Festival are joyn'd,  
 For Meditation both design'd;  
 Such Unions to our Eyes,  
 Some Lessons signalize;

What

What is that Lesson, bless'd Mother, say,  
Which shou'd employ, our solemn Day?

GIFT, Miracle, Example, Grace,  
In each Apostle, we can trace;  
You something else intend,  
When Two you recommend;  
And when the sacred History I read,  
I guess what you design your Sons shou'd heed.

CURS'D Hereticks of Old you knew,  
From *Pagan* Schools who Poyson drew,  
While they indulge their Lust,  
To Marriage were unjust;  
You marry'd *Jude*, with Virgin *Simon* joyn,  
To shew both States may share in Love divine.

BLESS'D *Jude* his Consort with him led,  
Both undefil'd, preserv'd their Bed;  
Both all Excesses fear'd,  
Each other both rever'd;  
Celestial Love entirely both inflam'd,  
Both co-harmonious at GOD's Glory aim'd.

No willful Sin they cou'd endure,  
Both kept for GOD his Temples pure.  
Both the vain World forsook,  
Both fix'd on Heav'n their Look,  
And like the Saints in Beatifick Light,  
Both wou'd each other to GOD's Praise excite.

WITH

With co-united Hearts they pray'd,  
 They Two a Congregation made,  
 Assur'd from what God spake,  
 That He the third would make;  
 When sacred Hunger seiz'd them, they both fed,  
 With heav'nly Pleasure on immortal Bread.

Both would to short Recess consent,  
 To be in Pray'r and Fasting spent;  
 The oftner they withdrew,  
 Still easier Parting grew;  
 Though Death a while their Union might untie,  
 It would indissoluble be on High.

Both joy'd in Children God had sent,  
 Which would the Quire above augment;  
 The Virtues they possess'd,  
 They on their Line impress'd,  
 And in short time Two of their hallow'd Race,  
 Of Martyrdom receiv'd the glorious Grace.

Bless'd Jude in the inspir'd Record  
 Is stil'd the Brother of our Lord,  
 He JESUS copy'd out,  
 To do Good went about,  
 O're the Judean and Samaritan Lands,  
 O're Syrian, Lybian, and Arabian Sands.

His

HIS Confort to his Side adher'd,  
 No Danger, Hardship, Trouble fear'd,  
 They to each other paid,  
 Sweet mutual Comfort, Aid,  
 She as a common, tender Nurse, reliev'd,  
 All who were sick, pain'd, naked, hungry, griev'd

To *Persia* Jude at last remov'd,  
 Their Rites Idolatrous reprov'd,  
 Till they his Death decreed,  
 For JESUS glad to Bleed,  
 And if his dearest Confort him surviv'd,  
 She joy'd that he at Bliss was first arriv'd.

SINCE then the Apostolick State  
 Sutes with a Matrimonial Mate,  
 Why should we Priests decry,  
 Engag'd in Sacred Tie,  
 In Innocence 'twas blest'd, by none revil'd,  
 But those who with foul Lust, chaste Love defil'd.

GOOD *Simon* Honour'd that dear Pair,  
 Knew such Examples were but rare,  
 Saw few of Woman kind  
 From Vanity refin'd:  
 He fear'd the Avocations of a Wife,  
 And Sacrific'd to GOD a Virgin life.

HE



HE still the Angels kept in mind,  
 To their Similitude inclin'd,  
 When e're they of the Fair,  
 Assum'd the Guardian Care,  
 They with no sensual Tendencies were fir'd,  
 And *Simon* to like Purity aspir'd.

THE Angels who this Earth frequent;  
 Are still on GOD above intent,  
 Their Heav'n they cannot miss  
 GOD's Pleasure is their Bliss;  
*Simon* led by Illuminations bright  
 Pray'd more for Will resign'd than blissful Sight.

HIS Angel for his Friend he chose,  
 Who shou'd for GOD his Friend dispose,  
 In Saints their Nuptial Knots,  
 Are foil'd with Venial Spots,  
 For were that Passion like Angelick Love,  
 Saints Married here, Re-marry wou'd above.

THE Angels who no Off-spring have,  
 Delight in ev'ry Soul they save,  
 And with harmonious Voice,  
 Their Brethren co-rejoyce:  
 Bless'd *Simon's* Children were the Souls he gain'd;  
 For whom he Guardian Tenderness retain'd.

THE

THE Angels freed from earthly Weights,  
 No Clog their Speed to Heav'n abates,  
*Simon* with Treatment rude  
 His Body had subdu'd,  
 That he his Flesh might immaterialize,  
 And it to Heaven might unobstructed rise.

No worldly Cares the Angels know,  
 On GOD they all their Powers bestow,  
 They love, sing Hymns, obey,  
 Thus spend eternal Day;  
 And *Simon* from usurping Passions clear,  
 Lov'd, hymn'd, obey'd, alacrious and sincere.

THE Angels sent from GOD on high,  
 Unweary'd o're all Regions fly,  
*Simon* no Toil declin'd,  
 For Mission when design'd,  
 To savage *Africans* he Truth declar'd,  
 With holy *Jude* in *Persian* Conquest shar'd.

From thence he took remoter Flight,  
 Disseminating heav'nly Light.  
 Till he from Martyr's Fate,  
 Rose to his Throne of State;  
 And various Lands lay to his Relicks claim,  
 Beyond rich Mummies all embalm his Name!

SEVEN Lamps were by two Branches fill'd  
 With Oyl which from them both distil'd,  
 The Apostolick Two  
 Thus shed celestial Dew;  
 They Lamps, which in their Churches shin'd, sup-  
 [ply'd,  
 That Saving-Truth shou'd ever bright abide.

JUDE wondring why our LORD his Ray,  
 Shou'd not to all the World display,  
 Bless'd JESUS wav'd the Thought,  
 And Love celestial taught,  
 That Love wou'd into glad Obedience melt,  
 And GOD TRIUNE in ev'ry Lover dwelt.

FROM the same Source of Love immense,  
 Bless'd *Simon* drew a Love intense,  
 He justly Zealot nam'd,  
 With Love more vig'rous flam'd,  
 Such as Bless'd JESUS in GOD's House devour'd,  
 When he Profaners with his Whip o'repow'rd.

FOR JESUS *Jude* true Zeal express'd,  
 Which made him Hereticks detest;  
 But a Compassion sweet,  
 Attemper'd still his Heat,  
 He pity'd all whom in the Fire he saw,  
 And out with gentle Hand wou'd Sinners draw.

BLESS'D

BLESS'D *Simon's* Indignation rose,  
To see vile Mortals GOD oppose,  
To Jealousy propense,  
At ev'ry bold Offence,  
The Name of Jealous, GOD himself assum'd,  
And *Simon's* Love with hallow'd Anger fum'd.

WITH Love his sacred Writings *Jude*,  
Took care to Preface and Conclude;  
He JESUS Love ador'd,  
Which had fal'n Man restor'd,  
He to that Love himself and Saints resign'd,  
In which GOD overflow'd to lost Mankind.

SIMON, when JESUS Love he weigh'd,  
His sacred Anger was allay'd,  
His Heart for Sinners bled,  
Soft Tears for them he shed,  
When he in penitential Tears was drench'd,  
His Indignation was that Moment quench'd.

ON the same Day both breath'd their last,  
To Heav'n they with their Angels past,  
They crown'd with treble Rays,  
Began high Songs of Praise;  
The Saint, Apostle, Martyr, in both shin'd,  
Each Title had peculiar Joys assign'd.



WE treble Praise, LORD, sing below.  
 For Joys which those bright Saints o'reflow;  
 May we, like that blest'd Two,  
 Give Thee all Honour due,  
 Though Martyr and Apostle are too high;  
 O may we learn like Saints, to live and die

*On all SAINTS.*

**Y**E Spirits ever-blest'd,  
 Of Joys supernal now possess'd,  
 To whatsoe're Degree  
 Of Bliss, you elevated be,  
 Whether you there display  
 A Lunar, Solar, Starry Ray,  
 You from the Saints who dy'd this *Vigil* know,  
 We now begin your Festival below.

WHETHER you have your Post,  
 In splendid Vests among the Host,  
 Which Milky Steeds bestrides,  
 And whom the Word Eternal guides,  
 Or you the Train compose,  
 Which joyn the Lamb where're he goes,

Or

Or in this Blood have wash'd your Mantles White,  
Or in your Fronts are seal'd with Glories bright ;

Whether since Life's sweet Close,  
In *Abram's* Bosom you repose,  
In the third Heav'n remain,  
Or happy Paradise regain,  
In outward Court abide,  
Or in the Temple-Walls reside,  
Or near the Throne enjoy the blissful Sight,  
Or in the Quire with Seraphims unite.

This Day all GOD's First born,  
With their Assembly must adorn,  
All JESUS heav'nly Fold,  
In Register of Life enroll'd,  
All Spirits of the Just,  
Who have shook off their mortal Dust,  
Triumphant Church with Militant must joyn,  
To make an Off'ring at the Throne Divine.

You blessed Saints on high,  
Have always JESUS in your Eye,  
You see his Love to those,  
Who his unbounded Love oppose,  
You with a Zeal devout,  
Strive that pure Love to copy out,  
And you no sooner take to Heav'n your Flight,  
But Charity attains Perfection's Height.

You in the happy Sphere,  
 Cannot forget this Vale of Tear,  
 You know the Conflicts well,  
 We have with Flesh, the World and Hell,  
 You safe the Gulf have shor,  
 Eternal Glory is your Lot,  
 You on the Dangers think yourselves have felt,  
 And for our State with dear Compassion melt.

BLESS'D Souls, with Fervour strong,  
 Under the Altar cry, How long!  
 And if you never cease,  
 When in the Realm of Love and Peace,  
 GOD'S Vengeance to implore,  
 On Tyrants drunk with Martyrs Gore,  
 Much rather you for faithful Brethren pray,  
 Since Charity with you has sovereign Sway,

THOUGH in your bounded Sphere,  
 You cannot single Vor'ries hear,  
 And we in no Distress,  
 To single Saints make our Address;  
 Yet if, like you, we heed,  
 The Saints Communion in our Creed,  
 We of each others State have gen'ral View,  
 You pray for us, and we give Thanks for you.

To your Assistance all,  
 The Ministerial Angels call,

That

That they may ready stand,  
Each with his Censer in his Hand,  
Search heav'nly Spheres around,  
Till the Gold Vials all are found;  
Them and your Censers fill till they o'reflow  
With your sweet, od'rous Pray'rs for us below.

YOUR Love we to repay,  
Will for your Consummation pray,  
For hastning the last Doom,  
That you your Flesh may reassume,  
For which you Groanings have,  
Till it gets Freedom from the Grave,  
That Death may vanquish'd lie beneath your Feet,  
And Bliss in Christ-like Bodies be complete.

IN Praise, as well as Pray'r,  
We all desire with you to share,  
Your Joys in blissful Light,  
To everlasting Hymn excite;  
From you we borrow Fire,  
And to your Pitch of Hymn aspire;  
For single Songs since you'r too num'rous grown,  
We bring our Universal to the Throne.

THE GOD of Love be prais'd,  
For all the Saints to Glory rais'd,  
For Patriarchs, who Mankind  
From their congenial Dross refin'd;



For Prophets, who of Old,  
 Glad-tidings to the World foretold;  
 For bless'd Apostles, who convey'd the Sound,  
 Of Saving-Truth to the Terraqueous Bound,

For all, who Wealth profuse,  
 Employ'd on charitable Use;  
 For Saints firm Faith and Hope,  
 Their Courage with Hell Pow'rs to cope;  
 Their Patience, Will resign'd,  
 Their ardent Love, and heav'nly Mind;  
 Their Temper humble, sweet, benign, and mild,  
 For all Characteristicks of GOD'S Child.

For all, who Virgins dy'd,  
 And sensual Appetites deny'd;  
 For Martyrs, who at Stake  
 Devoted Lives for JESUS Sake;  
 For Confessors, who stood  
 Heav'n's Candidates to shed their Blood;  
 For holy Pastors, whose unwearied Aim,  
 Was Souls from Sin and Error to reclaim,

For ev'ry Gift and Grace,  
 Of the CHRIST-imitating Race,  
 Their Writings or Discourse,  
 Their gracious Wonder-working Force,  
 Their Toils, Grievs, various Needs,  
 In sowing Evangelick Seeds,

Their

Their Pray'rs, Example, and intrepid Zeal,  
And horrid Tortures on the Rack and Wheel.

For these, and all their Store,  
Of Virtues, LORD, we Thee adore;  
To Thee is Glory due,  
From Thee they ghostly Vigor drew;  
They on this mortal Stage,  
Liv'd Blessings to all future Age:  
O while their bright Ideas we revive,  
May we to emulate their Virtues strive.

Bless'd Spirits, you and we  
Make one celestial Family;  
One FATHER we revere,  
To one Fraternal Love adhere,  
You are in happy State,  
Our Bliss is only Inchoate:  
O may we Strangers here, this World repell,  
And with our heav'nly Brethren chiefly dwell!

Of all the Places here,  
None pictures the celestial Sphere  
More than GOD's House of Pray'r,  
When faithful Souls sing Praises there;  
When Heav'n and Earth conspire  
In one harmonious hymning Quire:  
O may we free from willful, sensual Taints,  
Live in Communion with supernal Saints.

WHEN

WHEN Souls to you take wing,  
 You in an Hymn their Welcome sing;  
 And we, in humble Lays,  
 Congratulate your heav'nly Rays,  
 One sacred Hymn, like you,  
 We here incessantly renew,  
 And all our Pow'rs to utmost Vigor strain,  
 To sing the Lamb of GOD, for Sinners slain.

SHOU'D Heav'n its Doors unfold,  
 I then, like *John*, might Bliss behold,  
 Where Saints on Thrones sit down,  
 In Christ-like Robe, and radiant Crown,  
 High Favours, never known  
 To Angels, but to Saints alone;  
 Even Angels, on thron'd, robed, crown'd Saints,  
 [attend,  
 And ne'er to Joys, which JESUS bought, ascend.

SAINTS there new *Anthems* sing,  
 Drink at the Pure, Immortal Spring;  
 Make their Approaches free  
 To the Life-giving, loaded Tree;  
 They crop unstinted Shares  
 In the Twelve pleasant Fruits it bears;  
 In All-sufficient GOD they acquiesce,  
 They cannot wish for more, or sink to less.

O wou'd some happy Friend,  
An Harp celestial to me lend;  
To the harmonious String,  
Like you, blest'd Saints, i'd strive to sing.  
But as I must despair  
To reach on Earth your heav'nly Air,  
O I shall languish till with you above,  
I at your Height shall harp, sing, joy and love.





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 [attend,  
 And ne'er to Joys, which JESUS bought, ascend.

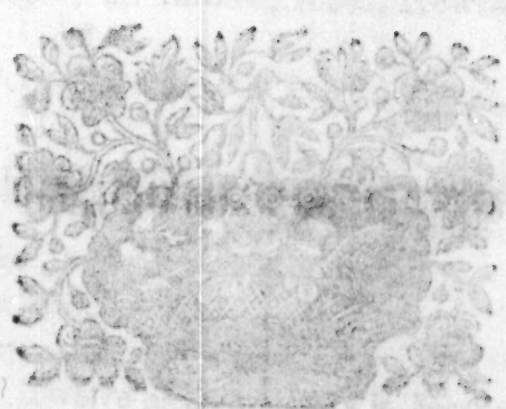
SAINTS there new *Anthems* sing,  
 Drink at the Pure, Immortal Spring,  
 Make their Approaches free  
 To the Life-giving, loaded Tree;  
 They crop unfinted Shares  
 In the Twelve pleasant Fruits it bears;  
 In All-sufficient GOD they acquiesce,  
 They cannot wish for more, or sink to less.

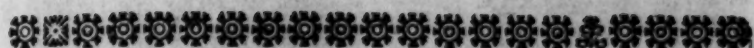
O wou'd some happy Friend,  
An Harp celestial to me lend;  
To the harmonious String,  
Like you, bless'd Saints, i'd strive to sing.  
But as I must despair  
To reach on Earth your heav'nly Air,  
O I shall languish till with you above,  
I at your Height shall harp, sing, joy and love.



On all Saints.

O would some happy Thing  
An happy celestial to me send;  
To the harmonious string,  
Like you, blest sound, I strive to sing.  
But as I must be mortal here,  
To reach on Earth your heavenly air,  
O I shall languish till I am above,  
I in your light shall keep my joy and love.





# CHRISTOPHIL:

O R,

## Songs on J E S U S.

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*I count all Things Loss, for the Excellency of  
the Knowledge of CHRIST JESUS my  
Lord.*

Philip. iii. 8.





CHRISTOPHER

Songs on JESUS

I come to sing of Jesus, for the Excellency of  
the Knowledge of Christ Jesus my  
Love, is my the Thing of the  
Philip. iii. 8.



Promi  
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None

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Was to  
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Which



## CHRISTOPHIL.



SING the Soul by Love of JESUS

[fir'd,

Who only JESUS in this World de-

[fir'd,

O may the Third of the Co-glorious

[TRINE,

Promis'd by Heav'n, shed on me Love Divine,

While I this Song for a Love-off'ring bring,

None can a Lover, but a Lover sing.

O That I had the Wings of a swift Dove  
From ghostly Dangers to preserve my Love!

'Twas *Christophil's* daily Wish, whose constant Aim,

Was to encrease his Heav'n-enkindled Flame,

He mindfull of th' Allurement, Cheat, and Snare,

Which Hell, the World, and Flesh for Souls pre-

[pare,

Search'd

Search'd long with a Sollicitude devout,  
 To find some solemn safe Retirement out,  
 Where from Temptation he might rest secure,  
 And from adult'rous Taints continue pure;  
 JESUS to Mounts, and to the Wild retir'd,  
 And from the World withdrawn to Heav'n aspir'd!  
 He in the World liv'd, with the World unstain'd,  
 Yet frequently in Solitudes remain'd.

SOULS, who each Hour expos'd to Danger lye,  
 Much rather shou'd the World's Contagion fly,  
*Paul* in, or out of Body, he ne're knew,  
 The Joys of the third Heav'n, cou'd hear, and  
 [view;

*Elisha* when in *Dothan*, yet his Eye,  
 Cou'd in the *Syrian* King's Bed-chamber pry;  
 While the Spouse slept, her Soul awake remain'd,  
 Mind active is and free, while Sense is chain'd:  
*Christophil* these Ideas often weigh'd,  
 Which taught him how the World might be sur-  
 [vey'd.

Mind, then he said, You I appoint this Night,  
 To be my Envoy and to take your Flight,  
 O're the Expanse all Creatures to inspect,  
 Of Love Divine Incentives to collect,  
 Which may to JESUS keep my Spirit chaste,  
 And quite annihilate all sensual Taste;  
 To seek out in your Range some safe Retreat,  
 Where Love may keep alive celestial Heat.

Where

Songs on JESUS. 417

Where Love may undisturb'd the World forsake,  
And only JESUS my whole Study make;  
My Guardian watching o're me, while I sleep,  
Between his Wings will me in Safety keep.  
And e're Mind o're Expanse began to fly,  
On Wings, or with ubiquitary Eye  
He to his Envoy these Instructions gave,  
Viewing or mounting the Supernal Wave:

IMMORTAL, Heav'n-born Mind,  
In Marriage to my Body joyn'd,  
Leave, while I sleep, this Clay,  
And for Inflammatives of Love purvey,  
Take boundless Scope,  
Pass, if thou canst, the Altitude of Hope,  
And measure in thy Flight  
Of Love divine the Length, Breadth, Depth and  
[Height:  
Fly over all imaginable Space,  
Out-goings of Love Infinite to trace;  
While thou in *Aether* hov'ring art above,  
Discover all the unknown Lands of Love.  
When thou hast new Discoveries made,  
At ev'ry Coast thy Spirit lade,  
That I a rich Return may have,  
Brought through the airy Wave,  
Back then thy wealthy Cargo bring,  
On thy full freighted Wing;  
But if thou up to Fontal Love canst soar, /  
I'd rather fly to thee, do thou return no more.



MIND swift on Wings expanded flew,  
 Had all the World in intellectual View,  
 She all GOD's Wonders ey'd,  
 Into the subterraneous Region pry'd;  
 Of Metals saw and Min'rals store,  
 Of radiant Gemms and precious Ore;  
 Saw th' hidden Wealth, and People of the Main,  
 And lofty Ships Ploughing the watry Plain;  
 Upon the Superficies of the Earth,  
 The various Plants which there have Birth,  
 Flow'rs, shady Woods, Fruit-bearing Trees,  
 Whose Odour, Beauty, Taste, Mans Senses please;  
 All Animals there bred,  
 The wise Instincts by which each Kind was led;  
 The winged Fleet,  
 Whose feather'd Oars the airy Ocean beat,  
 Among the Birds, the sweet harmonious Throng,  
 Who chant their MAKER's Praise in Song:  
 How ev'ry Animal itself enjoy'd,  
 And how for human Use all Creatures were em-  
 [ploy'd.

MIND passing through the Planetary Spheres,  
 Up to the starry Regions steers,  
 Saw how the heav'nly Orbs were plac'd,  
 With what bright Glories they were grac'd,  
 Their Vastness, Numbers, Harmony and Shine,  
 Virtues and Morions, rul'd by Law Divine:

How

*Songs on JESUS.* 419

How on their various Axes roll'd,  
 They sublunary Things controul'd,  
 Design'd Effluvioms to produce  
 For Man's Delight, Health, Guidance, Use,  
 This World G O D's Temple to adorn,  
 Where ev'ry Evening, Noon, and Morn,  
 Mankind, as Priest, shou'd all their Days,  
 The Sacrifice present of solemn Love and Praise.

WHEN Mind at ev'ry Shore  
 Thus laded was, she Stowage had for more :  
 Mind then began to cast Account,  
 How high her Cargo wou'd amount,  
 G O D's Wisdom, Power, and Goodness unre-  
 strain'd  
 Were the Incentives which she gain'd,  
 They Admiration more than Love inspir'd,  
 They the Man, rather than the Sinner fir'd,  
 And no Retreat she had as yet descri'd,  
 Where J E S U S Love unrival'd might abide,  
 Mind, when she had discharg'd her Load,  
 In a G O D-hymning Ode,  
 Resolv'd once more to fly about,  
 Inflammatives more tender to find out,  
 Which shou'd enkindle heav'nly Flame,  
 With S A V I O U R's, more than with C R E A T O R's  
 Name;  
 Since 'twas much greater Love Mankind to save,  
 Than that which Being gave.

MIND enter'd next the Gulf betwixt  
 Inferior and superior Hades fix'd,  
 Of Hell she there a Prospect had,  
 Of all the Tortures of the Bad ;  
 Mind upwards look'd, and saw a radiant Host  
 Pass to the heav'nly Coast ;  
 Then looking all around,  
 She heard a Hymn which came from hallow'd  
 [Ground,  
 To Heav'n each Note distinctly rose,  
 No rustling Wind the Words cou'd discompose ;  
 She cou'd the whole repeat,  
 'Twas sung with Christ-enamour'd Heat,  
 She, as to Heav'n each Syllable up tends,  
 From Syllable to Syllable descends.  
 Till down on *Calvary* she drop'd,  
 And at the Hymning Lover's Mansion stop'd.  
*Staurophil* there abode, for Heav'n mature,  
 From willful Guilt, who kept a Conscience pure,  
 His Days he in Religious Duties spent,  
 And Saints were wont his Mansion to frequent.  
 He JESUS Love, as on the Cross display'd,  
 The Subject of his Contemplation made ;  
 All whom he entertain'd, he set on Flame  
 With sweet Enamourments of JESUS Name ;  
 As *Moses* lodg'd within a Clift, once saw,  
 GOD's trayling Beams with unafflicting Aw ;

Thus

*Songs on JESUS.* 411

Thus in the Chasm of *Calv'ry* Rock, which cleft,  
When GOD Incarnate was of Life bereft,  
His Dwelling was; thence of the heav'nly Sphere,  
And JESUS Glories, he had Prospect clear;  
Doves which were wont on *Calv'ry* Cleft to rest,  
Affiduous Zeal to serve the Saint exprest,  
Those Envoys by Instinct celestial led,  
Brought him each Morn fresh Herbs, ripe Fruits,  
[and Bread;  
The Doves, who with one Wing at Pleasure fly,  
And ease the other as they pass the Sky,  
Deputed Two, their adverse Wings to close,  
On them their daily Cargo to repose;  
And with their loose ones move, that both might  
[bear,  
The Load too great for one to waft in Air;  
His Drink was Water which from Rain he lav'd,  
And in the Cisterns of the Mountain sav'd,  
By Nature made in Hollows of the Rock,  
Where he each Show'r increas'd his watry Stock,  
God's Book, divine Discourse, Hymns, Fasting,  
[Pray'r,  
And Meditation, his Employments were,  
Resolv'd, when Heav'n shou'd give Presages clear,  
That his ascent to Love's bright Realm drew near,  
To make Mount *Olivet* his last Retreat,  
And Kneeling on the Prints of JESUS Feet,  
Thence to begin his Heav'nward Flight to take,  
Ascending in Bless'd JESUS radiant Wake.



THE Lover over-joy'd to see  
 One who like him, wou'd JESUS Lover be,  
 His wellcome Guest strait led  
 Upon the Mountain's Head,  
 And from that lofty Stand,  
 Mind Prospect had o're all the Holy Land,  
 Which CHRIST-Enamourments reviv'd,  
 Fresh Ardours more intense she from that View de-  
 riv'd.

Of JESUS there, she all Memorials ey'd,  
 Which made Tears sympathetick glide;  
 She saw the Place where JESUS bled,  
 And dy'd the Turff of Scarlet-red,  
 Where the Cross stood, and where he hung di-  
 stress'd,  
 With Anguish unconceivable oppress'd,  
 When she this Prospect had in View,  
 Down on the Spot herself she threw,  
 She was too full to speak,  
 She felt her Heart in Peices break;  
 Deep on her Spirit was engrav'd,  
 JESUS, who her had sav'd;  
 She prostrate lay, and strove to weep a Flood,  
 As great in am'rous Tears, as JESUS shed in Blood;  
 Mind by devout Experience felt,  
 On *Calvary* the Love of JESUS dwelt.

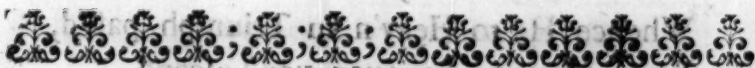
As Mind thus lay in Sorrows drown'd,  
The Lover rais'd her gently from the Ground,  
Yonder, said he, the Place behold,  
Where JESUS Lifeless lay, and cold;  
But on the third glad Day,  
He inspir'd his bury'd Clay,  
His Rising, mournful Souls from Tears,  
To joyful Hope of Glory rears.

On *Olivet* your Eye next cast,  
Whence He to Heav'n in Triumph pass'd,  
From Hope to Languor you'll ascend,  
Ambitious Life in Hymn to spend,  
Hope, Languors, Tears, Hymn, Love were the  
[rich Store,

Back on her Wings she bore;  
I joy'd in the inestimable Gain,  
And spent on the Quick-stock, which I cou'd never  
[drain.

Soon as to *Christophil* his Mind reflex'd,  
Impatient he to see Mount *Calv'ry* grew,  
On Love there crucify'd to fix his Thought,  
By which Love penitential best is wrought;  
He long'd to those Inflammatives to fly:  
Where he shou'd learn to Love, to Hymn, and  
[dye;  
But wanting Wings Flight o're Expanse to  
[take,  
A *Calv'ry* of his Closet vow'd to make,

Where he dear JESUS, whom he peirc'd, shou'd  
 And all He suffer'd for him on the Tree,  
 There he like Love by Meditation gain'd,  
 With *Staurophil*, who on the Mount remain'd;  
 And ev'ry time this Closet he withdrew,  
 CHRIST crucify'd, was present to his View.  
 That Presence in his Love fresh Ardours wrought,  
 And Hymn he for his daily Off'ring brought.



### JESUS *Present.*



WHEN our Redemption was compleat,  
 Thou, JESUS, didst to Heav'n retreat,  
 And on the Throne Divine  
 Make up the Godhead TRINE,  
 There Heav'n Thy glorious Body shall retain,  
 Till Thou at Judgment shalt the World arraign.

YET with Thy Saints 'tis Thy Delight

To stay, converse, and to unite,

The Church in humble Pray'rs

Thy gracious Presence Shares,

Thou at our Hearts, when they are clos'd, dost

And ent'ring dwell, if we the Door unlock.

How

**Songs on JESUS. 425**

How Thou, who wilt not Heav'n forsake,  
Canst in my Heart Thy Mansion make,  
Is by Experience taught,  
Though it transcends my Thought;  
I feel Thee knock, my Heart fly open wide,  
Enter, dear JESUS, and with me abide.

My JESUS now my Spirit fills,  
His Love in Suavities distils,  
Preventions, Traction's sweet,  
Devout Christ-hymning Heat;  
Kind Checks, and Calls Benign, and gracious  
[Mighty  
And Coruscations of the Joys in Light.

With these, and with a Thousand more,  
Thou, LORD, art pleas'd my Mind to store,  
Thy Love long-knocking stay'd,  
While I, my Bliss delay'd,  
Thou of my Heart, dear JESUS, hast the Key,  
Why didst not Thou unlock for Entrance free?

FREE Entrance is from Love alone,  
My Heart was then obdurate grown,  
And till it softer grew  
Declin'd Thy awfull View:  
Break it, my LORD, wide open to remain,  
Never against Thee to be shut again.

THOU



Thou while below wer't yet on high,  
 By Omnipresent Deity,  
 And Thou dost condescend,  
 Sweet Hours with Saints to spend,  
 O lovely JESU, keep my Love on Fire,  
 Thou from Thy Lovers never dost retire.

MY JESUS, while I Thee enjoy,  
 I'll on Thy Love my Pow'rs employ,  
 Thy Love will mine excite,  
 I'll Hymns of Thee indite,  
 By Meditation I'll prolong Thy stay,  
 And Thou shalt bless me e'er thou goest away.

AWAY Thou canst not, JESU, go,  
 Or to thy Lovers Stranger grow,  
 Thou mayst Effulgence shrow'd  
 A while in some dark Cloud,  
 But still Thy gracious, Thy All-seeing Eye,  
 Inspects Thy Saints, all Blessings to supply.

WHEN, LORD, Thou present wer't below,  
 Saints felt a Virtue from Thee flow,  
 Which at a Distance cur'd  
 Diseases long endur'd,  
 LORD when from me Thou wilt Thyself conceal,  
 Let Virtue from Thee stream my Soul to heal.

IF up to Heav'n Thou wilt ascend,  
Though Heav'n I cannot open rend,  
Though I want Wings to soar,  
Where Seraphs Thee adore,  
I'll draw Thee down from Heav'n by violent Pray'r,  
To visit me, and re-assume my Care.

TO Heav'n when my Petitions flown,  
Wait for Admittance at the Throne,  
I'll to the Altar fly,  
There offer up my cry;  
My JESUS I am sure is present there,  
And I in his sweet Influence shall share.

LORD, when Thou to Thy Throne wilt rise,  
I offer thee this Compromise,  
The *Paraclete* depute,  
Who shall for thee commute,  
He'll Love, Devotion, Consolations shed,  
And with fresh Grace of Hymn inspire my Head,

HE'LL wing my Pray'r with Sigh and Groan,  
More swiftly to approach the Throne,  
Than *Sages* thought of old,  
Celestial Orbs were roll'd.  
And never leave the Throne till from on high,  
It shall as fast with Blessings pray'd for, fly.

GLORY to JESUS at GOD's Right,  
 Enthron'd in Majestatick Light,  
 Yet to converse is prone,  
 With Saints below alone.  
 Live, LORD, with me, and when thou wilt return,  
 Take my Soul with thee, and my Dust inurn.



### *Meditation on JESUS.*

**T**HE Bless'd Inhabitants of Light,  
 JESU, of thee have blisful Sight,  
 Thy boundlessly enam'ring Face  
 Fills all Capacities of Grace,  
 In Infinite Love, Hymn and Joy,  
 Their Pow'rs exalted they employ.

SAINTS, who themselves to thee devote,  
 See thee here clouded and remote,  
 The want of thy dear Sight on high,  
 By Meditation they supply,  
 In Meditation while they kneel,  
 They of thy Love sweet Influence feel.

LORD while thus distant from thy Throne,  
 Our Spirit is to Wand'rings prone,

Our

*Songs on JESUS.* 429

Our Thought oft barren and Love chill,  
Our Mind fatigu'd, and damp'd our Will,  
Desire is languid, dry our Eyes,  
E'er from our feeble Knees we rise.

WHEN to our Business we retreat,  
Our Avocations we repeat,  
From *Mary* we to *Martha* melt,  
And loose the heav'nly Taste we felt;  
We Thoughts on Things extraneous spend,  
And Heav'n can hardly re-attend.

OF thee, LORD, in this Vale of Tear,  
I cannot hope for Vision clear,  
Yet thou with me still present art,  
Deigning to temple in my Heart.  
O may my intellectual eye  
See and revere thee ever nigh!

MY Love thy tender Love wou'd hear,  
Speak, JESU, to my Heart and Ear,  
O say how much thou lovest me,  
O say how little I love thee,  
Sweetly upbraid, warn, chide, complain,  
Yet what's sincere do not disdain.

THOU All-sufficient art, and I  
Am nothing but Vacuity,  
I have a Thousand ghostly needs,  
And more my Frailey daily breeds;



I wou'd with Fontal Love abide,  
To have fresh Ardours still supply'd.

EJACULATIONS are Pearls loose  
Strung, Meditation they produce,  
'Tis by Continuation, Thought  
Is up to Contemplation wrought,  
Love, when Faith sees my JESUS near,  
Will say, 'Tis good to mansion here.

WHILE JESUS deigns with me to dwell,  
And we two only fill the Cell,  
Death might much easier rend my Heart,  
Than from my Breast my JESUS part,  
When JESUS, my best Life, retires,  
My Love soon cools, my Joy expires.

O when my thought on JESUS stays,  
He His enam'ring Truth displays,  
And I when prostrate at his Feet,  
Of Heav'n have Prelibations sweet,  
His gracious Beams my Soul transfix;  
Our Loves, Immense and Finite, mix.

WHEN JESUS Vot'ries left alone,  
Behold him mounting to his Throne,  
They liv'd in constant Pray'r and Praise,  
Revolving their pass'd happy Days;  
In Hope, in Languor they remain'd,  
Till his dear Presence they regain'd.

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WHEN JESUS my poor Cell shall leave,  
By Meditation I'll retrieve  
My JESUS Favours, which I felt,  
When He and I together dwelt,  
And ardent Pray'rs shall re-invite  
My JESUS to my longing Sight,

\*\*\*\*\*

*Nothing study'd but JESUS.*

**Y**OU bless'd Apostle, whom God rais'd  
To the Third Heav'n, with Freedom gaz'd  
On all the Glories there;  
Yet 'twas your only Care;  
When you return'd to live below,  
Nothing but JESUS here to know.

ALL Heav'n flew open to your eye,  
And Joys for human View too high,  
Cou'd you recall no Joy,  
Which might your thought employ?  
You nothing saw to be esteem'd,  
But JESUS who the World redeem'd.

THE Joys unspeakable of Light,  
Transported your exalted Sight;

But

But in each Joy you read,  
 The Blood of JESUS shed.  
 To that their Joy the Blessed owe,  
 And Hymn the Source from whom they flow.

YOU JESUS Knowledge justly prize,  
 In that all Wisdom treasur'd lies,  
 Men num'rous Volumes drain,  
 All Sciences to gain,  
 At last their fruitless Toil bemoan,  
 Wish they had only JESUS known.

PATERNAL GOD in Filial shines,  
 And in our Bliss with Filial joyns,  
 And on GOD Filial's Head,  
 His Wings the SPIRIT spread,  
 In JESUS both unite, and we  
 Adore in Him TRI-UNITY,

GOD's Wisdom drew the gracious Scheme,  
 That GOD in Flesh shou'd us redeem;  
 His Pow'r the Wonder wrought,  
 Transcending bounded Thought;  
 The Sacrifice of GOD to GOD,  
 Aton'd his just, avenging Rod.

GOD's Holiness, by Sin defy'd,  
 The Lamb unspotted satisfy'd,  
 GOD's Honour, to GOD dear,  
 Shin'd in that Victim clear,



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Vol

*Songs on* JESUS. 433

His Truth in Threats to punish Guilt,  
Was salv'd in Blood of JESUS spilt.

PHILANTROPY, which most endears,  
In JESUS most immense appears,  
God equal God to give,  
That his curs'd Foes might live;  
Is Love to that transcending Height,  
That it exhausts the Infinite.

MY JESUS taught, and liv'd each Grace  
Which He enjoyn'd to human Race;  
Saints Bliss, the Sinners Woes,  
Of Souls the ghostly Foes;  
Sin, Pardon, Conquest, heav'nly Aid,  
In JESUS brightly are display'd.

GREAT Name! which fully to explain,  
Church Catholick wou'd strive in vain:  
The lov'd Disciple best  
The awful Truth exprest,  
That all the World cou'd never hold  
The Books which JESUS shou'd unfold.

THE Bless'd, whose Pow'rs no Clogs restrain,  
Hymn the Immaculate Lamb slain,  
While Angels, in full Quire,  
To aid their Hymns conspire;  
And though eternally they sing,  
Can never dry the boundless Spring.



THOU JESUS, shalt my Study be,  
Assist me to know only Thee;

My Thought can ne're conceive  
Thy Truth, which I believe;  
My Love beyond my Thought can reach,  
Thou more our Will, than Mind dost teach.

MY JESUS, Thy dear Love inspire,  
Salvifick Knowledge to acquire;  
The Saints in blissful Height,  
Both know and Love by Sight;  
By Souls while banish'd from thy Throne,  
Thou more art to be lov'd, than known.

\*\*\*\*\*

### *JESUS in our Retreat.*

**M**Y JESUS, Thou while here below,  
Didst oft to lonely Places go,  
And with thy FATHER spend thy Time  
In Pray'r sublime.

JESU, Thou with the World unstain'd,  
Mightst safe have in the World remain'd:  
Why then, since Hell thou cou'dst o're-aw,  
Didst Thou withdraw?

THE World was, while it Thee possess'd,  
With charitable Wonders bless'd;  
Of Thee one Moment when bereav'd,  
Thy Vot'ries griev'd.

'T WAS

'T WAS for our Sakes Thou didst retire,  
To teach our Thought our Love to fire,  
And tender charitable Pray'r  
To practise there.

FROM this low World our Hearts to wean,  
To view our Bliss with Mind serene,  
To cool by like devout Retreats  
Our sensual Heats.

THOU when Thy Vot'ries all were flown,  
Wert solitary, not alone;  
Thy FATHER, who with Thee is One,  
Ne're left his Son.

THE SPIRIT on Thy sacred Head  
Wings radiant, co-endearing spread:  
Thou by Co-unity Divine,  
While One, wert Trine.

THY Father, and Thyself dost deign,  
With one who loves Thee to remain;  
Thou with the Humble in his Cell,  
Art pleas'd to dwell.

TO fill the TRINE, the SPIRIT Bless'd  
Temples in ev'ry Lover's Breast,  
All Three in Saints Loves co-unite,  
And co-delight.

436 \* *Christophil: Or,*

I love Thee, LORD, with Heart sincere,  
Thy loving me, I cannot fear,  
I, LORD, didst not Thou first love me,  
Cou'd not love Thee.

I, LORD, myself to Thee resign,  
I ne're will be my own, but Thine;  
Thou, LORD, dost now indulge me here,  
Thy Presence dear.

MY LORD, O in my Closet stay,  
Let me not loose thy gracious Ray;  
Thou me, shou'dst Thou my Cell forsake,  
Must with Thee take.

WHILE me, Thou in my Cell shalt meet,  
I'll Thee with Hymn harmonious treat;  
Hymn, after Hymn, to stop thy Flight,  
Love shall endite.

PROPRIETY in Thee I claim;  
And the full Force of JESUS name;  
Which Way so'er Thou shalt incline,  
Thou, LORD, art mine.

SHOU'DST Thou, Thy Face a while to hide,  
Retire to thy celestial Bride,  
And while Thou dost from me recede,  
On Lilies feed.

THITHER

*Songs on J E S U S.* 437

THITHER I after Thee will fly,  
And hymning Thee, will prostrate lye,  
In hope to pluck a Lilly sweet,  
Kiss'd by thy Feet.

ODOUR and Beauty never fade,  
In Lillies sweeten'd by thy Shade,  
'Twill Virtue from thy Touch derive,  
Love to revive.

T'WARDS Heav'n it will aspiring tend,  
Grow fairer as it shall ascend;  
T'wards Heav'n, to teach me ev'ry Hour  
To rise and flow'r.

WHEN thou ascendest to GOD's Right,  
On Wings of Pray'r I'll reach the Height,  
My Heart while here on Earth, like thee  
In Heav'n shall be.

SHOUD curs'd Apostates Thee deny,  
And Thee, my Love, re-crucify,  
I, while thou suffer'st, shall abide  
co-crucify'd.

LOVE in my Omnipresent Mind,  
Shall thee, where-e're thou flyest, find;  
Where-e're, my LORD, thou present art,  
There lives my Heart.



I have a thousand Things to say,  
 To weep, joy, hymn, confess and pray;  
 With me, while thou withdraw'st thy Light,  
       'Tis dolefull Night.

My Tears soon stop, my Love grows cold,  
 My Faith obscure, the Tempter bold;  
 Oft when I a glad Hymn wou'd sing,  
       Dry'd is the Spring.

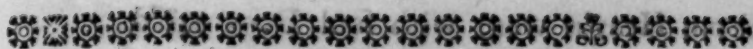
WHILE I with thee pass happy Hours,  
 I freely can employ my Pow'rs;  
 Thou by thy Presence dost excite  
       Love's utmost Might.

EVANID World forbear your Charms,  
 One Minute in my JESUS Arms,  
 Will an Eternity o're-poise  
       Of your false Joys.

MAY I midst Objects foul or vain,  
 Internal Solitude retain;  
 And like the Angels, who here ply,  
       Keep Heav'n in eye.

A Drop of Oyl unmix'd abides,  
 And o'er the Waves triumphant rides;  
 I'll thus live with the World unmix'd,  
       On JESUS fix'd.

JESUS



## JESUS *our* PROPHE T.

**E**'R since false Satan to his Snare,  
Drew by a Lie the Fontal Pair,  
Of Conquest the Arch-Lyar proud,  
Of lying Ghosts enjoyn'd the crow'd,  
Lyes at each hellish Forge to Form,  
For his chief Engine, Truth to Storm.

GOODNESS and Truth, said he, are joyn'd  
In GOD, and stamp'd on pure Mankind;  
Truth failing, Goodness will expire,  
They'll deem not GOD but me their Sire.  
The lying Spirits him obey'd,  
Goodness and Truth their Victims made.

STRAIT lying Spirits were ador'd,  
The World with lying Wonders stor'd,  
False Prophets were for true receiv'd,  
The lying Oracles believ'd;  
Men lying Vanities embrac'd,  
GOD's lovely Image was eras'd.

WHEN GOD by Angels, Vision, Dream,  
Rais'd Prophets to attract esteem,  
Few them alas! with Patience heard,  
The lying Ghosts still domineer'd,

And Lyars wilfully beguil'd,  
From Heav'n were with foul Dogs exil'd.

GOD Filial, who was deeply griev'd  
For Man deplorably deceiv'd,  
Soon as He into Publick came,  
The Truth salvifick to proclaim,  
Commenc'd our Prophet He alone :  
Cou'd Lies confound, and Truth enthrone,

O Love which for our Guide design'd,  
The Son in whom all Godhead shin'd,  
Who in his FATHER'S Bosom lay,  
Truth there exhausting to display,  
Who in our Flesh His Radiance bright  
Familiariz'd to human Sight!

GOD'S Truth he open'd to our View,  
Its Spread and its Success fore-knew,  
On heav'nly Things he oft discours'd,  
Which he with Miracles enforc'd,  
With an Example God-like grac'd,  
Which ne'er cou'd be by Hell effac'd.

ALL that he taught was so Divine,  
So worthy of the Godhead Trine,  
That all might at first hearing own,  
It cou'd proceed from Heav'n alone,  
And with the Blood of GOD he seal'd  
The gracious Truths which he reveal'd.

*Songs on* JESUS. 441

HE sent his Bless'd Apostles out  
To sow Celestial Seed about,  
And Pow'r of Miracles bestow'd,  
To fructify the Seed he sow'd,  
With Martyr's Courage to sustain  
For Truth all the Extreame of Pain.

To the World's End he Guides ordain'd,  
By whom dark Truths might be explain'd;  
And lest they shou'd his Flock mislead,  
He sent his Spirit in his stead,  
With his Church ever to abide,  
And faithfull ghostly Guides to guide.

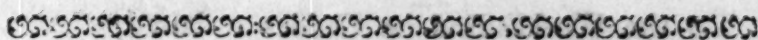
THE Father from his glorious Sphere,  
Commanded all his Son to hear,  
Most justly he deserves to stray,  
Who GOD's kind Voice dares disobey,  
Who, when GOD in our Nature deigns  
To teach our Soul, untaught remains.

GREAT Prophet, thou still speaking art,  
In thy bless'd Volume to each Heart,  
May humbly I thy Voice revere,  
By that my Life entirely steer,  
And all the Realm of Lyes let loose,  
Shall ne're from JESUS me seduce.

THY



THY Truth, LORD, has a Force divine,  
 'Twill to Obedience me incline,  
 Re-ignite my Baptismal Fire,  
 Twin-Goodness will with Truth conspire,  
 O still increase my Love, my Light,  
 Till they grow up to blissful Height.



### JESUS our PRIEST.



WHEN *Adam* sinn'd, and all his Line  
 Lost the Similitude Divine,  
 Angels, who saw proud Ghosts rebell,  
 And hurl'd unpity'd down to Hell,  
 Expected when Almighty Ire  
 Shou'd Thunder-strike our guilty Sire.

SHOU'D gen'ral Flame this World consume,  
 As great as at the Day of Doom,  
 An *Holocaust* for Fontal Sin,  
 Big with a vicious Race within,  
 'Twou'd be too little to atone  
 God's Wrath for his insulted Throne.

BUT when GOD Filial Offer made  
 To be in human Flesh array'd,  
 To dye for Man, from blissful Sight,  
 They drew of SAVIOUR in just Light

Ideas

Songs on J E S U S. 443

Ideas clear, and to their Lyres  
Sang Filial G O D in all their Quires.

O Love, too boundless to be shewn  
By any but Great G O D alone!  
O Love offended, which sustains  
The bold Offender's Curse and Pains!  
O Love which cou'd no Motive have,  
But mere Benignity to save!

O Sacrifice from Blemish free,  
Worthy the G O D of Purity!  
O Sacrifice, like G O D, Immense,  
Atoning by Equivalence!  
O Sacrifice too dear to fail  
With G O D Paternal to prevail!

W E Angels thought ourselves supream  
To spotless Man in G O D's Esteem;  
But G O D shews Love to *Adam* stain'd,  
Which sinful Angels ne'er obtain'd;  
G O D's Love we to laps'd Man adore,  
And Justice, which gave Angels o're.

D E A T H only can atone for Guilt,  
Angels no Blood had to be spilt;  
Had G O D Angelick Form assum'd,  
To Death he never cou'd be doom'd;  
Pure Mercy Man condemn'd to dye,  
That J E S U S might his Doom supply.

G O D

GOD Filial we admire, decreed  
 A Sacrifice for Man to bleed;  
 But for a Priest we look intent,  
 Who shall the Sacrifice present;  
 O there is none but God's own Son,  
 Both Priest and Sacrifice are One.

THUS Angels sang, who but began  
 To see Love future of God-Man:  
 Soon as Redemption was compleat,  
 Their Hymns had more ecstasick Heat,  
 God-Man his Throne then re-possess'd,  
 And to his FATHER thus address'd:

GREAT FATHER, to soft Pity prone,  
 I myself offer at thy Throne,  
 I for laps'd Man my Blood have shed,  
 Transferr'd his Guilt on my own Head,  
 And my Blood spilt before thee plead,  
 That Man may be from Vengeance freed.

THY tender Bowels yearn'd on me,  
 When I hung tortur'd on the Tree;  
 May those dear Bowels yearn on all,  
 Who seek Recovery from their Fall;  
 Thy Attributes full Glory gain,  
 In me, thy Son co-equal, slain.

MY Sacrifice before thy Eyes,  
Eternally to melt thee lies,  
Forgive all Sins, no Grace refuse  
To Vor'ries, who my Name shall use;  
May all who have to thee Recourse,  
Of my Atonement feel the Force.

RAYS more Benign than ever shin'd,  
Since the first Rise of human kind,  
From GOD's Paternal Sweetness stream'd  
On his dear Son who Man redeem'd,  
GOD melting, like his Son all o'er,  
Gave all he heard his Son implore.

O Love which at the Throne remains,  
Which all Inflammatives contains,  
Which gives to all a free access,  
Compassion shews to all distress,  
O Love in which all Joys conspire,  
Which fill and terminate desire.

O Sin! GOD's Hatred, for which none,  
But Filial GOD cou'd GOD atone!  
Pass'd Sins which grieve me, LORD, forgive,  
Thy Priest and Sacrifice I'll live,  
Till I like thee in Heav'n above,  
Re-offer and compleat my Love.

JESUS





## JESUS *our* KING.



LESS'D Spirit, aid me, while I sing  
 Our Humble, our Almighty King.  
 Curs'd Pride Man first debas'd,  
 And from sweet *Eden* chac'd;  
 Man proudly Likeness to great GOD desir'd,  
 And lost all God-like Grace which GOD inspir'd.

MAN all to GOD as Creature owes,  
 And his entire Dependance knows,  
 As Sinner he's GOD's hate,  
 And must his Doom await.  
 Sinner and Proud a Contradiction seems,  
 Yet in fall'n Man concenter both Extrems.

JESUS the Sov'raign Sin to quell,  
 Which Men and Devils sank to Hell,  
 Lowly and Meek appear'd  
 To GOD the more endear'd,  
 He taught how sweet Humility and Height,  
 In Souls wou'd co-harmoniously Unite.

GOD sent an Angel to proclaim  
 Both his Conception and his Name,

Yet

*Songs on J E S U S.* 447

Yet a poor Maid He chose,  
Whose Womb shou'd him enclose;  
Our new-born King in a poor Manger lay,  
Which a bright Star ennobled with its Ray.

GOD-MAN, who deign'd to live below,  
Endur'd all the Insults of Woe,  
Rejected, scorn'd, revil'd,  
And Diabolick styl'd;  
Yet all the while wrought Miracles Divine,  
And in the humble Man made Godhead shine.

WHEN on the Cross he tortur'd hung,  
Blasphem'd by ev'ry Hell-fir'd Tongue,  
Twelve Legions were at hand,  
To fly at his Command,  
The King of Terrors, and the hellish Host.  
Fled Trembling as soon as he gave up the Ghost.

GOD-MAN wou'd in his earthly State,  
By Condescensions, Pride abate;  
The King ador'd on high,  
Wou'd for his Rebels die;  
And now enthron'd, benignly intercedes  
For full Supplies to humble Vor'ries Needs.

DESCENDING from his glorious Sphere,  
Our humble King began to rear  
His Mediatorial Realm,  
And set himself at Helm;

His

His Realm Antarctick to all worldly Aim,  
Where none but humble Souls can Entrance claim.

PURE Self-denial, and the Cross,  
To count all Things for JESUS Loss;  
Of Saints the Badges are,  
Who live his Royal Care;  
They in Heav'n Inchoate, have Foretastes sweet  
Of Joys above, which in full Confluence meet.

GOD-MAN to *Jews* his Realm restrain'd,  
Till he his heav'nly Throne regain'd;  
Now o're the World he reigns,  
Alots Rewards and Pains,  
Gives Laws, Support, Deliv'rance, Shelter, Aid;  
To humble Souls by his kind Sceptre sway'd.

THE Lamb of GOD, is King of Kings,  
He Death disarms of all its Stings:  
And when a Tyrant raves,  
The Lamb, the Shepherd saves;  
He the S'ven-headed, Ten-horn'd Beast o'repow'rs,  
Who all the World, who worship him, devours.

ANGELICK Hosts the Lamb obey,  
Kings at his Feet their Scepters lay,  
The Lamb all *Tophet* awes,  
Souls rescues from its Jaws;  
When Men, when Devils, the Lambs Realm assail,  
Our Mighty King, the Lamb, will still prevail.

BLESS'D



VOL

*Songs on* JESUS. 449

BLESS'D Saints, whom the Meek Lamb of God  
Rules with a gracious, gentle Rod;  
I'll on the Lamb repose,  
Follow where-e're He goes;  
And when I slip, to the Mild Lamb address,  
Ready to pardon, soon as I confess.

PRAISE to the Lamb enthron'd, whose Love,  
Sent in his Stead the heav'nly Dove;  
O Blessing past compare,  
In which the Humble share!  
They in sweet Rest, Joy, Peace secure abide,  
Who have the Lamb their King, the Dove their  
[Guide.

BUT when the Lamb his Realm lays down,  
And GOD Triune resumes the Crown,  
When Saints absolv'd from Sin,  
Eternal Joys begin;  
May I with them adore the Godhead Trine,  
And have my fill of all that is Divine.

\*\*\*\*\*

*The Meekness of* JESUS.



WHEN Heav'n was vail'd with universal  
[Shades,  
And Hell Advantage took of Ambuscades  
VOL. I. G g Which



Which wou'd surprize Mankind when fast asleep,  
 Did not our watchful GOD their Dwellings keep;  
 'Twas then, as I awoke to Midnight-Pray'r,  
 Near to my Bed I felt tumultuous Air;  
 I silent paus'd, but cou'd distinguish nought,  
 Till GOD vouchsaf'd to elevate my Thought;  
 I then perceiv'd there was a furious Fight  
 Between my Guardian and the Prince of Night;  
 A black Design against me *Satan* form'd,  
 And vow'd my Soul shou'd in my Sleep be storm'd;  
 The Spirits of Uncleaness he conven'd,  
 And from them all impure Ideas glean'd;  
 His Gleanings in a lustful Dream combin'd;  
 Which he resolv'd to dart into my Mind;  
 For Mischief thus prepar'd, he flew from Hell,  
 And entred with insulting Rage my Cell;  
 My Angel, warn'd by GOD to keep strict Guard,  
 And from my Soul the dire Attack to ward,  
 Left the Temptation shou'd exceed my Strength,  
 Or prostrate me by Violence, or length;  
 The Fiend encounter'd to prevent my Bane,  
 Who my bright Champion met with proud Disdain,  
 Both the like Weapons to the Conflict brought,  
 With which they in the War supernal fought.  
 The Fight was long, and *Satan* rav'd to think  
 He unsuccessful shou'd to *Tophet* sink;  
 And fearing his enfeebled Force wou'd fail,  
 Try'd with foul Speech my Guardian to assail.

BASE Angel, you I can remember well,  
 You cring'd to GODHEAD, when we bravely fell;  
 We dar'd our injur'd Merit to resent,  
 While you were with your Slavery content;  
 Must you, like us, celestial Mansions quit,  
 And to this Guardian Drudgery submit?  
 Foul Scorn on your degen'rate Race, that can  
 Thus prostitute to prostituted Man;  
 For Shame, for Shame, leave this ignoble Fight,  
 And spend on high Exploits Angelick Might,  
 By *Belzebub*, great Lord of Hell, I swear,  
 I'll baffle GOD, and mock your Guardian Care;  
 The Wretch you fight for, is already ours,  
 I'll seize him, maugre all Celestial Pow'rs;  
 I am the Horn, which *Daniel* saw arise,  
 I rob'd J E H O V A H of his Sacrifice;  
 Down to the Earth I hurl'd the Angels Camp;  
 I Stars torn from their Orbs, to Atoms stamp;  
 And I'll tread you, unless you make Retreat,  
 To pure Annihilation with my Feet.

THE Provocations impious were and high,  
 I listen'd to my Angel's soft Reply:  
 Fiend, said my Guardian, you blaspheme God's Name,  
 He'll you chastise with fresh avenging Flame.  
 Just GOD rebuke thee, I'll my Post maintain,  
 And no Revilings shall my Spirit stain.  
 Thus he with heav'nly Rage renew'd the Fight,  
 And the Blasphemer put to shameful Flight.

Bless'd *Michael* o're the Devil thus prevail'd,  
Conquer'd the Railing Fiend, but never rail'd.

I gave GOD Glory for my timely Aid,  
And on my Guardian this Reflection made:  
If Angels fir'd with heav'nly Zeal, are meek,  
And thus blaspheming Devils can bespeak;  
We Men, who by Creation Brethren are,  
Much more shou'd Railings of our Brethren bear.  
But a much nobler Pattern fills my Thought.  
Meek JESUS, who to Angels Meekness taught.

OF all the Names by which my LORD is styl'd,  
The Lamb Immaculate, Soft, Humble, Mild:  
My JESUS to my Spirit most endears,  
That Sweetest Name, a troubled Spirit chears;  
It was the Lamb, Sweet JESUS, Thee inclin'd,  
To be Incarnate SAVIOUR of Mankind.  
Great GOD! the Outrages, Affronts, and Spite,  
Sin daily offers to thy vengeful Might;  
Had long ago provok'd thy righteous Ire  
To a new Deluge of infernal Fire,  
To break the Banks of the sulphureous Deep,  
And into endless Flames the Rebels sweep;  
But thy Long-suffering, thy dread Wrath restrain'd,  
And a Paternal Mildness still retain'd;  
Thy meekest Lamb himself a Victim made,  
And for curs'd Sinners the Redemption paid.  
Hadst Thou not been a Lamb, thou Son of GOD,  
Thou never hadst the dol'rous Wine-press trod.

Detested

*Songs on J E S U S.* 453

Detested Sins, which oft thy Thunders dare,  
Shou'd rather move thee to destroy, than spare ;  
O're thy curs'd Foes, the Meek, Eternal Dove,  
Spreads gracious Wings of Reconciling Love,  
Still keeps soft Shelter open to receive,  
Ungrateful Souls, who Love resist and grieve.

SWEET Meekness, which G O D's Anger over-  
[rules,  
G O D's Ire to mild Forbearance gently cools ;  
The ornamental Grace of Saints below,  
Who learn from G O D Affronts to undergo ;  
And as from God-like Meekness they decline,  
They sink, like *Moses*, in Esteem Divine ;  
He meekest upon Earth, one angry Heat,  
Cou'd all his Hopes of *Canaan* quite defeat ;  
But from the gentle Lamb of G O D, we best  
May learn a meek Behaviour when oppress'd,

W H E N spiteful *Jews* strove J E S U S to provoke,  
He wish'd no Ill, no hasty Word he spoke ;  
Betray'd, bound, drag'd, insulted, scorn'd, revil'd,  
He still a Temper kept serene and mild ;  
He like a Lamb was to the Slaughter led,  
And his meek Heart for his Tormentors bled.  
And none are in his Book of Life enroll'd,  
But the sweet Lambs of his meek-hearted Fold ;  
The Style of Lamb, He ever will retain,  
In Heav'n the Blessed worship the Lamb slain,

G g 3

Their



Their pure white Robes their Lamb-like Temper  
 [shows,  
 They the Lamb follow, whereso're he goes;  
 They in the angry World all Wrath suppress'd,  
 In stormy Times, serenely Earth possess'd;  
 They Wrongs endur'd, they wou'd no Soul offend,  
 And melt a Foe by Sweetness to a Friend;  
 Wrath and Revenge the Devils in Mankind,  
 Meekness alone can over-rule and bind;  
 That lovely Grace ev'n Scorpions up can take,  
 On Serpents tread, and Vipers off. can shake,  
 Or Men of a more deadly Sting and Bite,  
 By Meekness disenveniming their Spite;  
 The Lamb alone strikes railing Envy dumb,  
 The Lamb alone the Dragon can o'recome;  
 Afflicting Strokes on Saints, are struck by GOD,  
 Men are but instrumental to his Rod;  
 The CHRIST-like Martyrs to the Cross consign'd,  
 Were never to GOD's Instruments unkind;  
 The Wolves, when-e're they with meek Lambs engage,  
 Can torture, can devour, but not enrage.



### *All Blessings by JESUS.*



FROM *Adam* all to those who stay  
 Alive at Judgment-Day:  
 Who hear the awful Trumpet sound,  
 E're reaching under-Ground,

Heav'n

*Songs on JESUS.* 455

Heav'n by the promis'd Seed obtain,  
And Freedom from or Guilt, or Stain.

GREAT GOD averse to laps'd Mankind,  
Born to curs'd Sin inclin'd,  
Till by GOD Filial reconcil'd,  
Had all from Heav'n exil'd,  
Just GOD might have no Pity shown,  
And barr'd Approaches to his Throne.

WHEN JESUS Filial GOD appear'd,  
GOD's Clouds of Wrath were clear'd,  
The Source of Pity, till then stop'd,  
With sweetest Mercy drop'd,  
And Rivers by Degrees gush'd out  
Of Blessings on all Souls devout.

SAINTS, who approach the Throne by Pray'r,  
Found glad Acceptance there,  
GOD Filial cou'd his Suff'rings plead,  
Which He for Man decreed,  
All Things are present to GOD's Eye,  
The FATHER then saw JESUS dye.

IN Promise only, Saints of Old,  
Our JESUS cou'd behold,  
We see perform'd what was decreed,  
Blessings which Thought exceed,  
Paterernal GOD no Good bestows,  
But what through JESUS on us flows.

456 *Christophil: Or,*

THOU Filial GOD the World hast made,  
And Earth's Foundations lay'd  
Thy Pow'r to Creatures Being gave,  
Confin'd the Ocean's Wave,  
Cast Heav'n by Thy Ideal Mould  
And all the Orbs harmonious roll'd.

THOU in the New Creation art,  
The Former of the Heart,  
Grace, Pardon, Love, Life, Ghostly Light,  
Joy, Conquest, Blissful Sight,  
All Blessings of the gracious Dove  
Descend through Thee from Fontal Love.

MY LORD, our Mediator, none  
Cou'd be but Thou alone,  
Nothing to mediate cou'd excite,  
But pure Love Infinite,  
And Mediation to compleat,  
In Union GOD and Man must meet.

PRAISE to the FATHER who was pleas'd  
To have His Wrath appeas'd,  
Who Filial Deity resign'd  
To die for laps'd Mankind;  
Infinite GOD that we might live,  
Godhead co-infinite wou'd give.

GOD.

GODHEAD co-infinite when paid,  
Full Satisfaction made,  
Godhead cou'd not be paid to save,  
Till subject to the Grave,  
Godhead must stoop to mortal Dust,  
His Mediation to adjust.

O Love, O Wisdom without bound,  
Which such a Medium found!  
O who can Filial GOD offend,  
Who thus wou'd condescend?  
O what can GOD to Saints deny,  
Who gives God-Man for them to dye?

YET woe is me how oft deny'd  
Is JESUS crucify'd?  
Our Hearts on Joys destructive set,  
Love Infinite forget;  
Hell-pains by all are justly felt,  
Whom Love unbounded cannot melt.

LOVE's Source which all our Vacuums fills,  
Which through God-Man distills,  
When GOD is outrag'd, strait is dry'd;  
Sweet JESUS Love defy'd,  
Makes Souls beyond the Devils pain'd,  
Who ne'er a SAVIOUR's Love disdain'd.



MY JESUS, I'll to Thee adhere,  
 Than all the World more dear,  
 On all Thy Loves I'll daily muse,  
 Till they fresh Hymns infuse,  
 Or shou'd my Soul be in Arrears,  
 I'll add soft penitential Tears.

ON Thee in co-eternal Beams  
 Co-equal Godhead streams,  
 LORD out of Thy co-boundless store,  
 I Love-supplies implore,  
 On me from Fontal Godhead shine,  
 Be always streaming Love Divine.



### *The Humility of JESUS.*

**B**LESS'D JESUS, who with human Griefs  
 [condoles  
 Thus calls the weary heavy-laden Souls,  
 Come unto me, my Yoke submissive bear,  
 And the just Burthen I for you prepare,  
 My Yoke is easy, Burthen light, you'll gain :  
 Perpetual Rest, and Freedom from your pain,  
 But how shall blind obdurate Sinners know,  
 That Burthen and that Yoke to undergo?

LORD

*Songs on JESUS.* 459

LORD, by Thyself they must instructed be,  
And Thy all gracious Lips, say learn of me.

INCARNATE GOD, since Thou wilt teach  
[Mankind,  
Thou boundless Wisdom of Eternal Mind ;  
What wond'rous Truths dost Thou to teach in-  
[tend ?

Thou Things canst teach which Seraphims tran-  
[scend,

They all ambitious are God-Man to hear,  
And listen with a reverential Ear ;

Wilt Thou on Earth the Mysteries unfold,  
Which Saints in Beatifick Sight behold ?

Or wilt Thou to our Ignorance relate,  
How Thou from nothing didst the World create ?

Terraqueous Nature open to our Eyes,  
And all the heav'nly Orbs anatomise !

Wilt Thou Might supernatural disclose ;  
And to work Miracles frail Men dispose ?

To still the Winds and boist'rous Waves to tread,  
To cast out Devils and to raise the Dead ?

These are the Heights Thou canst to Mortals  
[teach

And elevate their Pow'rs these Heights to reach,  
Nor Mystery, nor Scientifick Scheme,

Nor Miracle is now, dear LORD, Thy Theme ;  
Humility is all Thou wou'dst impart,

To learn from Thee a meek and lowly Heart.

BLESS'D

BLESS'D JESUS with Humility began  
 The Grace Characteristick of God-Man,  
 He Lord of all was tempted, poor distress'd,  
 He to do nothing of himself profess'd;  
 His Father's Glory, not his own he sought,  
 He in his Father's Name his Wonders wrought;  
 Came not to do his own but Father's Will,  
 And Truths his Father taught him to instill,  
 His Laws the Institutions he contriv'd,  
 His Vor'ries who their Pow'r from him deriv'd,  
 The spacious spread of Evangelick Light,  
 Shew a Divine but yet an humble Might,  
 To help the meanest Wretch he ne'er disdain'd,  
 The publishing his Miracles restrain'd,  
 Invok'd and prais'd his Father for his aid,  
 Fell prostrate at his Foot-stool when he pray'd;  
 Refus'd the offer of *Judea's* Crown  
 Despis'd the gawdy World and its Renown,  
 Celestial glorious Majesty declin'd,  
 To sink to Man the lowest of Mankind,  
 A shamefull Death he to redeem us chose,  
 To give himself a Victim for his Foes,  
 If the Eternal Son such Def'rence paid,  
 By Sinners, what Submission shou'd be made?  
 Glory to JESUS, who to human Race;  
 Thus wonderfully taught this lovely Grace;  
 'Tis true, my GOD, Saints by Experience find,  
 Thy Yoke is easy, to an humble Mind,

Though

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Though from their Youth, it on their Necks re-  
[main'd

It never yet their Shoulders gaul'd or pain'd;  
Thou LORD, dost with our Frailties sympathize,  
And Thy Commands dost to our Weakness size,  
The Yoke Thou for Thy Vot'ries didst provide,  
Was by Thyself, before imposing try'd,  
In my own Sight LORD keep me ever low,  
Thy Yoke fits easier as I humbler grow!

MAY I Thy Scholar, humble JESUS, be  
O may I learn Humility of Thee!  
The Grace which in Thy Virgin-Mother shin'd,  
And boundless Godhead to her Womb confin'd,  
Humility of Saints the first-born Grace,  
Had first in heav'nly Benedictions Place,  
The Poor in Heart enjoy thy chiefest Cares,  
First of Thy Kingdom made adoptive Heirs;  
Our native Purity which Pride first stain'd,  
Is only by Humility regain'd:  
The humble Soul like GOD's lov'd Son appears,  
That Likeness to his GOD the Saint endears,  
Alwaies accepted at the Throne of Grace,  
GOD will the Humble raise, the Proud debase.  
All glorious GOD, who haughty Minds repels,  
Familiar with the humble Spirit dwells:  
By his Humiliations here below,  
You his Degree of future Bliss may know,  
Nobility and all this World contains,  
Wealth, Honour, sensual Pleasure he disdains.

He



He glories only in GOD reconcil'd,  
 'Tis His Nobility to be GOD's Child,  
 Of the Celestial Kingdom to be Heir,  
 His Wealth, Ambition, Joy, all center there.

HUMILITY is here GOD's chief Delight,  
 It from the lowest Ground takes loftiest Flight;  
 The CHRIST-like Martyrs felt in GOD repose,  
 And by Humility to Glory rose.  
 The Humble more to Grace, than Gifts aspires  
 To love GOD is the height of His desires,  
 Pleas'd better with one self-debasing thought,  
 Than if he a fam'd Miracle had wrought,  
 Flies Observation, Loves obscure retreat,  
 And chooses in the World the lowest Seat,  
 Of modest Look, few Words, self-jealous Heart,  
 And Gate of Affectation Void, or Art,  
 Wont what GOD sends most thankfully to prize,  
 Esteems himself unworthy of GOD Eyes;  
 Honours in Him no Self-inflations raise,  
 Contempt to no Objection him betrays;  
 He of the two Contempt had rather choose,  
 The safest, the unlikeliest to abuse;  
 Yet dares not seek Contempt, or fondly strive,  
 From others Sin his Virtue to derive;  
 Good Names when they from Sanctity arise,  
 Saints are not wont the Blessings to despise,  
 They Saintship keep in a devout repute,  
 They are of Virtue the connat'ral Fruit;

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We by that Fruit the Tree which bears it trace,  
The Person is less honour'd than G O D's Grace;  
The Saint all he receives to G O D conveys,  
He is the Conduit only of G O D's Praise:  
Of his demerit he has lively Sense,  
That without God he can no Good commence;  
Is nothing, nothing has, can nothing do,  
May bear the Test of God's severe Review;  
His Virtues less of Good, than Weakness share,  
To the Reward can no Proportion bear.

CAUSELESS Reproach, Hatred, Contempt,  
[and Scorn,

The Christ-like Spirit sink not but adorn;  
He knows they from Paternal Love are sent,  
Humility, Love, Patience to foment;  
He'll Conscience to his ghostly Guide disclose,  
And to God's Glory his own Shame expose;  
He to good Counsel lends attentive Ear,  
Respects Superiors with a Filial Fear;  
On others Grace and his own Guilt reflects,  
And less computes his Virtues than defects:  
He Pardon for the slightest Wrongs entreats,  
For an offensive Word, or angry Heats;  
The Name of Coward rather undergoes,  
Than God of Vengeance rob to spite his Foes;  
Yet no one persecuted Duty waves,  
With a calm Courage the fierce World out-braves;  
He dares attempt the highest, hardest Things,  
His Christ-like Zeal, from Self-debasement springs,  
He

He to Reproof with grateful heed inclines,  
 Values that Virtue which his own out-shines,  
 Searches no Neighbour's Faults to vail his own,  
 Is always to his Conscious self best known,  
 More ill, he in himself than others spies,  
 And worthless seems in his own lowly Eyes.

FREQUENT Self-Scrutinies the Humble makes,  
 Prays hourly, never his strict Watch forsakes;  
 Ne'er acts besides his Providential Spheres,  
 God's Omnipresence ev'ry where reveres;  
 Strives with himself like Thought with GOD to  
 [frame,  
 And wou'd have others think of him the same:  
 The vile Materials which vain Man compose,  
 His Lapse, Curse, Dangers, Death and num'rous  
 [Woes,  
 His Weakness and known Sins he oft recalls,  
 Omissions, Vicious Habits, Slips, and Falls;  
 Neglects of Opportunities enjoy'd,  
 Cold wand'ring Pray'rs, and Talents misemploy'd,  
 Wofull Experience, a perfidious Heart,  
 From Perseverance ever prone to start,  
 Subtle Temptations fierce Assaults of Hell,  
 Remains of Lust which in laps'd Nature dwell;  
 The Majesty of GOD, the Judgment-Day,  
 Which will Mens shamefull Guilt all open lay;  
 The Spots in Saints, who greatest Heights acquire,  
 All to teach Man Humility conspire.

NEXT

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 Rising  
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NEXT to the Throne the Seraphims are plac'd,  
Nearer they wait, the more they are debas'd,  
They veil their awfull Eyes with humble wing,  
And prostrate fall when they their Anthems sing.  
LORD keep me humble, 'tis that Grace alone,  
Which near to JESUS will my Soul enthrone.



*GOD known through JESUS.*

**I**S true, my GOD, in Part we see,  
While sunk in Flesh, Thy Deity,  
Thou for our Mortal Eye,  
Art boundlessly too high,  
Yet Love from intellectual Sight  
Takes its first Rise, and gains its Height.

MEEK *Moses* pray'd, devoutly bold,  
Thy awfull Glory to behold;  
To give the more he knew,  
The more Thy Worship due,  
And in the Clift Thou him didst hide,  
Where he Thy trayling Beams descry'd.

SINCE JESUS, the World's glorious Light,  
Rising dispell'd *Mosaick* Night,



Saints now the Old surpass,  
 See through a nobler Glass,  
 Each Saint through JESUS Thee surveys,  
 Through whom Thou dost transmit thy Rays.

GREAT GOD, Thou didst not form our Mind,  
 To comprehend what's unconfin'd.

Yet Loveliness Divine  
 Through JESUS deigns to shine,  
 Thence we Incentives here derive,  
 To keep our Heav'n-born Flame alive.

THROUGH JESUS when Thou dost appear,  
 Thy Goodness in Ideas clear,  
 My Spirit overpow'rs,  
 Love my whole Heart devours,  
 As Zeal once JESUS, and I grieve  
 When I the Meditation leave.

THY Majesty to mind I call,  
 And Man vile, odious since the Fall:  
 My Wonder then begins,  
 How GOD shou'd pardon Sins,  
 When Justice rather might take Place,  
 And abdicate a poyson'd Race.

THROUGH JESUS when I Thee behold,  
 I then the wond'rous Truth unfold,  
 Justice and Mercy meet,  
 In Combination sweet:

Thy

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Thy Justice satisfy'd remains,  
Thy Mercy happy Preference gains.

THROUGH JESUS, Thy preventing Grace  
Compassionates our worthless Race,

Thou Sinners dost invite,  
And when averse excite,  
Thou sweetly dost Call, Draw, Constrain,  
By loving first, to love again.

GOOD Thoughts injected Hope and Fear,  
Of waken'd Conscience Checks severe,

Illuminations bright,  
Hearts melting, soft, contrite,  
Through JESUS from thy Goodness flow,  
To keep us from the Pains below.

WHEN we preventing Love despise,  
Thy Love all ways to turn us tries,

Pity repeated calls,  
As num'rous as our Falls,  
Warnings, Complaints, Appeals, Protests,  
It makes to pierce obdurate Breasts.

GOD'S Promises, Assures, and Swears,  
To Pardon all, and hear their Pray'rs,

Expostulates and grieves,  
When He Repulse Receives,  
And till incorrigible grown,  
Gives all Admittance to his Throne.

Thy

H h 2

Through

THROUGH JESUS GOD seeks Souls who  
 [stray,  
 And while they their Return delay  
 His Mildness Wrath abates:  
 His Patience for them waits,  
 When an hard Heart his Patience tires,  
 His Mercy yet its Turn desires.

WHEN Souls to good his Mercy charms,  
 He meets them with Paternal Arms,  
 Receives them in embrace,  
 Gives fresh Supplies of Grace,  
 Seeing GOD pleas'd, the heav'nly Quire  
 In gratulating Hymns conspire.

WHEN Sin, great GOD, Thy Ire provokes,  
 Through JESUS soften'd are thy strokes,  
 Thou dost Awak'nings send,  
 Wrath shorten or suspend,  
 And when Sin loud for Thunders cries,  
 They ne'er to our Demerits rise.

*Philanthropy* is GOD's delight,  
 If our hard Hearts his Wrath excite,  
 We our own Choice must blame,  
 When damn'd to endless Flame:  
 GOD prone to Mercy, to Wrath slow,  
 Makes Bliss much easier than our woe.

How

How amiable! How Divine  
Inflammatives in J E S U S shine;  
Through J E S U S when we see  
Immense Benignity!  
They G O D through J E S U S never knew,  
Who paint him cruel to our View.

S A Y all who to true Bliss aspire,  
Can you G O D more Benign desire!  
Shou'd he foul Sin endure,  
You wou'd not deem him pure:  
But what he hates, he may forgive,  
Through J E S U S all may happy live.

A H me, that I should e'er propend,  
Infinite Goodness to offend,  
But prostrate at the Throne  
In penitential Moan,  
I Thee great G O D through J E S U S eye,  
My pardon Thou wilt not deny.

B Y T when thou dost my Pardon seal,  
And I the Joys of Pardon feel,  
My Love, which scarce is fire,  
Will mount to Thee entire,  
And gain through J E S U S Love supplies,  
Till it to *Holocaust* arise.





*Love taught by JESUS.*

**T**HOSE Days I often call to mind,  
 When GOD himself in Flesh enshrin'd;  
 Had I beheld the radiant Star,  
 Which *Eastern Sages* led from far;  
 Or had the News some Angel told,  
 Sent to the Swains who watch'd their Fold:

GOD-MAN had so inflam'd my Soul,  
 That had I dwell'd at either Pole,  
 Entrench'd in Ice, immur'd in Snow,  
 With boist'rous Winds toss'd to and fro,  
 While from that Sphere the Sun took Flight,  
 And left me in long dismal Night:

O'ER Rocks of Snow I wou'd have trod,  
 Walk'd o'er the Frozen Sea unshod,  
 The Force of Winds impetuous stemm'd,  
 Fiends ranging in the dark contemn'd,  
 All Rigours of the Cold sustain'd,  
 Till of God-Man the Sight I gain'd.

SOON as I near God-Man had drawn,  
 I shou'd have known him at first Dawn,

Be-

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Benignities wou'd from him glide,  
Which 'twas impossible to hide,  
The fairest, sweetest of Mankind,  
In whom all lovely Graces shin'd.

I some Endearments shou'd have spy'd,  
Which Angels might not have descry'd,  
Of his *Philanthropy* some Beams,  
On Sinners flowing in full Streams,  
And falling prostrate on the Ground,  
Ador'd, lov'd, joy'd with Awe profound.

I shou'd have been all Eye, all Ear,  
My Saviour to behold and hear,  
I shou'd have watch'd till I discern'd,  
That his soft Pity on me yearn'd.  
That Yearning wou'd have been the Sign,  
To break my Mind to Love Divine.

MY LORD, my GOD I shou'd have cry'd,  
To Heav'n the Sinners only Guide,  
O for Thy Infinite Love's sake,  
Tell me the way my Soul must take,  
Most happy to abide with Thee,  
In Mansions of Eternity!

AH me, forth from the Sire of lye,  
Abroad deluding Spirits fly,  
Disguis'd like Angels of pure Light,  
To fascinate and cheat my Sight,

H h 4

A

A Thousand different ways they shew,  
All leading to Eternal Woe.

I live in Dread, lest I to Bliss  
The single narrow way shou'd miss;  
But Conscience here my Spirit check'd,  
And bid me on myself reflect,  
You daily may God-Man behold,  
And to his Love your Mind unfold.

DEAR JESUS Gospel wou'd you heed,  
You the same Question there may read,  
With his infallible Reply,  
On that you safely may rely,  
The Reprimand I just confess'd,  
And read with Care the Volume blest'd.

JESUS there taught the Scribe that Love,  
Love only gain'd the Joys above,  
Love the Command, Primeval, Great,  
Connatural, Transporting, Sweet,  
On which all Law Divine depends,  
Which all our *Holocausts* transcends.

WHEN, that my way was Love, I heard,  
A Duty which my Soul endear'd,  
Benignly condescending, mild,  
The Task not of a Slave, but Child,  
I humble Thanks to JESUS paid,  
Who love the Way to Glory made.

MY

MY Way to Heav'n when taught me clear,  
I thither vow'd my Bark to steer,  
But native Lusts like adverse Wind,  
To sensual Joys blew back my Mind,  
I long indulg'd them to prevail,  
And wanted now a prosp'rous Gale.

ALL Winds which on the Ocean blow,  
Out of GOD's airy Treasure flow,  
And in His sacred Book is store  
Of Aids to reach the heav'nly Shoar,  
Repentance I there learn'd had Force,  
To turn and keep my Heav'n-ward Course.

MY JESUS Love was in my Eye,  
Who to excite my Love wou'd dye:  
I griev'd I shou'd his Love offend,  
Yet joy'd he wou'd my Bliss intend,  
That Grief, that Joy with gentle stroke,  
My Heart, till then reluctant, broke.

FROM that dear Stroke my Soul I felt,  
Into a soft Contrition melt,  
Grief for my Sins my Eyelids drain'd,  
Joy for a Saviour me sustain'd,  
I thus supported while distress'd,  
To JESUS disembogu'd my Breast.



WHEN'E'RE I chill'd, sank, wander'd, tir'd,  
The sacred Book Zeal re-inspir'd,  
My Faith kept JESUS in my View,  
His Voice in ev'ry Line I knew,  
He Step by Step my Spirit led,  
And smooth'd the Ways which I shou'd tread.

CHRISTOPHIL by Impulse celestial sway'd,  
Like JESUS to a Mount withdrew [and pray'd,  
There he choice Hours in Meditation spent,  
And t'wards the Plain in making his Descent,  
He Shepherds Singing by a Bush descry'd,  
And heard them unperceiv'd on th' other side.

Thyrfil and Damon.

Tb. **T**A whole Hour have stood behind that  
[Tree,  
To listen to your charming Melody,  
Your Voice and Strings, with co-harmonious  
[pace,  
Tranfuse into each other mutual Grace;  
No Strings with human Voice can better suit;  
Damon, how is it call'd? Da. Thyrfil, A Lute:  
The Shepherd David lov'd it heretofore,  
And never, when a King, its use forbore;

He

He bad his Lute, as well as Harp awake,  
And in GOD's Praise we his Example take,

*Th.* WHAT are those Strings which give so sweet  
[a Sound?

*Da.* THE Strings you see, all grew upon this Ground.

*Th.* 'TIS strange, none ever in my Pasture grew.

*Da.* THYRSIL, there did, tho' unobserv'd by you.

*Th.* WHERE? and when, *Damon?* *Da.* *Thyrsl*, they  
[are Nerves

Of our dead Lambs, of which I keep Reserves;  
And *David* once as on his Lute he play'd,  
Surpriz'd himself, saw all his Flock dismay'd;  
His Strings all in an Instant burst in two,  
With that he rose, and casting round his View;  
He saw a Wolf, and as the Wolf drew near,  
The very Lifeless Nerves felt lively Fear;  
Soon as his Courage the fierce Wolf had slain,  
On sing GOD's Praise, he strung his Lute again.

*Th.* I oft of that Antipathy have heard,  
But on sweet *Albion's* Plains no Wolf is fear'd;  
You safely here may strike your Strings, I long  
To that strange Instrument to hear a Song.

*Da.* STRANGE though it seems to you, I ev'ry Day  
With Lute and Song drive Idleness away.

*Th.*

*Th.* You sing of Love, I guess, and then I know,  
You Idleness invite, not bid it go ;  
There's not an idler Thing on all the Plains,  
Than a fond Shepherd warbling am'rous Strains:

*Da.* YET to that Folly all the Shepherds run,  
And 'tis no more than you yourself have done.

*Th.* DAMON, 'tis true, my Folly I confess,  
Yet to this Hour I now and then transgress;  
Our Poets most conspire in that one Theme,  
I cannot yet such thread-bare Wit esteem,  
Who for Two thousand Years, or rather more,  
Have sung the like Love-Ditties o're and o're;  
Yet, as if Wit with Barrenness was curs'd,  
They sing no better than they sang at first;  
I learn'd them when a Boy, they pleas'd me  
[then,  
But higher Subjects wou'd become us Men;  
I, who away am carry'd with the Tide,  
Wish Poets now wou'd better Songs provide.

*Da.* You *Thyrſil*, rightly the Diſeaſe diſcern,  
The Cure you by Reflection ſoon may learn;  
All am'rous Songs effeminate the Mind,  
They are foul Luſt diſguiſ'd in Style refin'd;  
We labour to forget in older Years,  
The Sonnets which in Youth deſil'd our Ears.

*Tb.*

*Tb.* BUT what's the Cure? *Damon.* To sing Love-

[Sonnets still.

*Tb.* That wou'd perpetuate, not cure the Ill.

*Da.* 'Twou'd cure it. *Tb.* Strange! Whoever went

[about

By adding Fire to Fire, to put it out;

*Da.* ONE Flame, dear *Thyrsl*, may another damp,

Does not the Noon-Tide Sun put out a Lamp?

*Tb.* THAT, *Damon*, is an overpow'ring Flame,

Is of Ætherial Kind, and not the same.

*Da.* YET *Thyrsl*, still 'tis Flame, and I intend

In Singing only Love my Age to spend;

A Song of Love I ev'ry Day compose,

With Love I ev'ry Day begin and close;

And yet of Love though ev'ry Day I sing,

My Rills can never drein the boundless Spring;

My Verse is with fresh Matter still supply'd,

And ne'er can to Eternity be dry'd.

*Tb.* CAN you sing thus of Love? What can be more

Said of trite Love, than has been said before?

*Da.* MY Love I value more, the more 'tis trite,

I all the Swains to sing with me invite.

*Tb.* AND I wou'd gladly sing with you my Part,

Wou'd you communicate to me your Art.

*Tb.*

*Tb.*



*Da.* Love is the full Propension of our Souls,  
 Which all our Passions Sov'reignly controuls,  
 And when we squander Love on Things of  
 [nought,  
 Low is our Verse, and trivial is our Thought;  
 Vain Lovers Womankind to Idols turn,  
 And in the Flames they kindle, Victims burn.  
 A thousand Follies daily they commit,  
 Their Love misplac'd deliriates their Wit.  
 Were Love on GOD, its sole, true Object fix'd,  
 Our Love with Folly wou'd remain unmix'd;  
 GOD's amiable Goodness unconfin'd,  
 Absorpes the Pow'rs of an unbounded Mind;  
 Absorping, it supplies them, Saints above  
 Eternally compose new Hymns of Love;  
 All Poets, when at Hymning GOD they aim,  
 Have most exalted Thoughts, and brightest Flame.

*Tb.* 'Tis true, 'tis true, dear *Damon*, from this Hour,  
 To sing of GOD, I'll bend my utmost Pow'r,  
 I'll with the am'rous Stream no longer swim,  
 But my residuous Years devote to Hymn;  
 But you must help me to begin my Flight,  
 And Songs of Love celestial to indite.

*Da.* ON JESUS, *Thyr'sil*, make your first Essays,  
 Chief Subject of a Christian-Shepherd's Lays,  
 He's the Archshepherd, we are all his Sheep,  
 His Gracious Name will teach to love and weep;  
 To

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To weep, when we his dol'rous Cross review,  
And our own Sins, which all his Pains renew;  
To love, when JESUS Love we call to Mind,  
Love of God-Man, who bled for all Mankind,  
Those Tears, that Love will melt into soft Verse,  
And Song with Joys and Praises intersperse.

*Tb.* DAMON, for Hymn you'l better me dispose,  
Shou'd you with Lute and Song your Counsel  
[close,

*Da.* YOU shall dear *Thyril*, your Request obtain,  
The Song which I sang last, I'll sing again.  
When e're my Voice of JESUS sings,  
My Fingers meet th' exillient Strings,  
Which leap up into Chords to show,  
What Sweets harmonious from Him flow.  
Discordant Souls he puts in Tune,  
To sing the Praise of GOD TRIUNE.

OF JESUS I a Song intend,  
Whose Loves, all other Loves transcend;  
While I of JESUS sing, my Sheep  
At that dear Name will Silence keep,  
They'l meekly listen to my Air,  
And all the While their Food forbear.

GUIDE me my Strings, and ev'ry Line,  
Shall with your leading Chords combine,  
He's

He's the Great Shepherd of the Plain;  
 And he deserves the noblest Strain:  
 And while my Song to him takes flight,  
 My Love shall give it Flame and Height.

SHEPHERDS no fitter Theme can find,  
 Than JESUS to employ their Mind,  
 He's the Good Shepherd, justly styl'd,  
 And governs with an Empire mild,  
 He on his Flock casts tender Eyes,  
 His boundless Love all Wants supplies.

HIS Flock he in rich Pasture feeds,  
 To crystal Streams the Thirsty leads,  
 He watches with kind wakeful Care,  
 Against Thief, Lyon, Wolf, or Bear,  
 Provides agreeable Retreats,  
 In freezing Cold, or scorching Heats.

THE Teeming Ewes he gently drives,  
 His Bosom dying Lambs revives;  
 Supports the Faint, the Sick restores,  
 Sets broken Bones, heals all their Sores;  
 He ev'ry Sheep distinctly knows,  
 And sympathises with their Woes.

BUT now, my guiding Strings, methinks  
 You languish, and your Vigor sinks;  
 Ah 'tis no Wonder, you can well  
 What I must sing of next, foretell;

Yet

Yet keep your Movements just alive,  
The softest Chords you can, contrive.

TEARS best with those soft Chords will suit;  
My Tears shall drop while Love is mute;  
I'll write in the sad Tears I shed,  
What I of JESUS wou'd have said,  
The Sov'reign Shepherd, who from on high  
Came down for his dear Sheep to die.

MY Strings, now change your softer Vein,  
In Chords with Sorrow mix Disdain;  
My Tears shall with your Chords consent,  
That I may all past Sins lament,  
And water the surrounding Shade,  
That I his Love so ill repaid.

'T WAS that Good Shepherd I forsook,  
The ready Way to Death I took;  
I drove his tender Calls to shun,  
And into endless Dangers run;  
His boundless Love wou'd me pursue,  
Which I despis'd, and faster flew.

BUT now, my Strings, your Chords prepare  
To sound a Soul enam'ring Air;  
Sweet JESUS sought me all about,  
Ne're left till he had found me out:  
The Stray He on his Shoulders lay'd,  
And gently to his Fold convey'd.



ANGELICK Quires my Welcome sung;  
 And I recover'd my lost Tongue;  
 My Tongue, which stop'd with Grief before,  
 Shall never now lie silent more;  
 I'll sing his Praises Day and Night,  
 And Love shall ev'ry Song indite.

'Tis I, said *Thyril*, am that wandering Sheep,  
 I ever in my Mind that Song will keep,  
 I'll hasten to my Solitude remote,  
 To Tears, and Love, and Hymn, my Hours  
 [devote,  
 Death, when to seize me Heav'n shall him  
 [injoin,  
 Shall find my Soul composing Songs divine.

*Christophil* God ador'd, that on the Plain,  
 He heard the Shepherds Hymning the Lamb  
 [slain,  
 Like Shepherds of the Patriarchal Days,  
 Who while they watch'd their Sheep, sang  
 [heav'nly Lays,  
 And with a sacred Emulation fir'd,  
 Fresh Ardours felt of Love, and Hymn inspir'd.

### *Hymn most on JESUS.*

**I**N humble Hymns, Great GODHEAD Trine,  
 I call to mind thy Loves divine,  
 When

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When I to thy dread Name,  
A Sacrifice became,  
By mystick Water as entire,  
As was the daily Lamb by Fire.

YET with the Water, Fire was joyn'd,  
Fire of a much more noble Kind,

Than the bright Sphere unfluc'd,  
From which the Priests traduc'd,  
Flames which their *Holocausts* consum'd,  
And those in which their Incense sum'd.

By Water the Eternal Dove  
Enkindles a Celestial Love,

The Water and the Fire  
Harmoniously conspire,  
Their Union damps all sensual Aims,  
And while it purifies, inflames.

O none can love the GODHEAD Pure,  
Who willful Filthiness endure;

And who can Love forbear,  
Knowing what boundless share  
He in the Love TRINE obtains,  
When Tears have wash'd away his Stains.

THY Loves, Great TRINE, I co-adore,  
And co-adoring, co-implore:

O thou Co-lovely TRINE,  
Keep me for ever Thine;

O may I with Seraphick Heat,  
Trisagions while I live repeat!

BUT when co-loving Thee, I dye,  
And to thy Realm, Great TRINE shall fly,  
When I behold Thy Light,  
And sing at blisful Height,  
My Pow'rs will be in perfect Tune,  
To Love and Hymn the LOVE TRIUNE.

O Thou Co-amiable Three,  
Thy Loves, Thy Glories, equal be;  
Yet while I Hymns design,  
To sing Co-equal TRINE,  
My Hymns, whether I will or no,  
On JESUS most profusely flow.

To AIRS I set my Harp, my Lute,  
Which most with GOD Paternal suit;  
But GOD, a Sinner vile,  
Dares not his Father stile,  
Till made propitious by his Son,  
And then my Hymns on JESUS run.

THEN to fresh AIRS I strive to sing  
The SPIRIT, of all Grace the Spring;  
But since 'twas JESUS Love,  
Which sent him from above,  
That Thought to JESUS me inclines,  
And JESUS then, absorbs my Lines.

*Songs on JESUS.* 485

IN Heav'n the Lamb unspotted slain,  
Is sung in each exstasick Strain,  
To JESUS, Saints propend;  
Who Love best comprehend;  
To JESUS, in whose Love combine  
The Loves of the Co-glorious TRINE.

SINCE JESUS all the Love contains  
Which in the Three Co-gracious reigns,  
Each Line, each Chord, each Note,  
To JESUS I'll devote;  
JESUS on Lips and Hearts shall dwell,  
And all discordant Air repell.

I'LL sing Sweet JESUS at my Death,  
That dearest Name shall close my Breath;  
When my Soul is on Wing,  
I the Lamb slain will sing;  
Which when the Quire supernal hear,  
They'l sing my Welcome to their Sphere.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Name of JESUS.*

**M**Y GOD, thy wise, propitious Will,  
Rais'd greatest Good from greatest Ill;  
What *Adam* did amiss,  
Turn'd to our endless Bliss;



486 *Christophil*: Or,

O happy Sin, which to atone,  
Drew Filial G O D to leave his Throne!

SHO U'D all the Race of *Adam* meet,  
In a Convention as compleat,  
As that at the Last Day,  
When they resume their Clay,  
To ask of Heav'n what all desire,  
They all in J E S U S wou'd conspire.

NOT all the Musick of the Spheres,  
Sounds half so sweet in Angels Ears,  
As when to Hearts contrite,  
We J E S U S Name recite,  
That Name with Sweetness overflows,  
Creates full Joys, and damps out Woes.

T H E Angels never sang an Air,  
Which cou'd in Melody compare  
With that at J E S U S Birth,  
When sent to tell the Earth,  
That the Co-gracious Three design'd  
Great Filial G O D to save Mankind.

W H E N *Gabriel* first spake J E S U S Name,  
The heav'nly Orbs, the earthly Frame,  
Which direful Shocks sustain'd,  
E're since the Deluge reign'd,  
Felt instantly Disorders cease,  
The Universe was bless'd with Peace.

W H E N

**Songs on JESUS. 487**

**WHEN JESUS** human Air first drew,  
Sun, Moon, and Stars, to gain his View,  
Painted their Beams to meet,  
To kiss his sacred Feet,  
And sent an Envoy Star, whose Ray  
Shou'd shew the World where JESUS lay.

**IN** Heav'n Angelick Orders Nine,  
From single, to thrice treble shine,  
Of JESUS ever sing,  
Adore their humble King,  
Each in Man's purchas'd Bliss delights,  
And JESUS them to Hymn excites.

**ON** Earth since GOD the promis'd Seed,  
In Pure *Philanthropy* decreed,  
The Faithful Glory gain'd  
By JESUS, unexplain'd,  
Clouded in Prophecies and Type,  
Till Men were for the Substance ripe.

**THE** Ghosts apostate doom'd to dwell,  
Since banish'd Heav'n, in lowest Hell,  
Laps'd Man with Envy eye  
On JESUS who rely;  
And when of JESUS Saints discourse,  
Tremble at his salvifick Force.

MY JESUS, at Thy Name I bow,  
 Myself Thy *Holocaust* I vow,  
 Of JESUS all Day long  
 Shall be my gratefull Song,  
 I'll strive each Song which I commence,  
 To sing with Love still more intense.



### *Patience of JESUS.*



WITH Griefs full loaded, which my Mind  
 [oppress'd,  
 In vain throughout the World I sought  
 [for rest,  
 Till I took shelter in a lonesome Shade,  
 Where my full Soul free Ebullitions made,  
 Like that to which *Elisha* once took Flight,  
 From *Jesabel's* inexorable Spite,  
 When under a sweet Juniper he lay,  
 Beseeching GOD to take his Soul away:  
 It is enough, he cry'd, I have my Load,  
 LORD, take me to Thy glorious sweet abode.  
 When a kind Angel to his Aid arriv'd,  
 With Food from Heav'n at which his Soul re-  
 [viv'd:  
 My Guardian thus my drooping Spirit rais'd,  
 And rising, I grew pleasingly amaz'd,

Songs on JESUS. 489

I heard sweet Musick and a tender Song,  
The Tune was solemn the Affection strong,  
Strait to a shady Grove I trac'd the Sound,  
Where one in perfect Misery I found;  
His Cheeks were hollow the cold Earth his Bed,  
And a rough Stone the Pillow for his head;  
Like that on which good *Jacob* took repose,  
And for a Monumental Pillar chose;  
He seem'd quite starv'd, his Look was Pale and

[Wan,

Appear'd more like a Skeleton than Man,  
He scarce had Raggs his very Shame to hide,  
The World to him all Pity had deny'd,  
And yet amidst those Symptoms of Despair,  
His Visage had an humble Saint-like Air,  
With sympathizing Heart as I drew near,  
I for a while saluted him in Tear,

At length, GOD comfort you, good Friend, I  
[cry'd,

I for your Wants will suitably provide,  
Wants he replies, no Wants I ever knew,  
Yet to your Love my Thanks are justly due,  
No Wants, said I, how Brother can it be,  
Are you compos'd of Flesh and Blood like me?

O tender Soul, The needy Man rejoyn'd,  
I am the worst, the frailest of Mankind,  
But long have felt GOD's dear Paternal Care,  
In that, I hope, I have a Filial Share,

My



490 *Christophil: Or,*

My Will to GOD I offer'd long ago,  
 Having no Will, I Want can never know:  
 If 'tis GOD's Will to send full measur'd Woes,  
 I nothing have but what I freely chose;  
 GOD's Will, and not my own I still behold,  
 And Joy in Hunger, Nakedness, and Cold:  
 One gracious Ray from GOD my Spirit cheers,  
 And all that is calamitous endears.  
 When GOD moves Hearts my Sorrows to re-  
 [lieve,  
 With Thanks to GOD their Kindness I re-  
 [ceive:  
 When GOD all gracious will my Patience try,  
 I rest content, though I unpyr'd lye.  
 A Christ-like Patience and a Will resign'd,  
 Creates a Heav'n in ev'ry humble Mind.

With Admiration then I made Reply,  
 Ah 'tis not you who are in Want, but I,  
 Of Happiness you trace the only Spring,  
 You with harmonious Joy of GOD may sing,  
 O take your Harp, and chant some tender Lay,  
 To charm my Soul GOD's Pleasure to obey.  
 His Harp he took, which wond'ring I survey'd,  
 It was a pond'rous Cross on which he play'd,  
 The Strings which on the Beam transverse were  
 [set,  
 In the Extub'rance Suppedaneous met.

King

Songs on JESUS. 491

King David's Harp which Satan cou'd confound,  
And Saul becalm, had not a nobler Sound.  
His artfull Hand touch'd the melodious Wire,  
I heard his Voice thus with his Chords con-  
[spire.

E'ER since my Cross which JESUS gave, I  
[strung,  
My JESUS only had my Heart and Tongue,  
When I to play to other Subjects try,  
My Strings reluctant from my Fingers fly.  
Harps us'd by Saints in the Celestial Sphere,  
Are but the Crosses strung they carry'd here,  
And of my Cross whene'er I touch the String,  
I like the Bless'd of Patient JESUS sing.  
The more I sing, the more I love, each Chord  
The more devotes me to my suff'ring LORD.

AH who of JESUS Griefs can take the  
[Height,  
Rate the Insults of Hell, and Jewish Spite?  
Ah who can JESUS agonizing view,  
When on the Ground His hallow'd Face He  
[threw?  
Ah who can think how JESUS was betray'd,  
Drag'd, Bound, Forsaken and Derision made?  
How by false Witnesses he was accus'd!  
How spit on, buffeted, mock'd, scourg'd, and  
[bruise'd!

Who

Who can the Nails his tender Muscles bor'd,  
 The Crown of Thorns his sacred Temples gor'd:  
 His Torments, His Revilings, and His Gall,  
 His shamefull Cross and Pangs unknown recall:  
 How to the utmost height of Anguish pain'd,  
 He nor repin'd, nor murmur'd, nor complain'd.  
 How him no harsh Resentments cou'd invade,  
 How he for his fierce Crucifyers pray'd,  
 How still contented to endure more Woes,  
 Shou'd his Dread Father's Pleasure more impose;  
 What Patience all his dol'rous Life he shew'd,  
 Which Wrongs cou'd nor provoke, nor over-load.  
 Who can his own light Sorrows grievous think,  
 Who sees the bitter Cup God-Man wou'd drink?  
 And drinking all the Dregs of Vengeance up,  
 Has ever since adul'd his Vor'ries Cup.  
 His heavy Cross upon his Shoulders lay,  
 And faint he sank amidst the dol'rous Way;  
 Till *Jews* good *Simon* to his Aid constrain'd,  
 Who a few Minutes *JESUS* Cross sustain'd;  
*JESUS* is pleas'd our Crosses thus to bear,  
 And in the Load has still the heavier share.

You, my sweet Strings, which on my Cross  
 [I strain,  
 How happy shou'd I be your Place to gain?  
 My Crucifixion groans for *JESUS* Sake,  
 In *JESUS* Ear wou'd sweeter Musick make,  
 Shou'd *JESUS* call, I wou'd your Room supply,  
 And crucify'd for my dear *JESUS* dye:

My

Songs on JESUS. 493

My Cross to Heav'n I'd carry on my Wings,  
Grace it with sweeter and eternal Strings,  
My Patience I'd bequeath to Vot'ries here,  
Heav'n needs no Patience, since it sheds no Tear.

THIS sung, I with the Saint made decent stay  
To feed, warm, cloath him, and then sang this  
[Lay.

JESU, Thy Cross is what the Worldings fear,  
Which Heav'nly-minded Souls ne'er deem severe :  
Our greatest Burthen Thou hast made so light,  
It can no humble Soul oppress or fright.  
Wise GOD is pleas'd all Crosses to adjust,  
His Mercy knows our Frame to be but Dust,  
His Goodness causelessly no Mortal grieves,  
His All-sufficence in due Time relieves.  
He tenders Saints with mighty gracious Care,  
He of their Heads counts ev'ry single Hair ;  
In their Chastisements he their good intends,  
The softest Father, and the best of Friends.  
He hears their Pray'rs when they for Pity plead,  
He always present is in Time of Need :  
Wont at Tribunals Martyrs to inspire,  
To battle and confound fierce Pagan Ire ;  
On Saints afflicted his bright Angels wait,  
Their Pains to temper, sweeten, and abate,  
The short-liv'd Crosses which they here sustain,  
A super-effluence of Glory gain ;

When

My



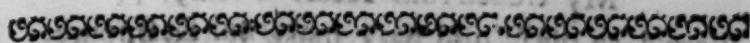
When on their Souls momentous Troubles seize,  
 The heav'nly Comforter strait gives them Ease:  
 When-e'er their Wants are not supply'd in Kind,  
 GOD gives, what's better, a contented Mind;  
 The more meek, patient Saints are here oppress'd,  
 The more they languish for Eternal Rest,  
 The Cross their Choice Celestial Lovers make,  
 And Joy in Suff'rings for lov'd JESUS Sake.  
 The Merchant who t'wards spicy Regions sails,  
 Smells their Perfume far off in adverse Gales;  
 With Blasts which thus against the Faithfull blow,  
 Fresh od'rous Breathings of GOD's Goodness flow.

GOD-MAN himself has sanctify'd the Cross,  
 Which Saints refines from all Terrestrial Dross;  
 They jealous are, when from all Crosses free,  
 Lest they of JESUS shou'd forgotten be,  
 And from the Measure of the Cross they bear,  
 They of GOD's Favour estimate their share.  
 Bless'd Patience! the choice Virtue of the Saints,  
 Who when afflicted utter no Complaints;  
 Or if frail Nature put upon the Rack,  
 Begins to shrink at Tortures dire attack,  
 If they, like JESUS, when their Hearts shall ake,  
 Cry out, My GOD, why dost Thou me forsake,  
 Still they, My GOD, ingeminating cry,  
 Comforts in that Ingemination lye:  
 When GOD, My GOD, with Confidence they  
 [call,  
 Appropriation makes amends for all:

JESUS

*Songs on JESUS.* 495

JESUS from those sweet Words drew Joy Divine,  
Which made him chearfully his Soul resign.  
O happy Saints, who Patient in distress,  
In their lov'd GOD, like JESUS, acquiesce!



*Likeness to JESUS.*

**M**OSES on High twice Twenty Days,  
Ingulf'd in Majestatick Rays,  
And had Ideas bright  
In elevated Sight,  
Of all the sacred Things which GOD ordain'd,  
Shou'd in his Tabernacle be contain'd.

SEE, said JEHOVAH, all Things made,  
Like to the Patterns you survey'd.  
The num'rous Precepts he  
Kept stor'd in Mem'ry,  
And all Things by those heav'nly Patterns drew,  
Presented on the Mountain to his View.

MY JESUS, when in bless'd Retreat,  
I thee in Meditation meet,  
Thou dost exalt my Eye,  
Thy Beauties to descry,  
Each Grace which in thee shines, Devotion fires,  
I to abide with thee, am all Desires.

MY

My Soul which shou'd thy Temple be;  
 From all Pollution shou'd be free;  
 But though now wash'd in Tear,  
 My treach'rous Heart I fear,  
 Warp'd to the World may make it too impure,  
 For Purest GOD the Building to endure.

AH shou'd it warp, I'd weep it clear,  
 A Temple then to thee I'll rear,  
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace,  
 I in thy Footsteps trace;  
 O keep thy Graces lively in my Mind,  
 That all my Pow'rs by thee may be refin'd.

THOU sweetly dost my Soul enjoyn,  
 To copy out each Grace divine;  
 Lovers at Likeness aim,  
 That Two may be the same:  
 Thou infinitely amiable art,  
 I by thy Model long to form my Heart.

THOU, GOD's lov'd Son, hast GOD appeas'd,  
 GOD is immensely in thee pleas'd;  
 May I, like thee, be styl'd,  
 Paternal GODHEAD's Child:  
 The more I like to thy lov'd Son appear,  
 The more I shall be to the FATHER dear.

MY JESUS, when thou goest away,  
 All thy Ideas soon decay,  
     I want a longer Time  
     To treat of Things sublime;  
 I Forty Years too short a Space esteem,  
 To live absorp'd in thy transporting Beam.

DEAR JESUS, long, long with me stay,  
 When of my Heart I take Survey,  
     Thy Dread, All-seeing Eye,  
     Into each Thought will pry.  
 Shou'dst thou one Moment leave my Heart alone,  
 It to my Search may leave Reserves unknown.

THY Love, sweet JESUS, thee inclin'd,  
 To stoop to Frailties of Mankind,  
     Thou pitying our laps'd State,  
     Dost of our Debt abate,  
 Thou dost no hard Severities impose,  
 Short Tears begin our Joys, and ends our Woes.

JESUS, when thou from me wilt part,  
 Deep grave thy Image on my Heart,  
     O Conscience, keep awake.  
     Care of the Image take,  
 And from its Likeness, when my Life declines,  
 Check me, and rectify my devious Lines.



LOV'D and ador'd be thy Great Name,  
 My JESUS, who dost Souls reframe,  
 To a true GOD-like Height,  
 Transcending *Adam's* Flight,  
 E're the curs'd Tempter his Consent o'repow'r'd,  
 And lovely Virgin Innocence deflow'r'd.



## JESUS *Love preserv'd.*

**M**Y JESUS, Thou all Lovely art,  
 And shou'dst be lov'd with all the Heart;  
 But Woe is me, my Heart is prone,  
 Thee for curs'd Trifles to disown;  
 O with a Love thy Votry bless,  
 Proportion'd to thy Loveliness.

OUR Want, thou JESU, didst foreknow,  
 And didst proportion'd Love bestow;  
 At thy Ascent, thou in thy Place,  
 Didst leave the boundless Source of Grace.  
 We at the Source of Love abide,  
 Where Wants of Love are all supply'd.

O Blessing, next to that dear Love,  
 Which drew GOD Filial from above;  
 O GOD co-breath'd, who Love art stil'd,  
 Delighting in Souls undefil'd,

T'wards

T'wards GOD my whole Propension turn,  
Love heav'nly, cannot downwards burn.

GREAT Third of the Co-glorious TRINE,  
O may my Spirit thee enshrine,  
O consecrate my mortal Frame  
Into a Temple to thy Name;  
O be thou of my Soul the Soul,  
And all rebellious Pow'rs controul!

O Love Immense within me dwell,  
All Loves, but thy own Love expell;  
Within my Heart thy piercing Eye,  
Will all absconded Lusts descry;  
Thy Goodness, which all Thought exceeds,  
Will bring Supplies for all my Needs.

My Soul with Truth's bright Radiance fill,  
Keep me resign'd to GOD's sole Will;  
Whene're I stray, be thou my Guide,  
Fix me, inclining to backslide;  
Quicken me, when I stupid grow,  
Deep Consolations, when in Woe.

O purify my Soul from Stain,  
All Tendencies t'wards Ill restrain;  
My Soul with warm Devotion fire,  
Which may with Sighs and Groans aspire;  
Invigorate me when afraid,  
When weak, vouchsafe me heav'nly Aid.

TRUTH sacred in my Mem'ry keep,  
 For Sin create Contrition deep;  
 All filial Grace in me excite,  
 Be Witness that I walk upright;  
 Seal Pardon for Transgressions past,  
 Support me, when I breath my last.

BE Monitor thy Law to heed,  
 Be Advocate my Cause to plead;  
 By thee may I be born again,  
 By thee celestial Glory gain;  
 To me be Water, Oyl, Fire, Wind,  
 To cleanse, oynt, warm, and wing my Mind.

Into my Soul good Thoughts inject,  
 Inculcate them till I reflect;  
 Consideration thence will grow,  
 Affections from consid'ring flow;  
 Affections to Resolves arise,  
 And for Eternals make us wise.

SUCH Graces, O co-effluent Dove,  
 Are the Effluxes of thy Love;  
 No Mortal can their Numbers tell,  
 They all *Arithmetick* excell;  
 And yet though numberless they are,  
 Each Saint in all enjoys a share.

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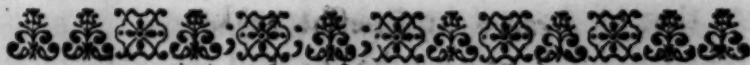
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I Objects see; yet in my Brain,  
How Vision's made, cannot explain;  
My Soul the Spirit working feels,  
While Modes of Working he conceals;  
When GOD makes in our Souls abode,  
'Tis Curiosity, to search the Mode.

O Love co-breath'd, I Love implore,  
O give me Love, I need no more;  
Gifts are for Souls heroick meet,  
Reserv'd for Heights, or Sufferings great;  
But void of Love, I cannot live,  
In that thou wilt all Graces give.

J E S U! I'll love, I'll Hymn thy Name,  
From thee Co-effluent GODHEAD came;  
Love shed by him, through thee shall rise,  
Paternal GODHEAD'S Sacrifice,  
Of Love the co-eternal Three,  
Are thus the Spring, the Stream, the Sea.



### *Resignation of J E S U S.*

**L**ONG I with GOD for Mastery had try'd,  
Antarctick Wills in me for Empire vy'd;

K k 3

My



My Rational to Heav'n alone inclin'd,  
 My Sensual with the World and *Satan* join'd;  
 GOD, Grace, Heav'n, Reason, Conscience, inward  
 [Peace,  
 All strove, me from my Tyrant to release  
 Laps'd Nature, the vain World, and Pow'rs of  
 [Hell,  
 And sensual Pleasures, mov'd me to rebell,  
 My Soul well nigh had my Defence betray'd,  
 And to my Foe I had been Captive made;  
 But GOD with a compassionating Eye,  
 Bid my good Angel speedy Aids supply.

My Guardian, who a while to Heav'n had  
 [flown,

To sing his Course at the Tri-unal Throne;  
 E're down to my Deliverance he flew,  
 From Beatifick Sight a Copy drew,  
 The Blessed there Things past, or future see,  
 Recorded in Completion, or Decree;  
 But no Idea casts a Beam so clear,  
 No one to GOD so infinitely dear;  
 As that of JESUS in Eternal Mind,  
 When to his FATHER he his Will resign'd.  
 Down with that copy'd out, my Angel came,  
 Whose Loveliness, a *Judas* might enflame.

SCARCE to my Sight the Copy he presents,  
 But instantly my stubborn Heart relents,

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# Songs on JESUS. 503

I saw God-Man fall prostrate on his Face,  
 No Sight cou'd more a Sinner's Pride debase :  
 With Ardor unconceivable he pray'd.  
 When he the Horrors of the Cross survey'd,  
 His Eyes ran-down, and all his Body o're,  
 Was bath'd in Drops of agonizing Gore ;  
 None but God-Man such Dolours cou'd sustain,  
 And in Extremity of bitterest Pain,  
 This Pray'r he offer'd to the Throne Divine :  
 O FATHER, not my Will be done, but thine.  
 The sweet Ejaculation pierc'd my Heart,  
 There deeply stuck the Soul enam'ring Dart ;  
 Thence in my Will I felt Repugnance cease,  
 I threw my Weapons down, and su'd for Peace ;  
 Began all my Rebellions to lament,  
 And thus my Spirit, when contrite, took Vent :  
 LORD, to our Frailties thou wou'dst subject be,  
 Thou didst possess two Wills, like me ;  
 Thy Will superior thy Dread FATHER ey'd,  
 And Sense to thy inferior was the Guide.  
 Thy Spirit of thy Flesh still kept the Rein,  
 Thou thy first Inclinations cou'dst restrain ;  
 Cou'dst regularly gratify thy Sense,  
 And with no Thought inordinate dispense ;  
 Thou of a tender, soft, and perfect Make,  
 Didst of our Weakness, not our Sin partake ;  
 Thy perfect Temper wou'd thy Frame expose,  
 To most acute, nice Sense of Pain and Woes ;  
 And 'tis impossible for Man to guess,  
 The bitter Foretastes of thy last Distress ;

Nor thy pure Will, nor thy nice Sense of Pain,  
 Cou'd Self-indulgence, or Self-pity gain:  
 Thou Self-contempt didst practise and instill,  
 Didst do and suffer thy Dread FATHER'S Will;  
 Thou didst thy spotless human Will deny,  
 Choose Torment with thy FATHER to comply.  
 What perfect Self-annihilation then,  
 Shou'd damp the vicious Wills of sinfull Men?  
 The Angel held the Picture still in View,  
 That I my Meditation might renew;  
 The Will of JESUS I compar'd with mine,  
 My Will impure, thus striving to refine.

PERMIT me, FATHER, like thy dearest Son,  
 To cry, Not mine, but thy sole Will be done,  
 Not mine; for I am blind, and what to choose,  
 What to desire, I know not, or refuse;  
 I Ill may Good, and Bitter Sweet, may think,  
 Mistake my Antidote, and Poyson drink;  
 But thine be done; for thou Omniscient art,  
 To know the Wants and Soundings of my Heart;  
 Not mine; for if to make right Choice I knew,  
 My Weakness might not that right Choice pursue,

MY Nature is as impotent as blind,  
 I cannot act the Good I have design'd;  
 But thine; for 'tis by thy sole mighty Aid,  
 That frail, laps'd Nature e'er thy Law obey'd:  
 Not mine; for had I Strength, my Will perverse  
 May my Propensions in the World immerse;

Antipathies

# Songs on JESUS. 505

Antipathies against Thee may maintain,  
 And weigh me t'wards my everlasting Bane,  
 But thine ; for Thou Perverseness can'st controul,  
 And sweetly turn a Sin-distorted Soul ;  
 Not mine ; for I, shou'd on myself depend,  
 Grow proud, or too presumptuous to amend,  
 But thine ; for Thou canst haughty Hearts debase,  
 To humble Beggars for Thy slighted Grace ;  
 Not mine ; for I Thy Blessings may abuse,  
 And into ev'ry Grace Self-love infuse,  
 But Thine ; Thou my Intentions canst direct,  
 And raise them, Thy sole Glory to respect ;  
 Not mine ; for when my Cross I up shou'd take  
 I may affrighted fly, and Thee forsake,  
 But Thine ; Thou canst the heaviest Cross endear,  
 And breath victorious Love devoid of Fear ;  
 Not mine ; for I unstable as the Wind,  
 May covet Change, and hate to be confin'd,  
 But Thine ; Thou dost Unchangeable abide,  
 And canst light Spirits fix, who wou'd backslide ;  
 Not mine ; for I to Lust may turn a Slave,  
 Fond of my Chains may no Redemption crave,  
 But Thine ; for Thou my Freedom canst restore,  
 And make me relish what I loath'd before.

THINE, LORD ; Thou by Creation hast the  
 [Right,  
 To rule the Work of Thy all-quick'ning Might ;  
 Thine LORD ; Thou art the Potter, I the Clay,  
 Cannot the Form Thou givest me gainsay ;  
 Thine



Thine LORD ; for Thou my Father wilt be fil'd,  
 And Thy soft Bowels yearn upon Thy Child ;  
 Thine LORD ; Thee my dear SAVIOUR I esteem,  
 Compassionating all Thou didst redeem ;

Thine LORD, Thee my sole Comforter I own,  
 To shed Celestial Love, Thou still art prone,  
 Thine LORD ; for Thou my sure Almighty Friend,  
 To all my Wants wilt timely Succours send,  
 Thine LORD ; thy Scepter the whole World o'er

[Awe,  
 Can force Submission, which it sweetly draws ;  
 Thine LORD ; thy Truth can never me deceive,  
 Or boundless Mercy me unpity'd leave ;  
 Thine LORD ; thy Wisdom never me misguides  
 Thy gracious Presence still with me abides.

My Heart shall humbly, LORD, thy Will at-  
 [tend,

Ambitious only never to offend ;  
 O keep my Will, meek, ductile, and sedate,  
 The same in a serene or stormy State !  
 O Father choose what thou wou'dst have me be,  
 In Danger, or secure, enslav'd, or free,  
 In Consolation, or afflicting Grief,  
 Wealthy, or destitute of all Relief ;  
 Give Life or Death, give Health or a Disease ;  
 Success, or Disappointment, Pain or Ease ;  
 I'll welcome e'en Desertions when I pray,  
 Not murmur, at Denial, or Delay ;

Send

Send Persecution, Torture, or Disgrace,  
 I gladly will thy bitt'rest Cross embrace;  
 'Tis by thy gracious will thy Martyrs bleed,  
 And thy Supports their Agonies exceed;  
 Thou, LORD, not I will suffer the Distress,  
 While our two Wills, in thine shall coalesce.

I choose, My GOD, all thou hast pre-defin'd,  
 My very Death, its Time, Place, Manner, Kind;  
 I'll welcome Pangs in which I shall expire,  
 Christ-like resign'd to dye, is my Desire;  
 In Thee alone my Spirit is at rest,  
 Thy Will be done, Thy Will is ever best;  
 I'll from my Bosom all Self-will expell,  
 Self-Will the fruitfull Sin which Peoples Hell;  
 In the Bless'd Saints, in all the Hosts Divine,  
 Throughout all Heav'n there is no Will but Thine.

MY Eye which had till now on JESUS staid,  
 Remark'd the Angel coming to his Aid,  
 All Souls resign'd, to GOD entrusted are,  
 He tenders them with sweet Paternal Care,  
 Plenipotentiary Angels speeds  
 To save in Danger, or supply in Needs:  
 My Guardian then the Draught with me repos'd,  
 Which in my Heart lay ever since enclos'd;  
 And when I this Restorative apply,  
 My Sorrows vanish, and my Tears are dry.



## PHILANTHROPY.



SONG of Woes I fain wou'd sing,  
 I study Chords, my Harp I string,  
 In ev'ry Key the Chords I try,  
 The most melodious sweet and high;  
 But Words, Strings, Chords, too scanty find,  
 To vent the Ardours of my Mind.

LOVE will not, cannot silent rest,  
 By Words, Strings, Chords when unexpress'd;  
 It makes them still their utmost joyn,  
 To sing Love Human and Divine,  
 Of that they rarely reach the Height,  
 Much less of this that's Infinite.

FROM finite Love my Song essays,  
 Itself by due Degrees to raise;  
 Souls might with Ease, I thought, reveal,  
 The Love which in themselves they feel;  
 Yet to sing what they feel within,  
 They must with Infinite begin,

ALL Sciences one Method keep,  
 From shallow Truths to wade too deep,

In

In Love the Method is revers'd,  
That first is in Abstruse immers'd;  
From what it never comprehends,  
It to familiar Truths descends.

MY GOD, the Love I have for Thee,  
Arose from thy first loving me,  
If how I love, I wou'd relate,  
I first Thy Love must estimate,  
The Fire which I from thee derive,  
Must answer the Inflammative.

MIND first must fix its ghostly Eye,  
On Infinite Benignity,  
Then fall as low as it can sink,  
Till it can Sinners Vileness think;  
GOD'S Love can ne'er be truly known,  
Till this unfathom'd Gulf is flown.

THE Distance best may be descry'd,  
From GOD Incarnate crucify'd,  
Descending from his Throne on High,  
For Sinners in pure Love to die;  
None can that Love unbounded know,  
But must with mutual Love o'er-flow.

WHEN both Extreams my Mind surveys,  
They'l Love and Admiration raise,  
All Lovers Love Divine admire,  
Which makes such Opposites conspire;

And



And Admiration Hymn indites  
While Love in the Belov'd delights.

JESU, Thy Love is free, immense,  
While I of that have lively Sense,  
My Pow'rs I stretch, sublime, expand,  
My Love is never at a stand,  
Thy Love's still open more and more,  
My Love to Infinite wou'd soar.

FROM thy Love, mine, begins its Flights,  
My Love, fresh Love, in Thee excites,  
Thou lovest, and I love again,  
Reciprocations we'll maintain,  
Till centring LORD in thee above,  
I can have no increase of Love.

JESUS *our All in All.*

Y JESUS since thy Love Divine,  
O M Indulges me to call Thee mine,  
Assist me while I cast Accounts,  
To what a Sum my Stock amounts,  
A Fullness I in thee possess,  
Beyond the reach of human Guess.

**Songs on JESUS. 511**

**THE** Wealth which dazzles worldly Eyes,  
Which in Gold Mines, or Diamonds lyes,  
Is vain, short-liv'd, and gawdy Dirt;  
Can heal no Wound or mortal Hurt;  
Can cure no Sickness, ease no Smart,  
And sticks with Thorns the Miser's Heart.

**To** Souls born blind, their cheerfull Sight,  
The Radiance of Salvifick Light,  
Love, which the Pondus of the Will  
Shall weigh to Good, averse to Ill,  
Wild Passions tam'd, a Soul serene,  
From willfull Guilt a Conscience clean.

**PATIENCE** or Ease in sharpest Pain,  
All Loss for JESUS turn'd to Gain;  
Afflictions to the Soul endear'd,  
All Clouds of GOD's Displeasure clear'd,  
In Martyrdom Support and Joy,  
The Force of Torture to destroy.

**IN** Weakness Vigor to oppose,  
And conquer our infernal Foes,  
A Yoke Benign, a Burthen Light,  
Omnipotent and gracious Might,  
A Price inestimable paid,  
The Blood of GOD our Ransom made.

To

To Penitents full Pardon seal'd,  
 Truth, grac'd with Miracles reveal'd ;  
 Acceptance to our worthless Pray'rs,  
 A Freedom from distracting Cares,  
 In Trouble Consolations sweet ;  
 GOD's Presence in devout Retreat.

IN Error's Lab'rins then we stray,  
 Guides to direct the Heav'n-ward Way,  
 To Frailties a Compassion mild,  
 Wisdom to keep us unbeguil'd,  
 A Purity from native Stain,  
 Souls new-inspir'd, and born again.

THE Curse Original suppress'd,  
 And all our earthly Portion blest'd,  
 Love Providential which contrives,  
 For Saints the Blessings of both Lives,  
 To be GOD's Sons, and when we dye  
 Co-heirs with Filial GOD on High.

GOD Filial pleas'd to condescend,  
 To be our All-sufficient Friend,  
 And though exalted to his Throne,  
 That dear Relation still to own,  
 And send the boundless Source of Grace,  
 The Spirit, to supply his Place.

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OUR Rising from Deaths dismal Shade  
 In Bodies glorify'd array'd,  
 In Heav'n eternally to share  
 In all the Joys and Glories there,  
 Which Seraphs who that Bliss imbibe,  
 Want Comprehension to describe.

THESE Blessings and unnumber'd more,  
 For all our Needs a boundless store,  
 To the bless'd Lot of Lovers fall,  
 JESUS to them is All in All,  
 Saints here who JESUS make their Choice,  
 Ne'er cease to Triumph and Rejoice.

JESUS, shou'dst Thou forsake my Heart,  
 With Thee I with my All shou'd Part,  
 And shou'd my All abandon me,  
 Love wou'd annihilated be,  
 But Thee and Love to keep I'll strive,  
 I cannot my lost All survive.

CHRISTOPHER in his Calv'ry who long dwelt,  
 In ev'ry Hymn he sang, fresh Ardors felt,  
 Till Love and Hymn rose to so great an Height,  
 That he in Languor liv'd for JESUS Sight,  
 JESUS entirely had his Soul possess'd,  
 He grew Mature for converse with the Bless'd,  
 And in his Meditation oft revolv'd,  
 How he wou'd Hymn dear JESUS when dissolv'd.



JESUS *hymn'd in Bliss.*

**M**Y Soul, when you from Body flown,  
 Shall reach the Majestick Throne;  
 Tell me what Song you will prepare  
 To offer there.

Will you, as you up *Ether* swim,  
 Of your kind Guardian learn a Hymn,  
 Which he to the Almighty King  
 Was wont to sing?

Good Angels in unweary'd Lays,  
 Great God for their Creation Praise,  
 And their fix'd Bliss, when Rebels fell  
 To frightfull Hell.

Those Songs though they Extatick be,  
 Are yet not high enough for Thee,  
 God ne'er vouchsaf'd to their fall'n Race  
 Redeeming Grace.

God Filial who Mans Nature chose,  
 Wou'd not with the Angelick close  
 Mankind, not Angels to enflame,  
 From Heav'n he came.

Phi-

Philanthropy, said Soul, I'll strive  
To sing, when I at Bliss arrive,  
A Song I then may sing like this,  
When enter'd Bliss.

GREAT GOD, into too glorious Light  
For Seraphims exalted Sight,  
With utmost unafflicting Aw,  
T'wards thee I draw.

I see the bright victorious Hosts,  
Who drave to Hell Apostate Ghosts,  
Who with alacrious Zeal fulfill  
Thy Sov'raign Will.

ANGELICK Orders I survey,  
Their Hymns, Beams, spotless Beings weigh,  
But when with thee I them compare,  
All nothing are.

How then, great God, couldst Thou endure,  
Fall'n Adam's odious Race impure?  
Not only Distance they imply,  
But Enmity.

THOU didst commiserate Mankind,  
Against thy Throne with Hell combin'd,  
And when thy Thunderbolts they dar'd,  
The Rebels spar'd.

WHEN Men thy Attributes defy'd,  
Great Filial GODHEAD for them dy'd,  
And at thy Right, for Sinners Needs  
Still intercedes.

GREAT GOD co-breath'd our Souls inspires,  
Enlightens, purifies, and fires,  
And temples there, to keep them clean  
From Filth Terrene.

SOULS long by num'rous Sins defil'd,  
Unworthy of the Name of Child,  
By thy free Grace, great GODHEAD TRINE,  
Share Bliss Divine.

O dear Beatitude Immense,  
O Glories far transcending Sense,  
O Raptures of the blisfull Sight,  
Joys Infinite!

O Love unmeasurably great,  
Delight unutterably sweet,  
O All-sufficient GOD possess'd,  
Not to be guess'd!

O Realm of undisturb'd repose,  
Thrones unassailable by Woes,  
O Robes unsportable and bright,  
Day void of Night!

Songs on J E S U S.

517

O Crowns, which num'rous Suns out-shine,  
Whose Splendors never can decline,  
Harmonious Concerts which on High,  
In Praises vye!

O Sphere where all good Things conspire,  
O Fulness where I loose desire,  
O Blessings which Eternal are,  
And cancel Pray'r!

ALL Heav'n is deluging my Mind,  
I Finite am, yet unconfin'd,  
In GOD deliciously am lost,  
Yet GOD exhaust!

WHAT can I sing, by GOD thus bless'd?  
How can my Ardors be express'd?  
I'll sing eternally Above,  
Triunal Love.

O I'll in Hymn, in Love, in Joy,  
My stretch'd Capacities employ,  
And still in ev'ry Hymn I'll aim  
At nobler Flame.

GREAT GOD, I hear a rapt'rous strain,  
Saints in the Lamb unspotted slain,  
Hymn thy *Philanthropy* Divine,  
With them I'll joyn.



I'll sing the Lamb, for whose dear Sake  
 I of these boundless Joys partake,  
 Who, that I might this Glory gain,  
 Endur'd my Pain.

A Song of the pure Lamb like this,  
 Though more sublime, I'd sing in Bliss,  
 And here, though with a fainter Flame,  
 I'll sing the same.

THOUGH Song below can ne'er advance  
 To Heights which Saints above Entrance,  
 Yet Lovers have sweet Foretastes here,  
 Which Heav'n endear.

TERRESTRIAL Lovers Pictures wear,  
 Of those who their Beloved are,  
 Of Friends whom Death lays fast asleep,  
 Their Memoirs keep.

My Heav'nly Friend his Picture drew  
 In Gospel Lines for Lovers View,  
 There his *Philanthropy* I find,  
 Which charms my Mind.

ON that while Meditation stays,  
 I feel on Earth enam'ring Rays,  
 From distant, yet transporting Sight,  
 I Hymns indite.

WHIL

WHILE all my Pow'rs on Hymn are set,  
I sublunary Things forget,  
I draw from the supernal Spring  
The Joys I sing.

THOUGH long on Earth the Will Divine  
Decrees my Stay, I'll not repine,  
While Hymn and Love here co-abound,  
They Heav'n compound.

SHOU'D the damn'd Ghosts glad News receive,  
That if they for their Outrage grieve,  
GOD wou'd by suff'ring in their Room,  
Repeal their Doom;

THEY who despair'd, wou'd hope and weep,  
Joy wou'd o'reflow the dol'rous deep,  
Their Hymns, shou'd Heav'n they repossess,  
None cou'd express.

O stupid Man, redeem'd from Woe,  
Which Devils ever undergo,  
For whom GOD-MAN to Death was griev'd,  
And Bliss retriev'd;

YET on his SAVIOUR ne'er reflects,  
God's sweet *Philanthropy* rejects,  
Hell seems not Hot enough for them,  
Who Love contemn.

O Love, which in Triunal Stream,  
Through JESUS flow'd, Man to redeem,  
I sigh, I long to love the more,  
And Love implore.

WHEN in full Light thy Love I see,  
I'll love thee to Infinity,  
Love, Love I'll sing, with Spirits bless'd,  
And never Rest.

HYMNING *Philanthropy* I'd dye,  
On sweet *Philanthropy* rely,  
And plead *Philanthropy* alone,  
Before the Throne.

THEN GOD, he in a Prayer bless'd *Paul* had  
[taught,  
To comprehend *Philanthropy* besought.



## The PRAYER.

**B**OW my Knees to GOD on High,  
FATHER of Filial Deity,  
To whom the Blessed owe their Birth,  
Inhabiting or Heav'n or Earth,  
That from his gracious Glories He  
Would dart one pard'ning Ray on me.

That

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J E

That by his holy Spirits Aid,  
My Soul may be His Temple made,  
That He by Faith may in me dwell,  
And all Terrestrial Joys expell,  
That I in Love may deeply root,  
And may with all the Saints compute  
All Measures, Length, Breadth, Depth and Height  
Of His Benign All-saving Might;  
That I His Loves may comprehend,  
Which intellectual Force transcend,  
Fill'd with all Plenitude Divine,  
Derivable from GODHEAD TRINE.

To Him who infinitely more  
Can do, than Vot'ries can implore,  
By His Invigoration's sweet,  
To Him may Saints, when-e'er they meet,  
In Holy Church, in Hymns sublime,  
Grateful through JESUS, spend their Time.

HIS Languors and his Ardours still encreas'd,  
And He from Body long'd to be releas'd.

\*\*\*\*\*  
D E S I R E.



ESU, e'er since Thy Love my Soul allur'd,  
I have an am'rous Martyrdom endur'd,  
These fleshly Cloggs me from my Jesus part,  
JESUS in Heav'n, and absent from my Heart,



I thee by the Perfumes thou scatter'ft trace,  
 But cannot my Belov'd see Face to Face;  
 One while I to my Cloſet make Retreat,  
 That there I may my heav'nly Lover meet;  
 LORD, while I longing ſeek thee on my Knees,  
 My Soul ſome amiable Glances ſees;  
 Thou doſt my Spirit cheer, my Wants ſupply,  
 Doſt Diſtance from me keep, while thou art  
 [nigh;  
 While I with thee, Bleſſ'd JESUS, am alone,  
 Thou ſhew'ſt me Favours to the World unknown;  
 But long thou wilt not with my Heart abide,  
 And from clear View, thou doſt thy Glory hide;  
 Thou leav'ſt me longing for a brighter Ray,  
 And for a more perpetuated Stay.

ONE while I in thy Word thy Preſence ſeek,  
 There I can hear my beſt Beloved ſpeak,  
 There thou haſt cordial Promiſes aſſign'd,  
 To cure the worſt Diſtempers of the Mind;  
 By holy Meditation there I ſtrive  
 To keep the Heav'n-enkindled Flame alive:  
 But Woe is me, I live by Faith, not Sight,  
 Love gains ſome Heat, but wants a nearer Light

ONE while, I to thy ſacred Manſion go,  
 My JESUS there, I by his Promiſe know;  
 Each Soul his Influential Goodneſs feels,  
 Yet from frail Eyes his Glory he conceals:  
 Souls

*Songs on JESUS.* 523

Souls clogg'd on Earth with numberless Restraints,  
Long for the free Devotion of the Saints.  
One while to the bless'd Altar I repair,  
Full well I know my JESUS present there,  
Up to thy wondrous Love I raise my Eye,  
Love, which for Sinners mov'd thee, LORD, to  
[dye;  
Thy Flesh and Blood there mingled are with mine,  
Yet still thy Beams are veil'd in Bread and  
[Wine;  
By that short Taste my Appetite's increas'd,  
The more I hunger for the blissfull Feast.

FROM Closet, Reading, Temple, Altar, I  
Back to the World in a few Minutes fly,  
Noise, Converse, Business, and my Station there,  
Are apt to rife all I gain by Pray'r.  
The World a thousand Ways may me surprize,  
Divert, attract, and captivate my Eyes;  
My Frailties down may my weak Nature weigh,  
My treach'rous Heart may me again betray,  
Spirit and Flesh will strive in me for Rule,  
Ev'n Love celestial may by Absence cool;  
Thy Presence only, LORD, can set me free,  
O when shall I thy Love unclouded see?  
Forgive me, LORD, if meekly I complain,  
That I thus long in Martyrdom remain.  
Lovers no greater Torment can receive,  
Than to be tempted boundless Love to grieve.  
While

While I live banish'd in this Vale of Tears,  
 Love of its Chastity has jealous Fears;  
 Thy Lovers Coldnesses and Damps deplore,  
 'Tis Martydom in Love to love no more;  
 Thou, LORD, at thy own Cross didst stand aghast,  
 Longing to see the dol'rous Moment past;  
 And when I feel my Love thus sore oppress'd,  
 Permit me, like thyself, to long for Rest;  
 I'll live, if 'tis thy Pleasure, at the Stake,  
 My Love can all Things suffer for thy Sake;  
 But while I at the Stake consume my Days,  
 O feed my Flames with thy surrounding Rays,  
 That I a constant *Holocaust* may burn,  
 And from the Altar drop into my Urn;  
 Thou all desirable, I all Desire,  
 My Will with thine shall cheerfully conspire.

THOU, LORD, our Souls didst for thyself create,  
 To thee we tend, by our connat'ral Weight;  
 Live here in Vanity, Frustration, Pain,  
 Till to our Origin we fly again;  
 My Soul out 'of its Element lives here,  
 Ah may I not desire my native Sphere?  
 Love always is in Infancy below,  
 In Heav'n it will to full Perfection grow.  
 LORD, our Desires have infinite Extent,  
 They are our Envoys, which to Heav'n are sent;  
 Each Moment by ejaculated Pray'r,  
 We keep Possession of our Mansion there.

JESU,

JESU, when thy kind Force I feel Impress,  
I cannot keep my Heart within my Breast;  
T'wards thee it moves, dilates, inclines, extends,  
In Thoughts, in Wishes t'wards thy Throne ascends,  
It softly weeps, it pants, gasps, sighs and prays,  
Falls into am'rous Languors in Delays;  
Into sweet Liquefaction it dissolves,  
Whene'er it tenderly thy Love revolves;  
I'm Wound all o're, yet I desire no Cure,  
The Wounds of Love, 'tis Pleasure to endure;  
I'm sick of Love, and still wou'd sick remain,  
Till JESUS Sight annihilates my Pain.

SOULS of laborious Duties tir'd may grow,  
But our Desires fatigue can never know;  
Co-eval they with Indigence arose,  
With Indigence co-evally will close:  
On Love, to fann its Fire, they daily wait,  
Love shakes them off at the eternal Gate;  
They the Defects of Absence may supply,  
But soon as Love Fruition gains, they dye.  
I cannot love thee, LORD, but must desire,  
That I thy dear Fruition may acquire;  
May from Love's Source my Fill of Love derive,  
May with Temptations here no longer strive;  
Eternity in boundless Joys may spend,  
Which Tongue and Thought, but not Desire tran-  
[scend;  
For



For thee I pant; and out of thee can find  
Nothing to ease a Heav'n-aspiring Mind;  
As this frail Life decays, Love grows more strong;  
Still more and more I for my JESUS long.

HERE feeling his Strength fail, for JESUS Aid;  
To sing his heav'nly Thirst, the Lover pray'd:  
JESUS vouchsaf'd to grant what he desir'd,  
And in this Song extatick he expir'd.

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### Thirst for JESUS.

**T**HIRST, I thirst, O cool me, for I burn,  
My very Bones will into Cinders turn;  
While to be from thee, JESU, 'tis thy Will,  
Who only canst a Mind unbounded fill;  
O shew me some cool Fountain, where I may  
My Thirst ineffable for thee allay!

SHOU'D I suck all the Moisture from the Flowers;  
Or shou'd I drink up all the April Showers,  
Or bath myself all o're in Morning Dew,  
Yet still my Thirst my Ardours wou'd renew;  
Shou'd I pick all Engaddis cluster'd Vines,  
Or drink up all the Spouse's gen'rous Wines:  
Nor Grapes, nor Wines, wou'd give my Spirit ease,  
They wou'd my Thirst enrage, but not appease;  
Shou'd I at Beth'lem's Fountain fill my Cup,  
Shou'd I, like Behemoth, drink all Jordan up,

Or

Or live three Days, like *Jonas*, in the Wave,  
 And with my parched Tongue the Billows lave;  
 Shou'd Fountains, Rivers, Oceans through me flow,  
 I yet away from all shou'd thirsty go;  
 Shou'd I, like *Noah's Dove*, range all about,  
 With the vast Deluge strive to quench my Drought,  
 And drink the Universe of Waters dry,  
 Back to the Ark I yet shou'd thirsty fly:  
 Shou'd I my Wings beyond the Eagle's rear,  
 And build my Nest above the starry Sphere;  
 Thence to the Streams super-celestial soar,  
 And drink up all th' unfathomable Store;  
 Back to my Nest I thirsty shou'd retire,  
 My Soul to vaster Oceans wou'd aspire.

No Hart by swallowing angry Vipers fir'd;  
 No Panting Hart by Huntsman chas'd and tir'd;  
 No Hart that in *Arabian Deserts* frays,  
 With such a Thirst for a cool Fountain brays;  
 Not *Sycbar*, when in a triennial Dearth,  
 The Sun had burnt to Ashes all the Earth;  
 Not *Egypt*, when the *Nile* forbears to flow,  
 E're such a Thirst as I, did undergo.

IN vain o're Earth or heav'nly Orbs I fly,  
 My JESUS only can my Wants supply;  
 But JESUS dwelling in his bright Retreat,  
 How shall I reach his Empyrean Seat?  
 The Loves the Beauties which in him combine,  
 All the high Glories which in JESUS shine,

Innumerable

Innumerable strong Desires excite,  
 Which will to Bliss accelerate my Flight;  
 I with more Wings shall sweep the heav'nly Coast,  
 Than are in the Six-wing'd Seraphick Host;  
 With the Lamb slain both in my Lips and Heart,  
 I'll t'wards my J E S U S take a vig'rous Start;  
 With all my Wings stretch'd out, full Speed I'll fly,  
 He will not, cannot, shall not me deny:  
 J E S U S my Thirst shall quench, but not abate,  
 In quenching it, he will fresh Thirst create.  
 Dear Thirst, which with Satiety is joyn'd,  
 Though restless, unafflicting to Mankind,  
 Till my Soul shall to full Fruition soar,  
 And drinking at the Source, can thirst no more.

HIS Soul then burst his Clay, mounting on  
 [Wing,  
 In glad Fruition his next Hymn to sing.

*F I N I S.*

